

DECEMBER

1960

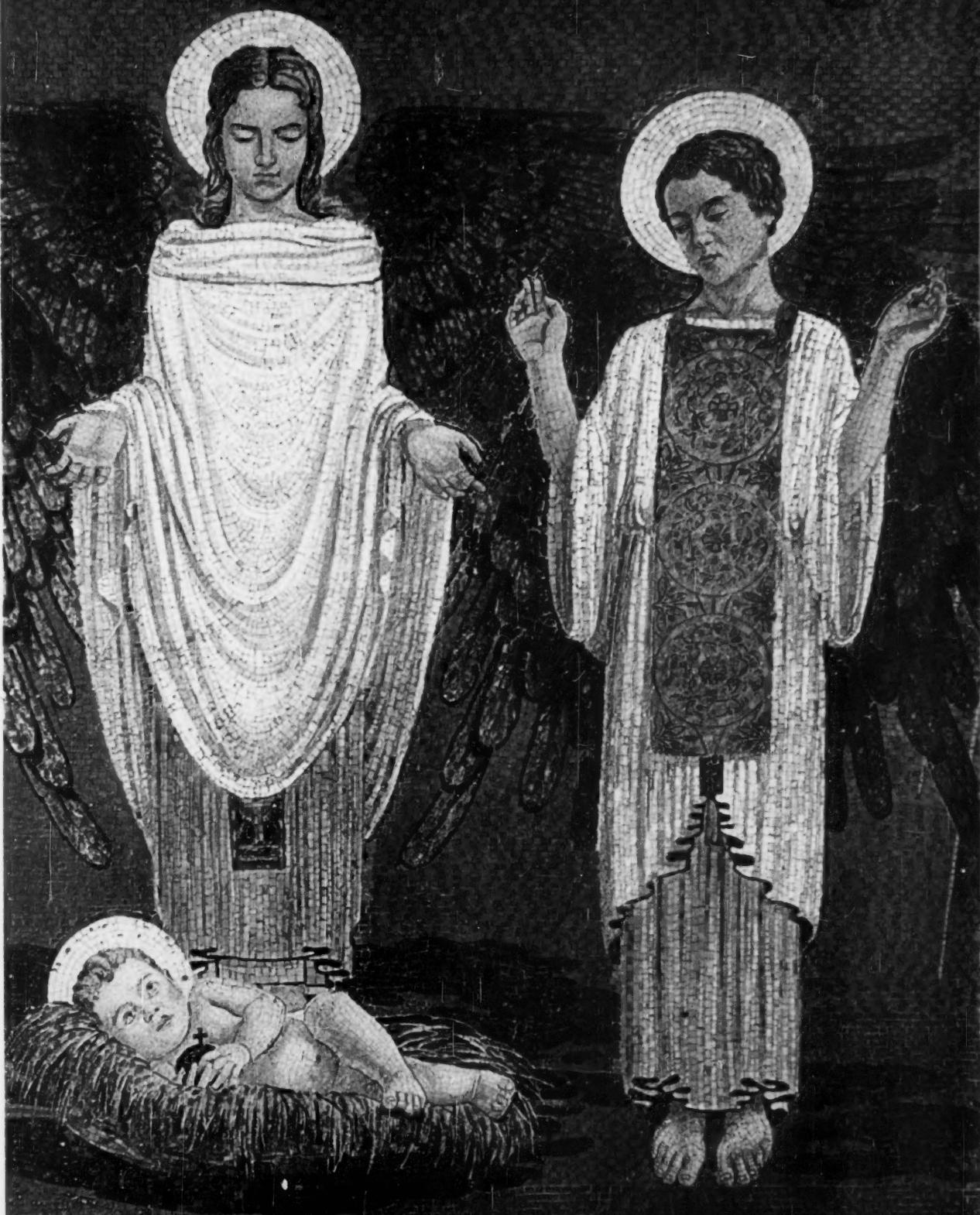
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The Canadian Home Journal

Europe's princesses—no one to marry
Exclusive interview with Joan Crawford

**SPECIAL: CHRISTMAS ALBUM
BY YOUSUF KARSH**

Nativity scene photographed by Karsh in the Church of the Transfiguration, Jerusalem.



Does she... or doesn't she?*



Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

She has a shining vitality, a way of bringing joy to everyday living that endears her to everyone. Her bright good looks, the way her hair color sparkles and catches the light—so natural-looking! And this is only one of the beautiful advantages in using Miss Clairol. It keeps the color young and radiant and the hair in splendid condition. Besides, it's quick and easy and takes only minutes!

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EDITORIAL

What does Christmas mean?

There's no single answer since for each of us this greatest festival of the year has its own special significance, warmed by memories of Christmases past and hopes for Christmases to come. Yet it is the celebration above all others that must be shared with other people to experience its true meaning.

We invite you in this issue of Chatelaine to share Christmas with us.

Most of us, when we speak of Christmas, think first of the religious meaning of the holiday. **Christmas is for faith.** To portray for you the belief and faith of people at this time, we asked Yousuf Karsh, one of the world's great photographers, to turn his artistic camera on some of the churches of our country and show the different ways Canadians worship God on this day.

Then **Christmas is for tradition**, and though we are a young country we have many wonderful old traditions brought from faraway homelands by eager new settlers. The tender humorous story of how one Hungarian family struggled to keep up a Christmas tradition in the face of war and invasion appears on page 38.

Christmas is for children. To share in the fever of excitement and the boisterous fun of a children's party, we dropped in at a country school concert—which we invite you to enjoy, too, on page 40.

Christmas is for inspiration and we hope you will be as stirred as we were by the story of a woman who, through illness and despair, found new strength and a deepening and enriching of her faith.

And we mustn't forget that **Christmas is for dressing up**, a time for little girls with taffy-smooth curls to preen and twirl in frothy best dresses.

Christmas is for hospitality, with friends gathering and family homecomings. We planned a bountiful Christmas welcome in Christmas fare that will allow the cook to enjoy the festivities, too. This issue of Chatelaine, then, is our Christmas greeting to you—and as Christmas is for friendship, too, we add our wish for every one of you.

**A very Merry Christmas
and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year**
The Editors



CHATELAINE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, DECEMBER 1960, Vol. 33, No. 12

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Far away from the ordinary, but so very close to you. This is how you will feel about your "Ban-Lon" Award Sweater. It proudly wears this coveted Gold Shield—your assurance that these are the very best of "Ban-Lon" sweaters. The Award Sweaters shown are expertly fashioned by **Helen Harper**, 4060 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal, Quebec. Left: three-quarter sleeve cardigan with collar and bulky front; \$7.95. Right: three-quarter sleeve pullover with two-button gilet trim; \$6.95. Both in a wide range of exciting colors; sizes 14-20. At Henry Morgan, Montreal and Toronto; Eaton's, Winnipeg; Hudson's Bay, Vancouver; Robert Simpson, Halifax; and other fine shops. The Gold Shield on a "Ban-Lon" Award Sweater is a mark of outstanding excellence in style, design, and workmanship. **THE TEST IS IN THE TOUCH**



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What's New at Chatelaine

Author Suzanne Gayn with husband Mark: After marriage, 22 countries.

Here's a Gayn for us

Suzanne Gayn who wrote our true Christmas story, **A Carp Called Peter** (page 38) says she is a Budapest by choice and a Torontonian by affection. A graduate of the Hungarian National Theatrical Academy, she has appeared in a number of Hungarian movies and radio plays. After her marriage to newspaperman **Mark Gayn**, she lived a nomadic life in twenty-two different countries of Europe and Asia. At present she is working on a cookbook. She lists as her hobbies exotic cooking, gardening, camping and a friendly Scottie dog.

Congratulations to a winner

The jubilant woman shown here is **Mrs. Jessie MacPhee**, who won **Chatelaine's Home '60** in Vancouver. Mrs. MacPhee is a seventy-three-year-old widow who had been living in a basement suite with her son and a pet cat, when she won the thirty-five-thousand-dollar furnished home at the **Pacific National Exhibition**.



Mrs. MacPhee inspects her new home.

bition. Her lucky ticket was bought for her by a friend, Mrs. Alex Nobel, just eight hours before the draw.

A postscript on Nancy

When Jessie London wrote **Nancy Goes to a Christmas Concert** (page 40) the experience took her right back to her own school days spent in one-room country schools in Nova Scotia where her father was a minister. Here, she chats with three



graduates of the **Chinguacousy** school who have come back to help with the Christmas concert — **Lois Agnew** (standing), **Jean Messenger** (left) and **Karen Kohler** (back to the camera). From her latest bulletin from Chinguacousy, Jessie reports two pieces of news,



Chinguacousy grads, reporter London.

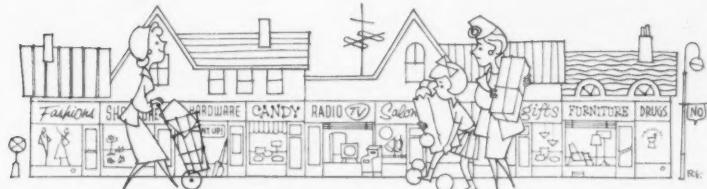
one sad, one glad. The sad news is that this is the last year Chinguacousy will have a Christmas concert. The school is to be consolidated next year. The glad news—our heroine, Nancy, now has a new brother, **John Wilbert Hunter**.

What we're doing at Christmas

Christmas is a family time and a fast survey of **Chatelaine staffers** proves it. Dawn on Christmas will find a goodly number of us (average age: early thirties; married and mostly female — twenty women to three lone men) getting up to open presents with small children. The afternoon will find us basting turkeys and beating hard sauce. In the evening, we expect to collapse in a state of happy exhaustion. Six people are going out of town for the holiday. **Jessie London** says she will follow her usual family habit of reading the *Nativity Story* during candlelight breakfast Christmas morning. Beauty editor **Eveleen Dollery** will also follow an old tradition — a children's party for twenty young relatives and friends. **Helen Fairbairn** will sing in a choir at midnight Christmas Eve. **Ken Jobe** will dress up as Santa Claus for his nieces and nephews.

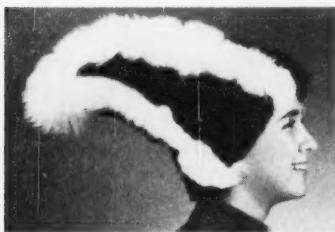
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What's New in the shops



Hats up for skiers

Maybe it's the high altitude of the slopes, says fashion editor **Vivian Wilcox**, but after-ski wear is going to the head. Proof is in the skunk-style Peruvian alpaca from Pinata Party Inc. — one of a **mad hat collection** to be found in specialty shops and department stores at \$19.95. Another high-riser, in red,



yellow, blue, black or white wool, is imported from Switzerland by Eaton's. The price is \$4.95.

It's a cinch

There's a **medieval look** to the **felt belt**, with gold cord lacing and coats of arms of famed French districts appliquéd on red, green or blue felt. From France, of course, imported by Eaton's. It sells for \$3.95.

Due in '61 — Corning Ware's Pyroceram Electromatic **percolator**. About \$35. Corning's **super-ceramic teapot**, in which you can boil the water, then steep and serve the tea, is available now, at \$7.95, in gift shops and department stores.

For those aching feet

Sandals to exercise and pretty the feet and ankles have been devised by the Dr. Scholl firm. They're contour-shaped of hardwood, with

over-the-arch leather straps, to be worn on bare feet. Women's sizes, five to nine, come with low or medium heel.



They sell for \$10.95 at Dr. Scholl's suppliers across Canada. (Men can get them, too — same price, in sizes eight to twelve.)

Put baby at ease

Infanseat's new five-position **reclining baby sitter** should be in Canadian stores in time for the New Year babies. It's made of light-weight molded plastic in soft yellow, blue or pink, with matching comfy plastic cushion. The plastic safety strap has a nonslip buckle to keep baby in place, and plastic balls to keep him happy. It will be \$12.95 at major department and baby stores.



Round-eyed wonder

Jet eyes are the newest Paris import, beauty editor **Eveleen Dallery** reports. The technique for achieving jet eyes, as developed by Guy Nicolet of Elizabeth Arden, Paris, begins with **brown or black liquid shadow**, applied like water color with water and brush, literally washed over the under-brow area. Next comes **white eye shadow** — molded



at the inner and outer corners of the eye and on the centre of the upper lid to round the contours. **Eye liner** should stop short at the outer corners. Eyebrows should be slim and not lengthened. Lashes are mascaraed — jet black, of course.

Black stick shadow, for jet eyes, in a wind-up tube, is made by Max Factor. The price: \$1.

Stick 'em up

Stuck for a way to **anchor notes** to the phone, Christmas cards to walls or coins to letters? Plasti-Tak will do it. It's pliable, re-usable and harmless to firm surfaces. You can buy it in a four-by-five-inch wad, for \$1.35, at Simpson's.

What's New Continued on page 4



What did the explorer miss most in the polar vastness?

Imagine — if you can — a world in which you'd never hear a single familiar sound.

An explorer of the Antarctic once lived alone for weeks in this kind of silence. And later he wrote that he missed nothing so much as the voices of friends, and countless other sounds that we hear daily.

If your hearing is good now, how can you help keep it that way throughout life? Equally important, what can you do to protect your children's hearing?

Most symptoms of ear trouble in adults are easily recognized — straining to hear low-pitched conversations, feelings of fullness or congestion, ringing or buzzing sounds in the ears. Any one of these symptoms should be investigated by your physician.

It's harder to tell when a child's hearing is affected. But there are signs that should alert parents. Inattention, a tendency to shyness, a desire to be alone and

inability to pronounce words properly — all these may indicate a hearing difficulty.

Should any of these signs appear, a child's hearing should be tested. Moreover, it's advisable to have a child's ears examined after measles, chicken pox, mumps, whooping cough, swollen adenoids and a sore throat from any cause — even though there are no symptoms of ear trouble.

Ear infections are no longer the serious problem they once were — thanks to the antibiotic drugs. When given promptly, these drugs usually bring rapid cure. And surgery is of great benefit to many people in middle and later life afflicted with chronic progressive deafness.

Your best protection against ear troubles at all ages lies in regular tests of your hearing and prompt treatment at the first sign of any difficulty in hearing.

Metropolitan Life

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*This Christmas
give her
something
she'll treasure!*



Perfumed Cologne and Perfume

"4711", Imported from Cologne, the City of "4711" fame.



What's New with you

By JESSIE LONDON

If the Swiss legislative federal assembly (which corresponds to Canada's parliament), runs true to tradition and elects the retiring 1960 vice-president to the office of president in a December 15 vote, their first lady for 1961 will be a woman who lived in Canada from 1922 to 1929. She is **Helen Wahlen**, wife of **Friedrich Wahlen**, vice-president of the seven-man executive council of **Switzerland**. The Swiss-born Wah-
lens were married in **Quebec** in



One-time Canadian residents, the Wahlens head for top Swiss status.

1923 while young Dr. Wahlen was an analyst with the Canadian Department of Agriculture seed laboratories. Later, as chief analyst, he was stationed in **Ottawa**, and he and Mrs. Wahlen traveled in all the Canadian provinces.

The woman who edited the **British Columbia's Women's Institutes** 101-page history, **Modern Pioneers** (half of the six thousand copies printed last summer have been sold at \$1.25 each), writes true outdoor and big game stories under a secret male pseudonym. Editor **Mrs. Gilean Douglas of Whaletown, B.C.**, has her first woodsy book in circulation and she is writing a second one. When she isn't editing WI literature or writing rugged tales, Mrs. Douglas composes poetry, which is published under her own name. Her poetry books are *Now the Green Word* (Wings Press, 1953), *Poetic Plush* (Story Book Press, 1954), and *The Pattern Set* (published privately, 1957).

Canada's first air-conditioned, enclosed shopping mall, **Wellington Square**, in downtown **London, Ont.**, is encouraging women's organizations to promote their projects in the forty-five-thousand-square-foot centre. Autumn activities, which ceased before the onrush of Christmas shopping crowds, included **ticket-selling** for an IODE fair, the **Art Gallery Women's Committee** exhibit of paintings by thirty young (under thirty), local artists and the same group's **Ball in the Mall in the Fall**; a sixteen-club fashion show tied in with mall merchants; a **United Nations** display and a **Hadasah** pre-auction showing of established artists' works.

A Canadian nurse with an honorary doctorate (in civil laws), **Marion Bates**, dean of women of **McMaster University**, **Hamilton**, now chairs the seventy-two-country **Women's Department** of the **Baptist World Alliance**. It is Dr. Bates's second such international coup: in 1955 she was named vice-president of the alliance, the first woman to gain the office in the Baptist group's fifty-year history. Dr. Bates, who was



**Dr. Bates leads
72-nation group.**

What's New *Continued on page 6*



for a system that's
tops in Appeal



**Caribbean
sights
begin with
B-O-A-C flights**



On this warm and dreamy afternoon, when the Caribbean islands shimmer in the heat haze, our BOAC travellers are watching limbo* dancers on a crescent-shaped rim of white sand beside a gleaming opalescent sea.

You'll probably never dance the limbo, but if you begin *your* Caribbean holiday with BOAC you can be part of these sun-soaked islands within a few short hours, too.

Every Saturday, BOAC flies swift jet-prop Britannias from Montreal to Bermuda, Nassau and Jamaica. Come winter and this schedule increases to three flights weekly from Montreal.

Or, if you prefer, you may fly from Canada to New York by connecting carrier, where daily flights by either BOAC Britannias or Rolls-Royce 707's whisk you to the island of your choice.

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*An expert limbo dancer, by bending backwards, can pass beneath a horizontal bar placed 18" above the ground without losing balance or letting his shoulders touch the sand.

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ANY sound reducing program is easier to follow when you drink an envelope of Knox Gelatine before meals

There is no miracle way to control one's weight. But, whatever reducing plan you choose, we suggest you also do this: before meals drink one envelope of Knox Unflavored Gelatine (about 5¢) in fruit or vegetable juice, bouillon or water.

This widely used KNOX Drink helps make any reducing plan easier to live with. It safely helps ease between-meal hunger and curbs overeating.

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ADDRESS _____	



What's New with you Continued

woman's plan for contribution collections. **Mrs. Evelyn V. McKie**, only woman in Canada to head up a United Appeal campaign full time, complied with the dozen cities' requests to share details of her Moncton money-gathering. The attraction: the system Mrs. McKie



set up made Moncton the first city in Canada to top its 1959 appeal goal. She repeated the feat in 1960 with such attention-getters as plaques and awards given to firms that enrolled at least eighty percent of staff for budget payroll deductions; an instant cross-check of cash donations, and accounting charts for daily control of receipts.

They're doing something about putting talents to work

An ex-mountain climber, **Mrs. Cyril G. Wates**, of **Edmonton**, disliked sewing so much she devised a seam-eliminating pattern for the 1,150 long-sleeved pullovers she has knitted for **Red Cross** disaster relief. The sweaters, from child's size ten to man's size forty-four, are finally grafted together with a few stitches at each shoulder. Between stitches Mrs. Wates has scaled the Rockies' **Mount Edith Cavell** (11,033 feet), taught school, served as a **WRCNS** officer, was superintendent of the **St. John Ambulance** nursing division, and, most recently, was named commissioner of an Edmonton **Girl Guide** district.

Another Edmontonian, **Mrs. J. B. Blacklock**, who teaches at the local **Rehabilitation Society**, has designed a cape for wheel-chair users. Special features are angled arm slits for easy wheel-chair operation, and the close-at-a-touch Velcro fastening.

Geography and nature lessons in the **Welland, Ont.**, school for retarded children have new meaning this year for the twelve-to-seventeen-year-old students. Accompanied by

teachers **Mrs. Aileen Berg**, **Mrs. Emma Porter** and **Mrs. Betty O'Sullivan**, seventeen of the youngsters



Welland's travelers: a lesson to copy.

took a four-day sight-seeing bus trip through **Orillia**, **Bracebridge** and **Algonquin Park**. The total cost of eight hundred dollars included stops and stays at the Ontario resort area's poshest restaurants and motels. Each youngster contributed ten dollars; the balance came from a school bazaar, sweater raffle and friends' gifts.

In **Port Williams, N.S.**, **Mrs. Ben Corkum** has made and sent nineteen thousand items (cards, clothes, scrapbooks), to **Pentecostal** missions in nine countries in the past decade.



Marie Bishop: N.S. dolls for dollars.

Marie Bishop, of **New Minas, N.S.**, a wheel-chair user, earns her living by turning out souvenir items in N.S. tartan—doll dresses, jewelry, billfolds and aprons—for gift shops.

Quote of the month

Calgary designer, French-born **Henri Couture**: "Women don't want to discuss a dress. They just want to try it, buy it, or leave it . . . as though they were on their way to catch a train."

What's New Continued on page 8



Busy hands stay beautiful with Jergens Lotion

Smooth on creamy Jergens Lotion after every job! Only Jergens gives you all this care: **Stops detergent hands!** You can actually feel dryness soothed into softness,

as Jergens helps replace the natural oils and moisture that water and harsh detergents drain away. **Protects!** Absorbs in seconds . . . penetrates deep into the skin to combat red roughness. **Beautifies!** No other lotion is as lovely to use as Jergens. Rich beauty oils leave your hands lightly scented, soft, alluring.

Jergens beautifies your hands as nothing else can



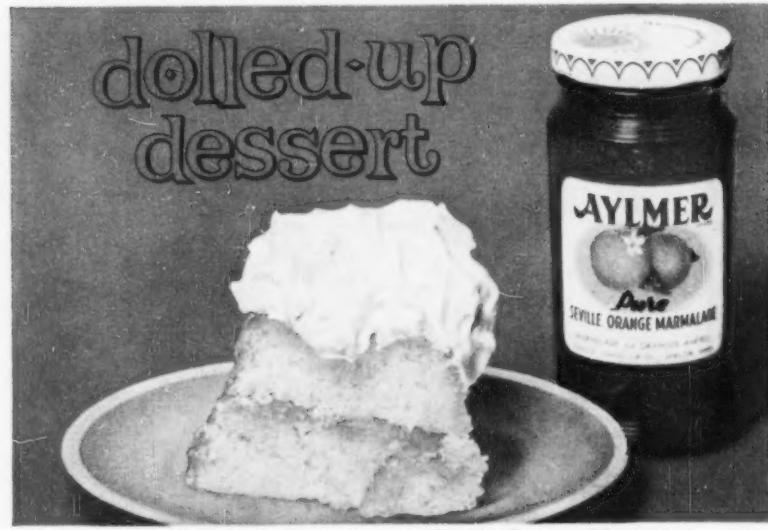
bright breakfast



Pancakes spread thickly with luscious Aylmer Strawberry Jam.



Sliced banana sandwich, made tastier with Aylmer Damson Plum Jam.



White cake slices, filled with Aylmer Seville Orange Marmalade and topped with whipped cream.

Clever serving ideas like these come fresh, fast and flavourful with

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What's New to see and hear

By EDNA MAY

*Edna May and Juliette discuss success:
"I prefer what the folks like."*



Moon-June-spoon and Juliette

Singers such as Joyce Hahn and Joan Fairfax find themselves without regular CBC-TV shows this year, but "Pet" Juliette continues after seven years of television and now has a longer (half-hour) network show at prime time right after the Saturday night NHL hockey telecasts. During rehearsals I asked her for her success formula. "I believe in a simple program," she told me, "no fancy sets or gimmicky vocalizing — I just sing songs the way they were written. I prefer older songs with words and melody folks like, and I never sing a number that doesn't mean something to me. Why, sometimes I almost feel tears coming into my eyes." You can say it all sounds as square as moon - June - spoon, but Juliette means it and I think it's her sincerity that comes across the screen and makes her so popular. Now planning her Christmas Toy Drive, Juliette is going to have local stations collect and distribute toys to needy children.

Star-studded Caesar for TV

Festival '61, the ambitious Monday night CBC-TV series of drama, opera and music is offering a two-hour production of Shakespeare's **Julius**



Fenwick, Almond, Shatner.

Caesar on December 10. The producer, Paul Almond, has chosen "top stars from both Canadian and American Stratford Festivals." Fritz Weaver will play Brutus. William Shatner is coming from New York

to take the role of Marc Antony; **Douglas Rain** will play Cassius; **Bruno Gerussi**, Casca; and **Gillie Fenwick**, Caesar. Portia and Calpurnia: **Kate Reid** and **Frances Hyland**. Almond, who produced the famous TV version of Dylan Thomas' *Under Milkwood*, promises something equally exciting this time the curtain goes up.

What's next for Gisele?

Many people have been wondering why **Gisele MacKenzie**, after her trip back to Canada for a fall TV special, turned down an attractive offer to head an all-Canadian revue being planned for the **O'Keefe Centre** in Toronto in January. Gisele gave me these reasons: "For one thing, I'm booked until June to do guest spots on American TV as well as to make night-club and stage appearances, including a show in Las Vegas. Anyway, a revue is not the type of show I want to do now." I think, quite rightly, that Gisele feels her next logical step should be a musical drama. She has already had a taste of this medium, playing in summer-stock productions of **South Pacific** and **The King and I**. And right now she's considering an O'Keefe Centre offer to star in a musical sometime next year.

Good news in Christmas cards

As usual, too many of this year's cards will be saccharine, banal, vulgar or just plain dull. To the rescue comes **La Vigie (the lookout)**, a volunteer women's organization in Quebec that for the past five years

What's New Continued on page 13

100 ft. roll wraps 100 sandwiches yet sells at wax paper prices!



Here's clear new Handi-Wrap—first truly improved economy sandwich wrap for lunchboxes. Now sandwiches stay fresh even when you make them the night before! Clear new Handi-Wrap stays put where you want it—yet it's so easy to handle. 100 ft. roll wraps 100 sandwiches—yet sells at wax paper prices!



a product of Dow Chemical of Canada, Limited 



WOW!

JUST LOOK AT ALL YOU GET FROM FRIGIDAIRE!

(No wonder Frigidaire is worth more!)

Bargains are plentiful. And they're pretty appealing too! But wait! Don't be taken in. You get what you pay for. That's why it's true economy to pay just a little more for genuine Frigidaire appliances. They're quality-built to *last*; quality-built to give you more exclusive, *functional* features than those of any other make!

— — — — —  TEAR ME OUT AND TAKE ME TO YOUR DEALER  — — — — —

*** SEE FOR YOURSELF AT YOUR DEALER'S — TODAY!**

CHECK THIS LIST OF FRIGIDAIRE FEATURES AGAINST ALL OTHER MAKES

We challenge you to look and compare. See if any other Washers and Dryers have *all* these quality features combined: —

1) Frigidaire Washers all have the exclusive, patented 3-Ring "pump" Agitator — today's most advanced washing action. Pumps up and down. No blades. Does any other make have a 3-Ring "pump" Agitator?

FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE

2) Frigidaire Washers automatically dispense detergent, bleach, dye, water conditioners — safely underwater, down where the clothes are. Do other makes dispense all these laundering aids, safely, underwater?

FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE

3) Frigidaire Washers *all* have an automatic Wash and Wear Cycle. Even your most delicate fabrics are washed safely. Do *all* models of other makes have a special Wash and Wear cycle?

FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE

4) Frigidaire Washers, and Dryers, cost as little as \$2.61 a week! Does any other make offer so many quality features for so little?

FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE



50 fabulous Frigidaire Laundry Pairs have been chosen as prizes in Heinz Baby Foods \$30,000.00 Contest.

6) Frigidaire Dryers have an automatic "No Heat" cycle for fresh-fluffing your clothes. Do all models of other makes have a "No Heat" cycle?

FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE

7) Frigidaire Dryers have new Automatic Dual Cycle Selector to provide "Automatic" or "Timed" drying. Do all models of other makes?

FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE

8) Frigidaire Dryers are 27" wide — the same width as matching Frigidaire Washers. Do other makes have exactly matching pairs in every price range?

FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE

9) Frigidaire Dryers have the new Flowing Heat system — a *blanket* of air dries clothes quickly, uniformly with no "hot spots". Does any other make have this Flowing Heat system?

FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE



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MATINÉE FOR HAPPY MOMENTS...

Holiday season coming up! . . . that's when happy moments, outdoors *and* indoors, sparkle with extra enjoyment . . . when you light up a MATINÉE—always mild, always with a full measure of rich taste. The secret . . . MATINÉE's perfect filter that harmonizes more than twenty selected grades of the finest flue-cured Virginia tobaccos. Your last MATINÉE at night tastes as fresh, as welcome, as the one you enjoyed with your morning coffee.

MATINÉE...THE CIGARETTE THAT TASTES RIGHT ALL DAY



Now see your gift of flowers-by-wire just as it will arrive!

Beautiful bouquet and vase shown below now delivered anywhere in U.S.A. or Canada just as you see them here



**Make something warm and human and wonderful happen
...send this flowers-by-wire value**

Here's your chance to discover the electric effect of flowers-by-wire—at a very special price. Stop at your FTD florist and see this full, rich bouquet of mums, pom-poms and fall foliage artistically designed and delivered in a classic milk glass vase she'll use again and again.

You'll agree this is a remarkable value. Send it—and you'll reach right out and touch her. Touch her so deeply

you'll almost *feel* the glow come back. This long-lasting gift will grace the home, the table, and give enduring pleasure. Take advantage of this special new offer. Look up your FTD florist now in the phone book Yellow Pages under FTD—Florists' Telegraph Delivery.

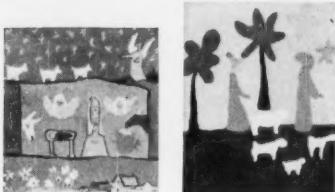
FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY



For the 50th year ..
This Emblem Guarantees
Quality and Delivery
—or your money back

What's New to see and hear Contd.

has held yearly competitions for Christmas-card designs across the country and printed the winners in glowing colors. Professional names such as Quebec artist **Claude Picher** or Ontario's **Thomas Amendola** turn up on the cards, but some of the most delightful ones are done by children. Two favorites include **Toward Bethlehem** by nine-year-old **Thérèse Marcoux**, of Quebec City, and **Flowering Christmas** by ten-



New cards by Dubé (left) & Marcoux.

year-old **Lise Dubé**, also of Quebec City. Proceeds are used to encourage children's interest in art forms such as ballet, painting and handicrafts. If you can't find these cards in your area write to La Vigie, P.O. Box 55, Upper Town, P.O., Quebec City, Que.

Books for your gift list

The picture book of the gift season will no doubt be **London** (McClelland & Stewart, \$6, signed simply **Tony Armstrong**



Armstrong-Jones.

Jones. This collection of really beautiful photographs shows people and places of all classes—the London bobby, the Stepney garage hand, society matrons at a christening, Kensington nannies, even a strip-tease audience in a Canning Town pub. Tony catches them all off guard but with kindness and perception that throw another

light on Tony and reveal him as a genuine artist.

The Face of Toronto (Oxford, \$3). Whether you love, hate or feel indifferent to the place, this collection by **Ralph Greenhill** deserves attention. It shows both the architecture and spirit of a city.



Also from Oxford: two delightful children's books, **Swann and Daphne** (\$2.50) and **The Princess of Tomboso** (\$2.50). **Swann and Daphne**, by distinguished Canadian author **Anne Wilkinson**, is a modern fantasy about two supernatural children who are noticeably "different" and who manage to amaze everybody from school principal to the TV man who arranges for them



Frank Newfeld's *Princess of Tomboso*.

to appear on television. For six- to nine-year-olds. Black-and-white drawings by **Leo Rampen**.

Artist **Frank Newfeld** has taken the story of *The Princess of Tomboso* (first printed in the *Golden Phoenix*, a collection of eight French-Canadian fairy tales) and made it into a most beautifully illustrated and colorful book for four- to six-year-olds.

END

CHATELAINE

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For those who give... and want the best



Silhouette by Samsonite

THE ULTIMATE IN ELEGANCE—LIGHTWEIGHT FIBERGLAS* AND MAGNESIUM CONSTRUCTION—WITH HIDDEN LOCKS!

Covered in wear-resistant vinyl. Samsonite's exclusive hidden locks are designed to open at a touch. In 5 fetching colours: Biscayne Blue, Platinum Grey, Dover White, Desert Tan, Oxford Grey.

- A Ladies' Beauty Case—Full-width mirror, sectioned cosmetic tray.....\$32.50
- B Ladies' Wardrobe—4 plastic hangers, shirred pockets, ribbon ties.....\$52.50
- C Ladies' O'Nite—Slim, roomy overnight case with curtain divider.....\$32.50
- D Men's Executive Overnight—Comb.travel-and-business case with filesec.....\$39.00
- E Men's Three-Suiter—For long trips. 2 section, 3 hangers, tie rack.....\$57.50

*T.M. Reg'd.



SAMSONITE OF CANADA, LTD., MANUFACTURING PLANT, QUEENS HIGHWAY, EAST, STRATFORD, ONTARIO

Here it is in both Black and White . . . in festive Formfit Holidaters that give you

that Formfit feeling!

Confidential Strapless in black or white—in the latest Continental styling—lightly padded. Bandeau 378, sizes 32A to 38C, \$6.50. Long-line 398, sizes 32B to 40C, \$8.95.

Be a Christmas "Eve"—the belle of the ball: You'll outshine them all in these exciting new garments, in black or white, by Formfit!

Illustrated at left, Bandeau 73 by Emilio Pucci, from the Designer's Collection . . . raises and rounds you in the Continental fashion with off-shoulder styling and decollete neckline. Elasticized marquisette band. Sizes 32A to 36C—black or white. **\$7.50**

Back-magic Skippies reform and perfect you without a back panel—in amazing whitest of white Enka Nylon power-net—or midnight black—have a natural contour with Skippies Panty Girdle 882. S. M. L. (Also available in matching Skippies Girdle 982). Black \$10.95 or White **\$10.00**

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • TORONTO • PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO

Are you Mrs. Chatelaine?

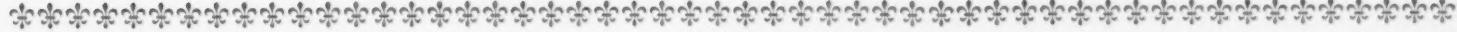


Win a free trip to **PARIS** for you and your husband via TCA DC-8 Jet

Chatelaine magazine announces this big exciting contest open to all homemakers in Canada

HERE IS THE LIST OF PRIZES FOR THE WINNER:

- Two first-class return tickets via TCA DC-8 jet from Toronto to Paris
- A ten-day stay in Paris with \$1,000 to cover expenses
- Complete spring wardrobe in Easy-Care Arnel
- Three-piece set of ladies' luggage in "Silhouette" by Samsonite
- A Renault Dauphine car for your use during your stay in Paris



HERE IS WHAT YOU DO:

- 1 On a sheet of paper print your full name, address, age.
- 2 Put down your weight, height, color of hair and eyes.
- 3 Put down your husband's occupation, his income.
- 4 List the names of your children and their ages.
- 5 Attach to your entry a photograph or snapshot of yourself taken within the last six months.
- 6 State whether you do all of your own housework. If not, put down what paid help you employ.
- 7 Put down how often you entertain at home in an average month.
- 8 On a separate sheet describe any hobbies or projects you enjoy, such as sewing, painting, collecting, etc. To give the judges some idea of how expert you are, describe one of your most recent achievements in your hobby.

9 On a separate sheet list what you would include in an ordinary dinner for your family. Then list what you would include in a dinner for company. Write down your recipe for one specialty that wins you compliments.

- 10 On a separate sheet, draw a floor plan of your living room with the furniture arrangement shown. Describe the color scheme. Describe any changes you have carried out in the last five years and any changes you plan in the near future.
- 11 On a separate sheet, name all the community activities (school, church, civic associations, etc.) that you presently take part in; list all offices you have held or now hold.
- 12 On a separate sheet describe your philosophy of raising children.
- 13 On a separate sheet describe your philosophy of being a good homemaker.

RULES: 1 The contest is open to all homemakers living in Canada with the exception of Maclean-Hunter personnel or their families. 2 Clip out this page. 3 Answer all the questions (above), attach photos, this page, separate sheets, etc., and mail to: **Mrs. Chatelaine Contest**, Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. 4 Entries must be postmarked not later than **December 10, 1960**. All entries and pictures become the property of Chatelaine and cannot be returned. 5 If you are the winner you must be able to take leave of absence from your family for a week in the early part of January to come to Toronto to be interviewed and photographed for our April issue. (The trip to Paris may be taken at your own convenience up to June 1, 1961.)

You'll love these yuletide "Philly" Dips!

Planning a holiday party? Or looking forward to impromptu gatherings? A package of Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese is the handiest to have around . . . for the chip dips that are so very popular. And quick to make! You'll find a fresh creaminess and delicate flavor in "Philly" that no other cream cheese gives you. Keep these "Philly" Dip recipes!



"PHILLY DIP PARTY HANDBOOK" . . . free. Here's a fine collection of party dips! For your free copy write to: Kraft Foods Limited, Dept. AD, Box 6118, Montreal, Quebec.

*made and guaranteed fresh
by Kraft*

Oriental Philly Dip—Combine an 8-oz. package of Philadelphia Cream Cheese and 2 tbsps. cream; blend. Add 2 tbsps. soy sauce, 1½ tbsps. grated onion, 1 tsp. lemon juice and ¼ tsp. ground ginger; mix well. Place in a bowl and sprinkle with parsley. Exotic!

Philly Catalina Dip—Gradually add ½ cup Kraft Catalina Dressing to one 8-oz. package Philadelphia Cream Cheese, mixing till smooth and well blended. Add a dash of salt; mix again.

Festive Philly Dip—To an 8-oz. package of Philadelphia Cream Cheese add 3 tbsps. milk; blend till smooth. Mix in 2 tbsps. lemon juice, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1 tbsp. Kraft Mayonnaise, 1 tsp. Kraft Horseradish Mustard. Season with ¾ tsp. garlic salt and ½ tsp. paprika.



here's health

by Lawrence Galton

Relief for varicose veins of pregnancy

Pregnancy often favors the appearance of varicose veins. To combat the pain and increased local temperature, a Montreal physician investigated use of a combination of vitamin C and citrus bioflavonoids which are believed to have a beneficial effect on blood-vessel walls. Of fifty women who took capsules of the medication (Duo-C.V.P.), forty-eight benefited, with marked decrease or complete disappearance of pain and temperature elevation within ten to fifteen days.

Changing personality helps emotional problems

Permanent improvement in personality has been obtained in patients with emotional problems by a unique treatment technique developed at the Allan Memorial Institute of Montreal. The treatment begins by breaking down existing personality "set" through prolonged sleep, electroshock or other means. Then verbal signals — significant key words — are repeated time after time, very intensively for about three weeks, then two to four hours a day for several months.

After treatment, according to a report to the Canadian Psychiatric Association, the personality changes are long-lasting and become incorporated into everyday behavior. "The individual in whom a change from passivity to assertion has been brought about," the report notes, "will show assertion in a great variety of everyday contacts. He will be more outspoken in groups, more independent in his choice of entertainment . . . less easily put aside in altercations at home, at work, and socially. But this does not mean that under every and all circumstances he will be assertive and aggressive, unbending and unyielding."

A major advance against hypertension

Bretylium tosylate appears to be a significant step forward in the treatment of high blood pressure. So recent reports to the Canadian Medical Association indicate. The drug is potent, seems to have a far more selective nerve-blocking effect than other agents, and rarely produces some of the annoying or semidisabling side effects that other drugs may produce. The new compound has been used effectively in three types of high blood pressure: essential (of unknown cause); renal (linked to the kidneys); and malignant, a severe rapidly progressive form.

Iron anemia in young men

Iron-deficiency anemia may occur in young men, producing a state of chronic under-par health and loss of efficiency at a critical time in their careers. In a British study of several thousand recruits of the Royal Army Medical Corps, 1.1 percent were found to have iron deficiency. They responded quickly to iron preparations taken by mouth — and, when seen three to twelve months later, after the anemia had been corrected, none had relapsed.

The study suggests that at the age of eighteen or nineteen, when they are completing a period of growth during which the iron requirement is increased, some young men develop anemia



Christmas Jell-O and Dream Whip ...full of festive yum!

Festive yum is that special Merry Christmas flavor! Enjoy it in a sparkling *Jell-O and Dream Whip Christmas Garland*:

Red Layer:

Dissolve one regular size (3 oz.) package Strawberry Jell-O in 1 cup of hot water. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of cold water. Chill until slightly thickened. Then fold in one medium banana, sliced. Pour into a 6-cup ring mold or a 9" x 5" x 3" loaf pan. Chill until almost firm.

White Layer:

Meanwhile, dissolve one regular size (3 oz.) package Lime Jell-O in 1 cup hot water. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of pineapple syrup. Chill $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Lime Jell-O until slightly thickened. Prepare 2 packages Dream Whip according to package directions.

Fold 1 cup of prepared Dream Whip into the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of slightly thickened Lime Jell-O. Pour over Strawberry Jell-O in mold. Chill until almost firm. Cover and refrigerate remaining Dream Whip.

Green Layer:

Chill remaining Lime Jell-O until slightly thickened. Fold in one 20 oz. can drained, pineapple tidbits. Pour over Jell-O in mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Just before serving, pile remaining Dream Whip into the centre of mold and garnish with maraschino cherries and almonds. Serves 10.



Jell-O is a registered trade mark owned in Canada by General Foods, Limited

We'll pay you 50¢ just to try New LIPTON INSTANT* TEA*



It's new!

It's fast!

It's fun!

You can't believe how *fresh* it tastes until you try it. So let us treat you!

Now you can enjoy the fresh-brewed flavour . . . the fresh-brewed aroma and colour of fine tea . . . *instantly*. Never too weak, never too strong, always perfect. And no drippy tea bags or tea leaves to dispose of!

The secret is this: Lipton actually brews fresh hot tea to perfection. Then concentrates it into these tiny tea crystals. All you do is add water, and stir to get delicious tea in an instant!

Try Lipton Instant Tea tomorrow, and get your first cups free!

4 Free Stamps, Too! Valuable Postage Stamps of the World inside every jar. Genuine—All Different—Collections vary from jar to jar.



HOW TO GET YOUR 50¢

Simply remove the label from a jar of Lipton Instant Tea. Mail it with the coupon below to Box 2167, Toronto, Canada. We'll send you 50¢ in cash by return mail.

LIPTON INSTANT TEA
Box 2167, Toronto, Canada

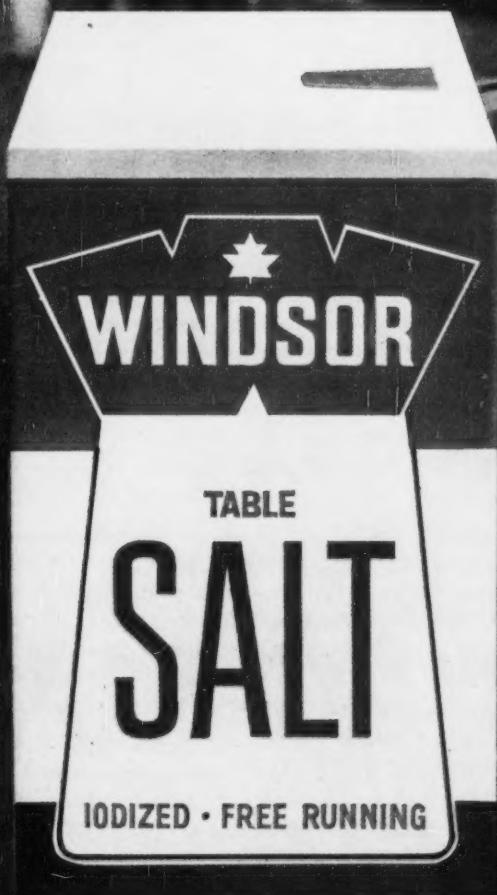
Enclose one label from a jar of LIPTON INSTANT TEA. Please send 50¢ to:

NAME _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROV. _____

Limit: One refund per family. Hurry—this offer void if mailed after Dec. 31, 1960 and is subject to all local and provincial regulations.

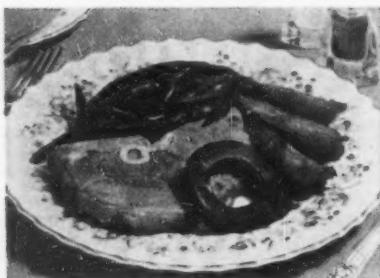


So much pleasure...

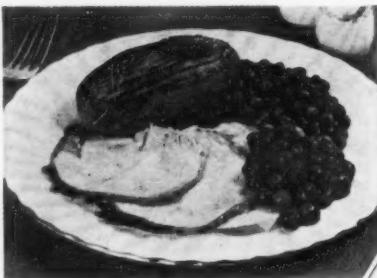
...and not a care. Lovely copper-and-brass tableware from Italy won't fade or tarnish. Mushroom-beef ragout keeps hot to the last delicious morsel in a copper chafing dish. And Canada's favorite food-brightener, Windsor Salt *stays* clean and attractive in its smart, new wrap.



a juicy little cranberry

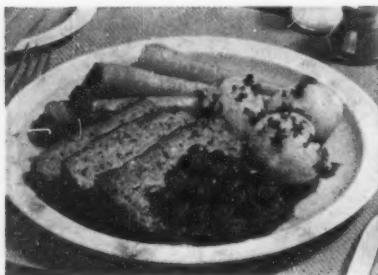


A man-sized helping of tangy Ocean Spray brings out the succulent flavour of ham... makes it "company" fare.

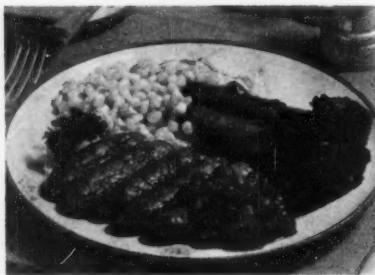


Cranberries make Merry Christmas eating indeed... add lip smacking goodness to fowl the whole year 'round.

goes a long, long way



Cranberries add the "master chef" touch to budget meals... put more zest into standbys like meat loaf — and how!



Sausages are a fun meal! When you serve 'em with cranberries... try to keep up with the calls for seconds!

to liven up all your meals

What would Christmas dinner be without those juicy little berries of goodness? Any meal, all year round, gets a wonderful lift with cranberries. Fact is, Ocean Spray cranberries are fast becoming year 'round, meal 'round favourites. They do so much that's so berry good for so many, many foods. Try them soon. You'll see.

GET **Ocean Spray** TODAY
JELLIED OR WHOLE CRANBERRY SAUCE



...berry good eating indeed!



here's health CONTINUED

because they are unable to absorb large enough amounts of iron from food. Most may recover without treatment after an interval during which the need for extra large amounts of iron decreases and the quantity absorbed from food is enough to restore the body's iron content to normal. But wider recognition of the problem would lead to early detection and treatment of the illness, saving many months or even years of unnecessary difficulty.

A warning sign of lung cancer

The first physical manifestation of lung cancer in some men may be breast enlargement. A University of Mississippi Medical Center physician has reported on three men whose lung cancer was associated with enlarged breasts. This symptom may occur under many other circumstances. But recognition that it sometimes may be a warning sign of lung cancer — the first warning sign — may save life from a disease which has become increasingly prevalent and is often difficult to uncover in its early stages when it is most likely to be curable.

What diet can do for diabetics

The role of diet as treatment in diabetes has become clouded because patients don't understand — and because physicians themselves sometimes may be disheartened by the feeling that their patients won't stay with diet. But several clinics have been attacking the problem with marked success, using step-by-step programs, sometimes group lectures, to make certain patients understand their diets and the gains to be achieved from them. Clinic doctors, themselves enthusiastic about the effectiveness of diet, have been able to transmit their enthusiasm to patients with excellent results. Reports the Canadian Medical Association Journal: over sixty percent of all adult diabetes can be controlled entirely by dietary means and exercise.

Improving X-ray treatment for cancer

Methoxsalen, a drug that promotes skin pigmentation, has had some use in protecting sensitive people against sunburn. Now it is proving helpful when used with high-voltage X radiation for cancer. The drug substantially increases skin tolerance to high-voltage X rays. In patients with breast, pelvic, lung and other cancer, it has prevented skin flaking and permitted use of fifteen to twenty percent higher doses of radiation. Radiation sickness has been less frequent and less intense and there has been less thickening of the skin afterward.

Dramatic help for leg clots

The formation of a clot in a vein near the surface of a leg often brings with it a severe inflammation that produces great pain, extreme tenderness, and swelling. In such cases, the use of phenylbutazone — an anti-inflammatory agent sometimes employed in arthritis — often is of dramatic value. One physician reports using it on eight hundred patients. In ninety percent, improvement occurred within twenty-four to seventy-two hours, avoiding the need for hospitalization.

END

(Advertisement)

What is the best known bird in Canada?

TURN BACK THIS PAGE



TEEN TEMPO

By SUSAN COOPER

**Dear Susan:**

Could you help me get over the bad habit of disagreeing with people all the time?
— ANN

Dear Ann:

Why do you disagree? Is it because you are trying to push yourself forward, using this backward method of getting attention?

You are going to have to curb the fast retorts. Realize that you aren't always right, and that proving yourself right in little things simply antagonizes people. A little honey lures the bear. Try to see others' points of view. Life isn't a contest or a battle of wills and wits. Enjoy doing things and meeting people. Might be a good idea to join a debating club to use up some of the combative spirit. Try to accept people and situations with a little lighter heart.

Dear Susan:

There is a boy who likes me whom I cannot stand. I don't want to be rude to him or I'll get a bad reputation with other boys. But if I pretend I like him it'll start something.
— KELLY

Dear Kelly:

Don't pretend anything. You can be polite but simply disinterested. No one, unless he enjoys punishment or wants to be

Pity the girl who's always right...plus, holiday manners

ignored, is going to throw his affections away so obviously. Don't let him walk you home. Don't accept dates with him. He will finally realize that you just aren't interested. In doing this, you will be far kinder to him because then he will have a chance to find another girl who thinks he's wonderful.

Dear Susan:

I know when you're leaving a party you thank the hostess and her mother, but what if her father is there, too? Do you thank him?
— JOAN

Dear Joan:

Smile your brightest smile and tell him what a wonderful party it was and how you enjoyed yourself. Better to thank him for a good time than leave him feeling like an outsider who is not wanted.

Dear Susan:

I am having a friend visit me for the holidays. How do I get her invited to the parties?
— PHYL

Dear Phyl:

When you are invited yourself, tell your hostess you are going to have a house guest and ask her if it would be convenient for her if you bring your guest, too. At a very small dinner party, for instance, it might not be convenient.

Write to Susan Cooper, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. As only a few letters can be answered on this page, include your full name and address for a personal reply. Pseudonyms only will be published.

For the gay glittery season... our Christmas belles sew party dresses

"Twas the month before Christmas, and all through your closet... not a single really sensational party dress was in sight." But we're ready to write a happy holiday ending to your story, just as we did for the two dazzling at right. Both Miss Blonde and Miss Brunette had to solve the party-season problem of doing Christmas shopping and sparkling their wardrobe, too... on limited pennies. And they did it and took the stag line by storm. How? Simple... by sewing their own party dresses. Miss Blonde adores the feminine razzle-dazzle of red with touches of lace. She chose Simplicity pattern 3347, to make in holiday-cracker-red velveteen with frothy lace sleeves. This is a Simple-to-Make pattern, too (one really ambitious day would do it). In teen sizes 10 to 16, forty cents. Miss Brunette is a dreamer who loves the romantic rustle of taffeta. Her choice was Simplicity pattern 3490, to make in a shimmering plaid taffeta with a portrait collar of white organza. Collar is edged with black velvet; another narrow line circles the bouffant skirt. Pattern 3490 comes in teen sizes 10 to 16, fifty cents. The happy ending: many pennies saved, many compliments earned, a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!

END



Sketches by Eugenie Groh

LIFT HERE

h CONTINUED

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For more than half a century of Christmases, Swift has been sharing days with Canadian families... bringing to their tables the best the land provides. (May your Butterball bird this year be plumper, p





en sharing this greatest
the best that a bountiful
er, prettier than ever!

Swift's Premium

*...the two most
trusted words
in meat.*

Know the type?



Quizzy Bee: Pony-tailed; wears a studious look. While cramming for a quiz (algebra, Latin) munches nourishing Velveeta.

On-the-go Marvel: is very smart—takes great care of its family. Knows they all get energy from a Velveeta-break.

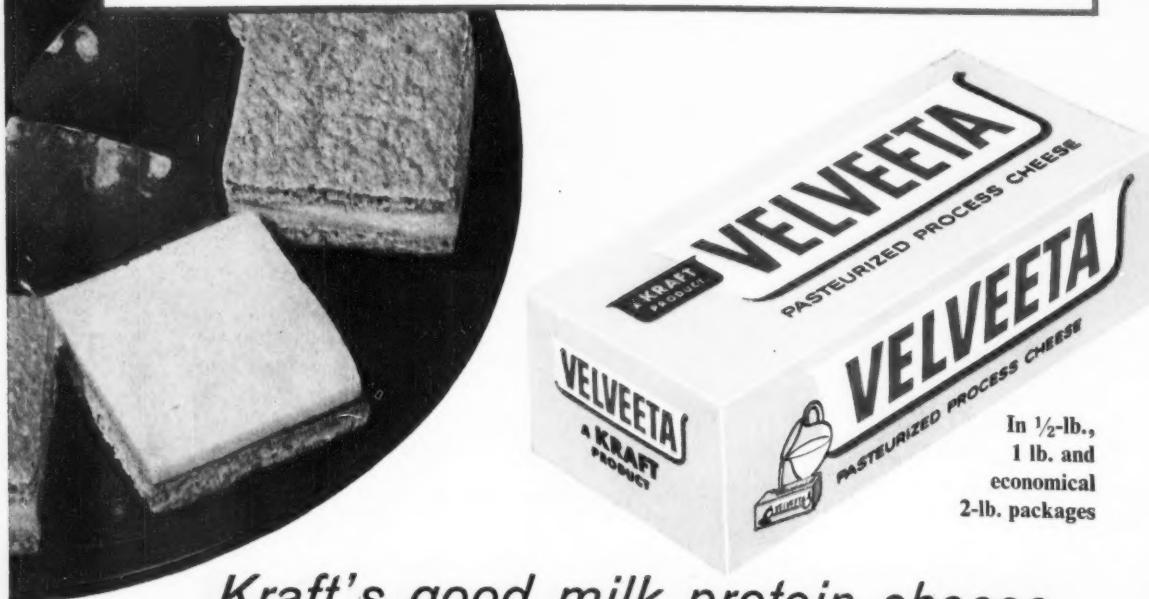
Tippy-toed Snackabout: appears from nowhere whenever the fridge door opens. At sight of Velveeta and crackers, shouts "Mm-BOY!"

How you can feed them right!

Snackabout Velveeta Treat

Make little "sandwiches" with graham crackers and slices of Velveeta (it slices beautifully when it's cold). Serve with wedges of rosy apple. These flavors are delicious together . . . and it's such a

nourishing snack, with the important milk protein of Velveeta. This is a quick and good-tasting snack for the youngsters after-school, for all the family before bed, or any time at all!



Kraft's good milk protein cheese

CHATELAINE DROPS IN ON

Joan Crawford

Star, trend setter
of a generation,
Hollywood legend, mother
and businesswoman . . .

In this exclusive
interview you'll discover
the Crawford views on
fashion,
raising children,
exercise . . . and what
she finds irritating
in other women

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN SEBERT

By JANET MacWALKER

At the dot of noon we entered room 8-280, an eighth-floor suite in Toronto's Royal York Hotel. A small slender figure turned. The jawline was broad and firm, the eyes large, the gaze direct. The wide expressive mouth smiled, a hand was offered. And in a throaty disciplined voice Joan Crawford said, "Hello."

Chatelaine beauty editor Eveleen Dollery and I introduced ourselves. We had come to lunch with a star, legend and, now, a businesswoman, a director of Pepsi-Cola since the death in 1959 of her husband, Pepsi board chairman Alfred Steele.

Miss Crawford had just returned from a television appear-

ance. She was dressed in tones of tan, from head to toe — upswept-brimmed straw hat, white-on-tan printed silk dress with pinch-pleated skirt flaring beneath a form-following bodice. Her stockings, visible through cross-strapped transparent plastic shoes, blended with the tanned legs they covered. Wisps of shoulder-length strawberry-blond hair, which she wears wound in a French knot, showed around her hat. Topaz chunks hung on thick gold chains at her throat, ears and wrist.

The face and flair were familiar. The five-foot-four petite-ness was not. Film after film (eighty to date) had established an impression of Joan Crawford as tall, almost Amazon-like. The square shoulders costume designer Adrian had wished upon her in the forties —

Continued on page 26



Why do this?
...When you can get
'Terylene'* shirts
by Forsyth



Stays snowy-white... for years to come!

Featuring the new PAL collar... Canada's most popular collar style!

Truly NO-IRON... needs no ironing—ever!

Convertible cuffs... doubly useful, wear buttoned or with links!

Wash 'n' Wear tie \$1.50. Mother of pearl links & tie bar \$7.50—by Forsyth.

High-quality Terylene... smartly styled, beautifully tailored and so perfectly No-Iron you just wash, drip or tumble-dry, and it's ready for wearing without any "touch-up" ironing whatever! See and buy this Terylene triumph by Forsyth—always smooth, always immaculate in gleaming white and smart new stripes. Bringing you more fine features, far more value than any other shirt within dollars of its low price. Available in collar sizes 13½ to 18, and sleeve lengths 30 to 37 at finer men's shops across Canada. \$7.95. Also, Forsyth Terylene 'Supreme' in white and stripes, \$9.95.

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JF-601

Hats by the score, closet brimming with beautiful dresses . . . "But diamonds are a girl's best friend"

Continued from page 25

and which were to set an entire decade's fashion — were a deceit.

She led us into the room, and told us to call her Joan. "There's a wonderful view of the bay from the window," she said. "I was watching the sailboats last night. They looked like little mechanical dancing dolls." With that, the actress who had danced her way to stardom during the 1920s twirled on her toes. Her pleated skirt became a skimming tutu.

John Sebert, our photographer, raised his camera. Joan froze. "No pictures yet," she said, "until I change. I'll be seen in this outfit on television tonight. Besides," she added, "I have something to wear especially for CHATELAINE. I'll change now."

In seven minutes flat she was back, in a white straw with upraised brim, an ice-blue linen sheath, marble-size pearls and diamonds in matching earrings, necklace and bracelet. With her diamond-studded left hand she was fastening a watch on her right wrist. The watch face was dwarfed by the diamond-heaped bracelet links. "Diamonds," she said, giving us a wink, "are a girl's best friend."

We had noticed that the white boater hat was much like the tan boater it had replaced. We asked her if she favored off-the-face headwear. "No, not especially," she said. "Would you like to see my hats? They're all over the beds in the next room."

We followed and saw the hats, a score of them — coolies in neutrals and pastels, brilliant straws, ribboned sailors, picture hats, lace- and flower-laden.

We turned to dresses. As reverently — and as expertly — as a saleswoman showing bridal gowns, Joan shelled her eighteen dresses from their plastic covers. "I design them myself," she said, "then send design and fabric to my dressmaker. Sometimes I have the same fabric made up in different colors. See, here's one." She held out an Oriental-style sheath, with slits at the knee-line. It was embroidered in pink flowers against a white ground. Then she reached deeper into the cavernous cupboard and brought out a full-skirted dress of the same material, but with blue embroidery. All the dresses were belted, with a sharp V at the back. "Because I'm long-waisted," Joan explained. Each dress had a co-ordinated coat of flowing line.

Her favorite silhouette?
Continued on page 28



Joan shows her hats to Chatelaine reporters.



"If I have a problem, I face it . . ."



" . . . Then I just drop it like a coat."

Only a *Sunbeam* makes it so easy for you to
DIAL FOR PERFECT MIXING RESULTS



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for cloud-light meringues

for the finest cakes, the smoothest frostings

for fluffy-light mashed potatoes

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easy-to-see Mixfinder dial

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SNOW CAP SPREAD: MIX 2 4 1/2 OZ. CANS UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM, 1 TBSP. MINCED ONION, MOUND ON PLATE. "FROST" WITH BLEND OF 8 OZ. PKG. CREAM CHEESE, 1/2 CUP SOUR CREAM (OR MILK), 2 1/2 TSP. SHARP MUSTARD. SERVES 10-12 GENEROUSLY.

A "pleasure island" on any party buffet. Underwood Deviled Ham makes this festive Snow Cap Spread in minutes. Delicious with *Fritos* corn chips. For the holidays have lots of cans of Underwood Deviled Ham in your pantry.



P.S. The handy ham made from fine whole hams.

FOR FREE PARTY RECIPES WRITE: ANNE UNDERWOOD, BOX 255, STATION O, MONTREAL, CANADA

Joan tells why all her dresses have pockets, talks about beauty care and responsibilities of children

Continued from page 26

"Slim skirts, pleated skirts, gathered skirts, gored skirts, peplums, tunics," she said. "It doesn't matter — but they *all* have pockets." She assumed a just-between-us-girls manner and whispered, "I'll show you why." With one hand thrust into a pocket, she struck a familiar Crawford pose — head arched, foot forward and her spotlight-smile flashing.



"Go to a psychiatrist? You kidding?"

Was it true, we asked, that she presses her own clothes? "Absolutely," she insisted. "Often people ruin them by ironing over the seams, on the inside. They should lift the seam and press under it, so there won't be a shiny crease showing on the outside."

Joan gave us a glimpse of her frothy negligees, six of them, all pressed and hung in plastic wrappers, then declared the fashion show over. We returned to the living room.

Does she do her own make-up, we asked. The question brought an abrupt, "Of course." Her voice dropped an octave, her eyes widened. "I wash and set my own hair too, three or four times a week. I set it with a light spray between engagements. I also cut my own hair. I used to cut my husband's hair too."

Joan denied having any elaborate beauty ritual. "I remove my make-up with mineral oil, then wash my face with soap and water — the soap on a facecloth." Artificial eyelashes, she said, are "only for films and television." Activity, not dieting, she continued, keeps her figure trim.

Joan had ordered lunch — lamb chops, shoestring potatoes, salad. As soon as we were seated she glanced over the table. "Where's my ketchup?" she asked. "It's coming, madam," said the waiter, disappearing into the kitchenette. "I'll bet!" Joan stage-whispered. "Probably didn't remember to order it." When an unadorned bottle of ketchup was set before her a moment later, she picked it up with obvious satisfaction, and carefully shook a dollup over the chops.

I asked about her children. She leaned toward me across the table and with motherly pride said she had adopted all four children at the age of ten days. "My eldest daughter, Christina, phoned me from Connecticut last night to tell me about her role in *The Moon Is Blue*," she said. "She's going to be a good actress."

And the others? "My son, Christopher, is in school near New York. The twins, Cathy and Cynthia, are graduating from their school in Los Angeles." After graduation, she said, the twins would come to New York, where Joan now makes her home to be near Pepsi-Cola headquarters.

"You had no luxuries when you were a child," I remarked, "but your children haven't had to stint. Would you say this has spoiled them?" She thought a minute before answering. "They help with the housework, wash out their own things —" *Continued on page 106*



"Don't giggle, baby-talk or be coy."



bueno!

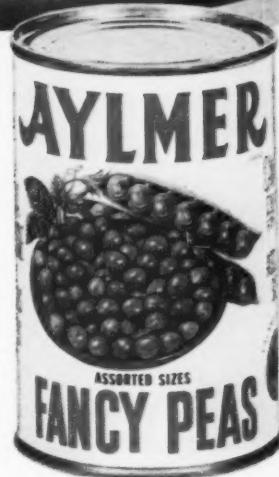
AYLMER PEAEELLA

Make this Spanish "one-dish meal" with sweet, tender Aylmer Peas! Gay as a flamenco dance—bright as the Castilian sun—this Spanish favourite will win shouts of "ole!" from your family and friends. Serve it tonight!

3 cups Aylmer Sunshine Tomato
Juice
1 1/2 cups dry, white rice
1/4 cup frying oil
1 Spanish onion, peeled and sliced
4 chicken portions, legs or breasts
Salt, pepper, paprika, thyme to taste
1—15 oz. tin Aylmer Fancy Assorted
Peas
1 tbsp. Aylmer Pimiento, sliced

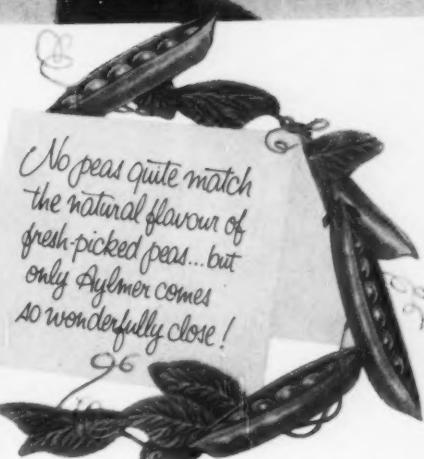
In saucepan boil tomato juice, add rice, cover, simmer 14 minutes. Meanwhile, in large, heavy pan, heat oil to sizzling. Fry onion slices until transparent. Season chicken. Brown chicken in frying pan 15 minutes. Add rice to chicken. Cover. Steam 15 minutes. Add half the peas. Heat 2 minutes. Garnish with pimiento and peas. Serve hot. 4 servings.

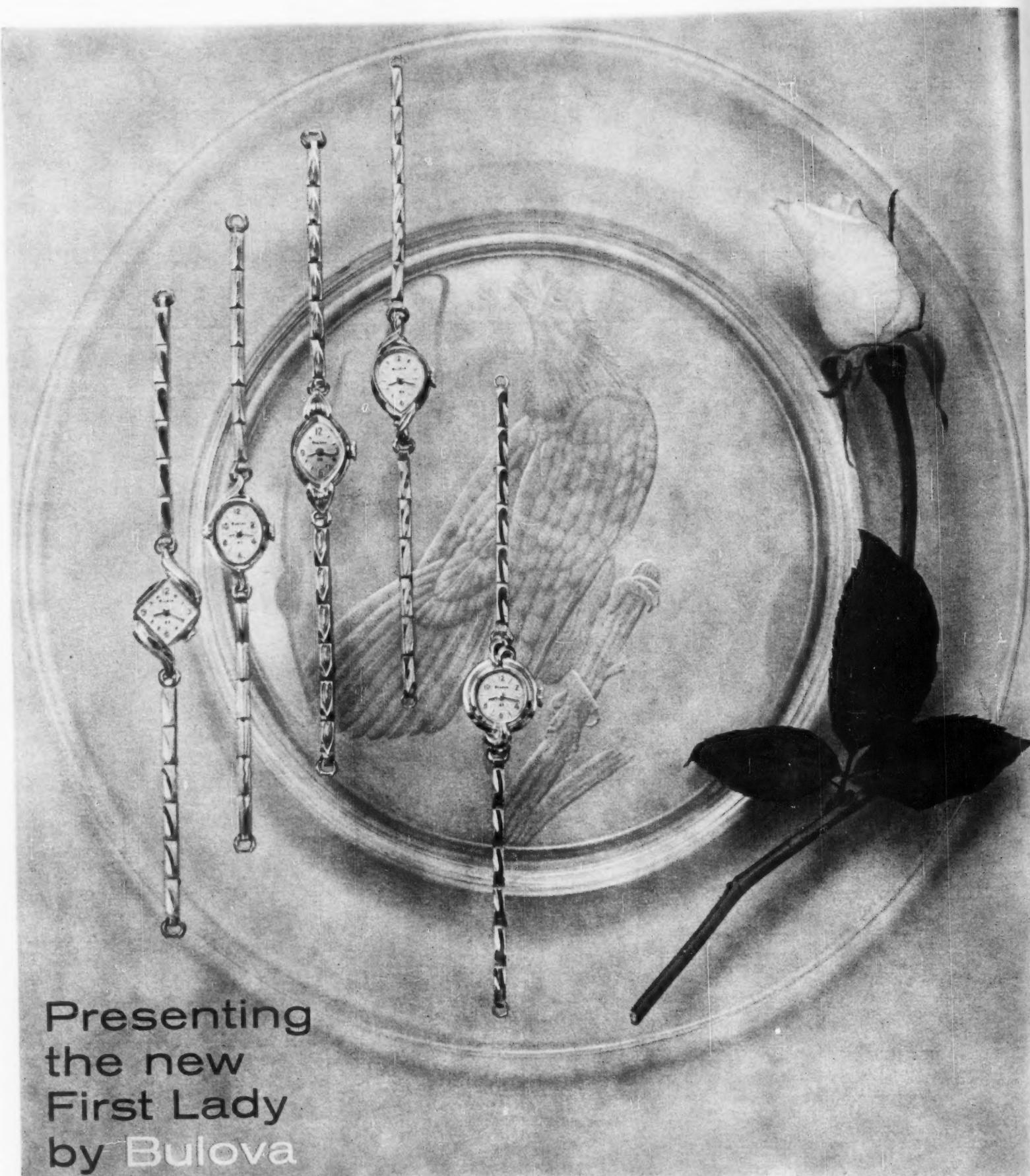
Sunshine fresh... that Aylmer Flavour



No pea quite matches the natural flavour of fresh-picked peas... but only Aylmer comes so wonderfully close!

96





Presenting the new First Lady by Bulova

The delicate treasure of a Bulova "First Lady" timepiece makes the most wonderful gift ever for the First Lady in your life. The striking new First Lady series — in Burnished and Florentine finishes curled into soft, lovely swirls, bracelets that capture the beauty of the case and carry it elegantly to her wrist. Inside, 120 precision-crafted parts that are inspected four times before they're even assembled. A 23-jewel movement that must pass five accuracy tests. First Lady . . . the gift of a lifetime . . . available now at Better Jewellers and Fine Department Stores across Canada.

The First Lady series, left to right:

THE FIRST LADY in a rich Florentine finish. 23 jewels. Unbreakable mainspring. Also in white. 75.00

THE FIRST LADY in soft, lovely swirls. 23 jewels. 1 diamond. Unbreakable mainspring. Also in white. 79.50

THE FIRST LADY in a graceful marquise-shape. 23 jewels. Unbreakable mainspring. Also in yellow. 65.00

THE FIRST LADY in a burnished tear-shape blaze. 23 jewels. Unbreakable mainspring. Also in white. 59.50

THE FIRST LADY in a quiet, simple circlet. 23 jewels. Unbreakable mainspring. Also in white. 71.50

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BULOVA "Canada's Finest Timepiece"

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CHRISTMAS IS FOR FAITH

A Chatelaine Christmas Album
CANADIANS AT WORSHIP
by one of the world's
great photographers

yousuf karsh

In this joyous season
the artist's camera searches
with moving sensitivity
the many faces of our abiding faiths
as Canadians' hearts and voices
blend in reverent commemoration
of the birth of our Saviour

BEGINNING OVERLEAF



All the richness of the Anglican Church's liturgy was captured by Karsh in the photograph above taken at that most solemn moment in the communion service when the priest offers to the communicants kneeling at the altar rail the sacred wine from a silver chalice. The pictures at right symbolize the particular character of two other Protestant denominations. The minister greeting his parishioners as they leave after Sunday-morning services typifies the warm family feeling of the United Church, and the choir thundering Martin Luther's *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God* illustrates the emphasis placed in the Lutheran Church on singing by both choir and congregation.



And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

¶ (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

¶ And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

¶ And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem;

(because he was of the house and lineage of David:) ¶ To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. ¶ And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. ¶ And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him

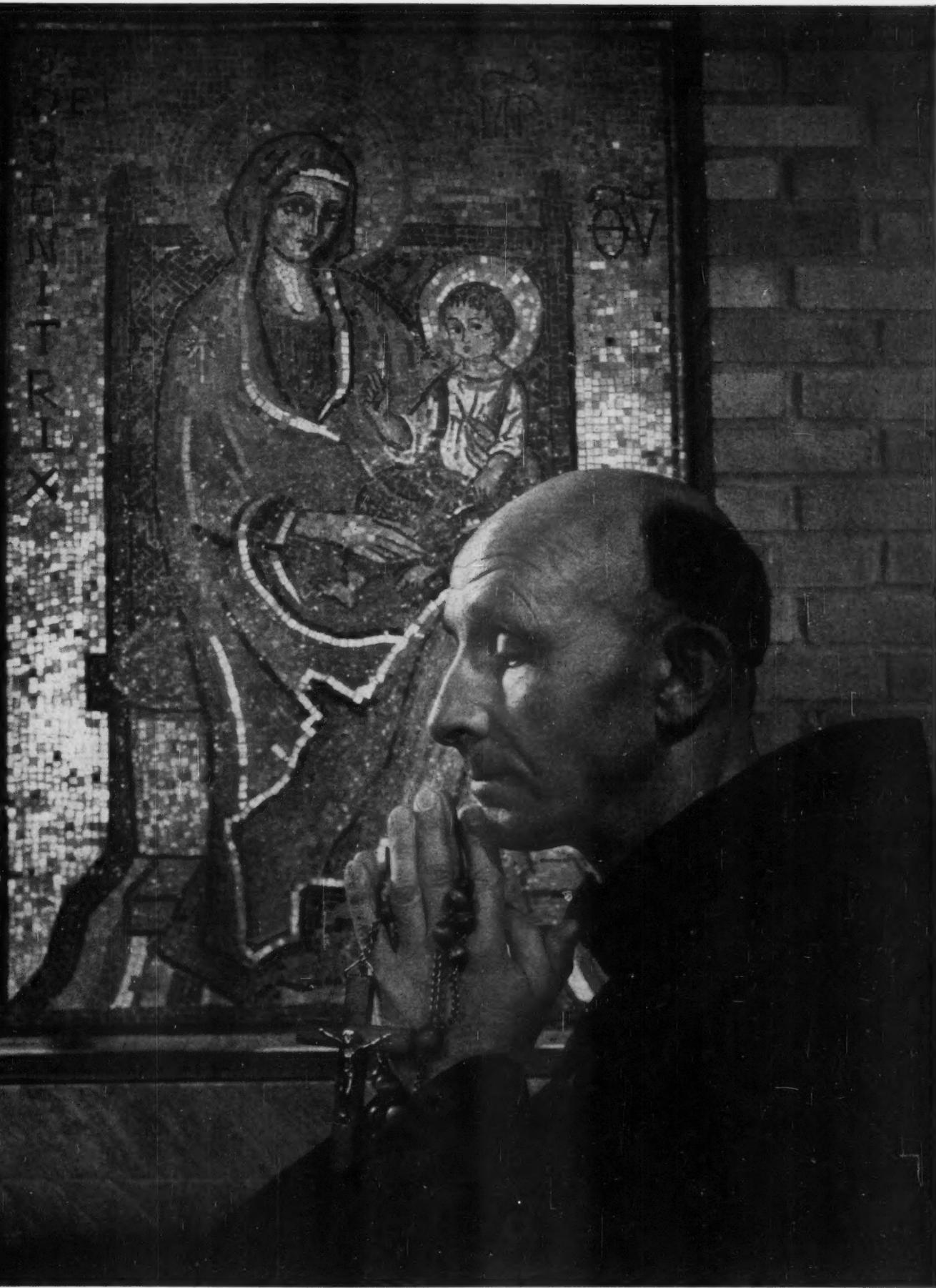


CONTINUED



in swaddling clothes, and laid
him in a manger; because
there was no room for them in
the inn. ¶ And there were
in the same country shepherds
abiding in the field,
keeping watch over their flock
by night. ¶ And, lo,
the angel of the Lord came upon
them, and the glory of
the Lord shone round about them;
and they were sore afraid.
¶ And the angel said unto them,
Fear not: for, behold,
I bring you good tidings
of great joy,
which shall be to all people.
¶ For unto you is born this day
in the city of David
a Saviour, which is Christ
the Lord. ¶ And this shall be a
sign unto you:
Ye shall find the babe
wrapped in swaddling clothes,
lying in a manger. ¶ And suddenly
there was with the angel

A minister exhorting his flock from a raised pulpit
epitomizes the austere tradition of Presbyterianism.



A Roman Catholic monk, saying his rosary before the beautiful mosaic altarpiece in the private chapel of his community, is kneeling proof of the unbroken tradition of his church and of the ascetic piety of his Franciscan order which has since the Crusades preserved the shrines of Christendom in the Holy Land.

CONTINUED



Karsh has depicted two very different aspects of Protestantism in the street-corner band above, which captures the open friendliness and vigor of the Salvation Army, a sect that tries to bring God to the man on the street, and the devout Baptists at right who enact their church's ordinance of the baptism of believers by immersion.

a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, ¶ Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. ¶ And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. ¶ And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. ¶ And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. ¶ And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. ¶ But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.





These members of the Syrian Orthodox Church, standing resplendent in glittering robes before a magnificent ornate altar are part of the Christian sect predominant in Syria, Russia, Greece and the Ukraine, which has united the great Byzantine culture of the East with the religious precepts of the West.

END OF FEATURE

CHRISTMAS IS FOR TRADITIONS

A carp called Peter

In the midst of a World War II battle, three women and a live fish nervously awaited the traditional feast of Christmas Eve. A true, warming story for holiday reading

By SUZANNE GAYN

Christmases come in many shapes. Some are joyous, some well fed, some comfortably homey. Some you remember for a beau you met, others for a crisp and beautiful holy night. I have had all such Christmases, but the one I remember the best was the one that brought Peter into the house.

It was in the lean winter of 1944, when the front line was nearing Budapest and, with each day, there were fewer and fewer peasants selling food at the market. The newspapers still sounded confident, but the German units straggling into the city now wore a hang-dog look. At night we surreptitiously set our radio dials on BBC, and listened to the news of Soviet advance. And some of the more thoughtful folk began to memorize such useful Russian phrases as, "Welcome, friend — could we offer you some tea?"

Together with my mother and my Aunt Erna, I was then living in a pleasant little village on the edge of Budapest. The house looked as if it had been stuck with glue to the steep mountainside, and from it we had a lovely view of the valley below. The valley offered one possible route of attack to the Russians, and every so often one or the other of us went to the window to look for the advancing red flags.

Friends kept urging us to move into town for safety, but we ignored the advice. It was not easy to find housing in town, for *Continued on page 99*

We kept Peter in the bathtub and fed him well on bread crumbs.



William Winter

CHRISTMAS IS FOR CHILDREN



Nancy goes to a CHRISTMAS CONCERT

PHOTO STORY BY JESSIE LONDON AND HORST EHRICHT

The Christmas concert, a tinsel bit of Canadiana that's vanishing along with the one-room school, is the big holiday event in rural children's lives. Chatelaine went to this one in Number Seven School, Chinguacousy West, Ontario, and followed starry-eyed Nancy Wilkinson through the big day



Preparing for concert night, Nancy has her pony tail curled by mother.



She knows them already—but Nancy goes over her lines till time to go.

In costume backstage, Nancy is made up by eighth grader Georgie Garden.

Nancy waits in wings as teacher Marjorie French prompts those on stage.



Nervous but proud in her new red dress, eight-year-old Nancy sings concert's opening number, Welcome, Welcome, One And All.

CONTINUED



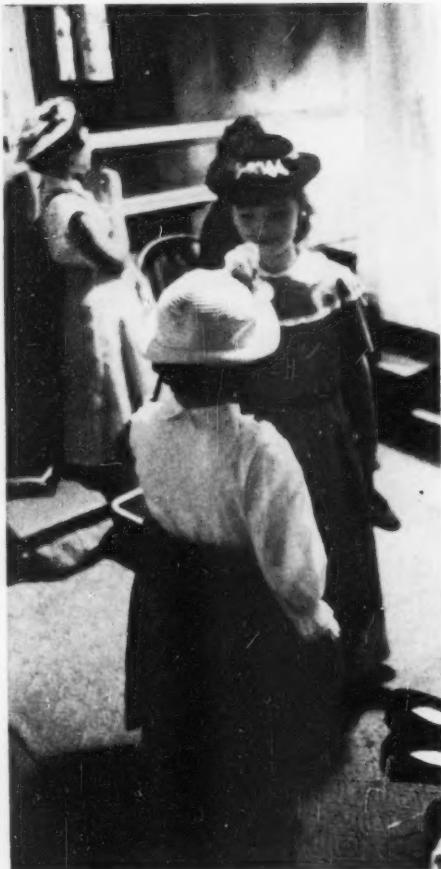
*On stage, with blackboard backdrop, random-sized students from the school's eight grades have rapt audience for *The Bride*, a Charley's Aunt-type farce.*

In song-dance spoof of women on Christmas spree are Nancy (second from left) and sister Barbara (right), with Janice (left) and Linda Agnew.



Joined by Chinguacousy graduates (at rear), the cast masses on stage for finale, *O Holy Night*. Nancy, standing at front, is second girl from right.

CONTINUED



Sock-footed Nancy, high heels off, wonders, "How did we do?" Backstage, big girls have charge of costumes; boys attend props, lights.



Nancy receives a gift from Santa—and grins when she hears his voice. It's her dad Bill Wilkinson. As tribute from district, Nancy presents flowers to director French, school's teacher for 12 years.



Home again, dad carries weary Nancy from the car. And to all a goodnight...

END

CHRISTMAS IS FOR INSPIRATION

"I'm Glad I Died a Little"

By Patricia Young

A CHATELAINE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE STORY. As the taxi moused its way through the heavy traffic from my doctor's office on Park Avenue to the New York Public Library, I sat in the back stunned, trying to absorb what the doctor had just told me. His studied words did little to ease my fears, for however much softened, they amounted to the same thing. I had a brain tumor and must go into hospital as soon as possible.

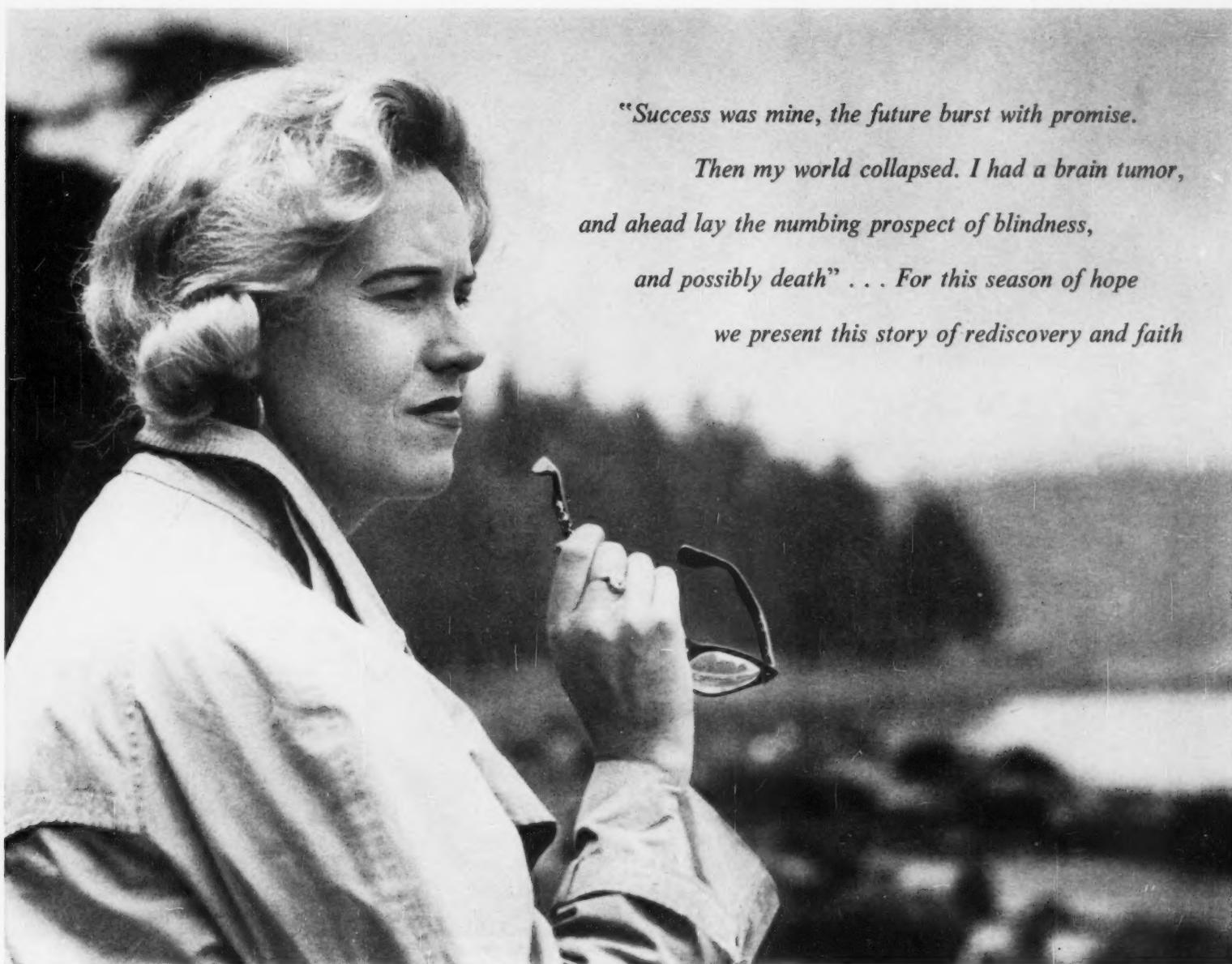
Frantically I tried to recall what I had heard about brain tumors. It wasn't much and I didn't know how much of it was true. I could die or go blind; I could lose my speech, hearing, memory and co-ordination. Worse, I could become as mindless as a turnip, with less ability to function than a newborn babe.

My face was white and my lips dry as I paid the taxi fare and walked up the library steps, lurching because of the double vision and headache that had driven me to the doctor in the first place. Inside, poring over a collection of medical books, I grappled with unfamiliar words and phrases. Electroencephalogram, pneumoencephalogram, cerebellar exploration — words that meant nothing to me in an ordinary way, but which were now the key to the mystery of the great octopus of death lurking inside my head, its tentacle reaching out to all my senses.

During the six years I had worked

Continued on page 70

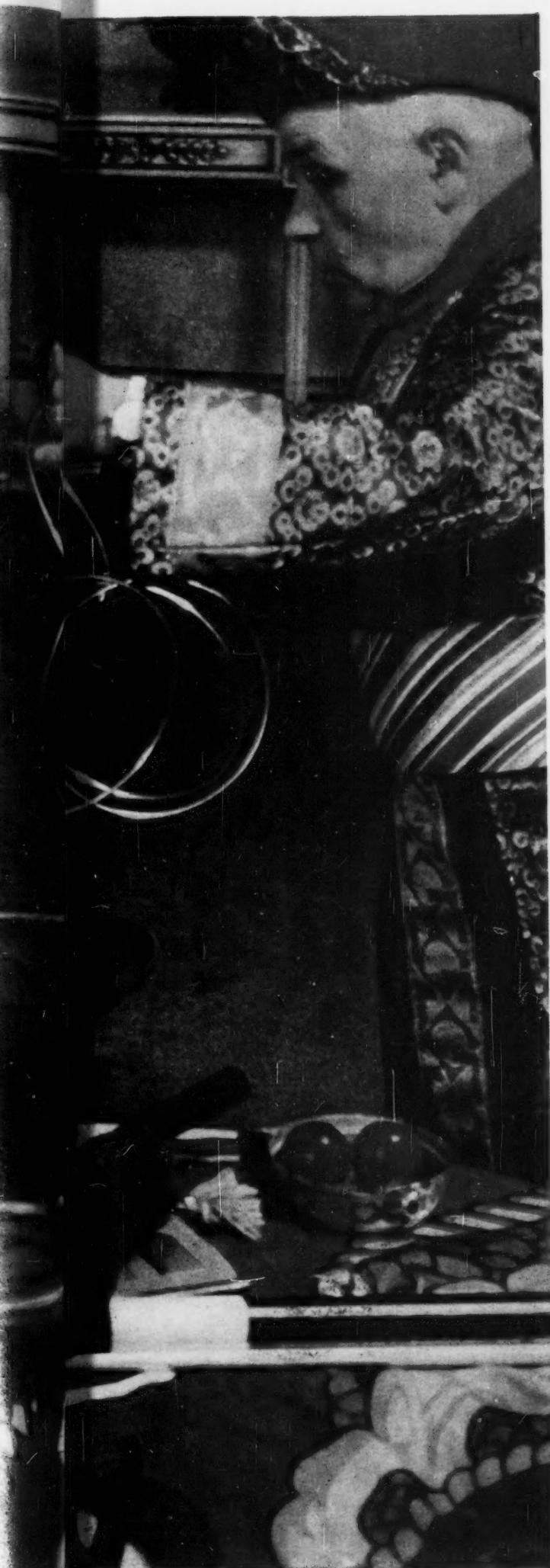
*"Success was mine, the future burst with promise.
Then my world collapsed. I had a brain tumor,
and ahead lay the numbing prospect of blindness,
and possibly death" . . . For this season of hope
we present this story of rediscovery and faith*



JACK LONG



Dresses by Elen Henderson; shoes by Savage; hairstyles by Gus Caruso Salon; photographed at the Park Plaza Hotel.



Photograph by John Sebert

CHRISTMAS IS FOR DRESSING UP

party dresses

...Christmas
magic
for Moppets

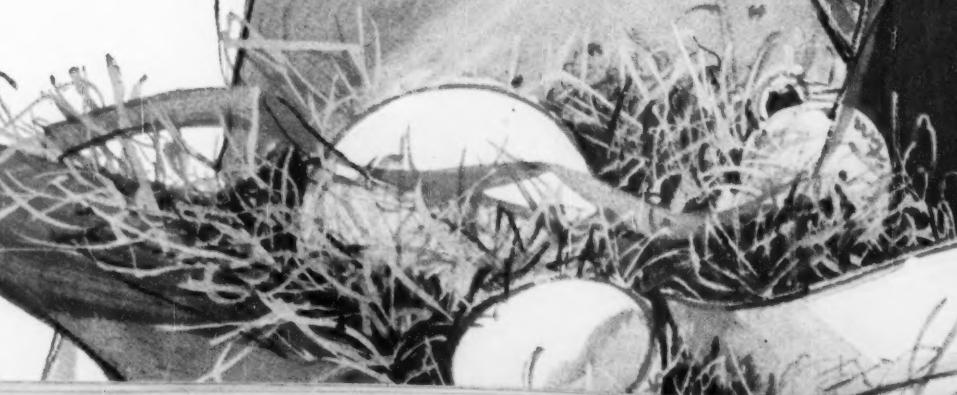
It's enchanting—the look of happy wide-eyed children at a Christmas party. A magician may be there with a rabbit and a bagful of tricks, but the excitement of the season alone is enough to cast a spell. Of course a party calls for party dresses and to be in the holiday spirit, we think they should have a gala but traditional—even slightly old-fashioned—air. The richness of velveteen, the swish of organdy, demure touches of rickrack and lace—all charm and delight a moppet. And when they're washable, as these are, mother is delighted, too. You'll find prices and the stores where these dresses are sold on page 56. 

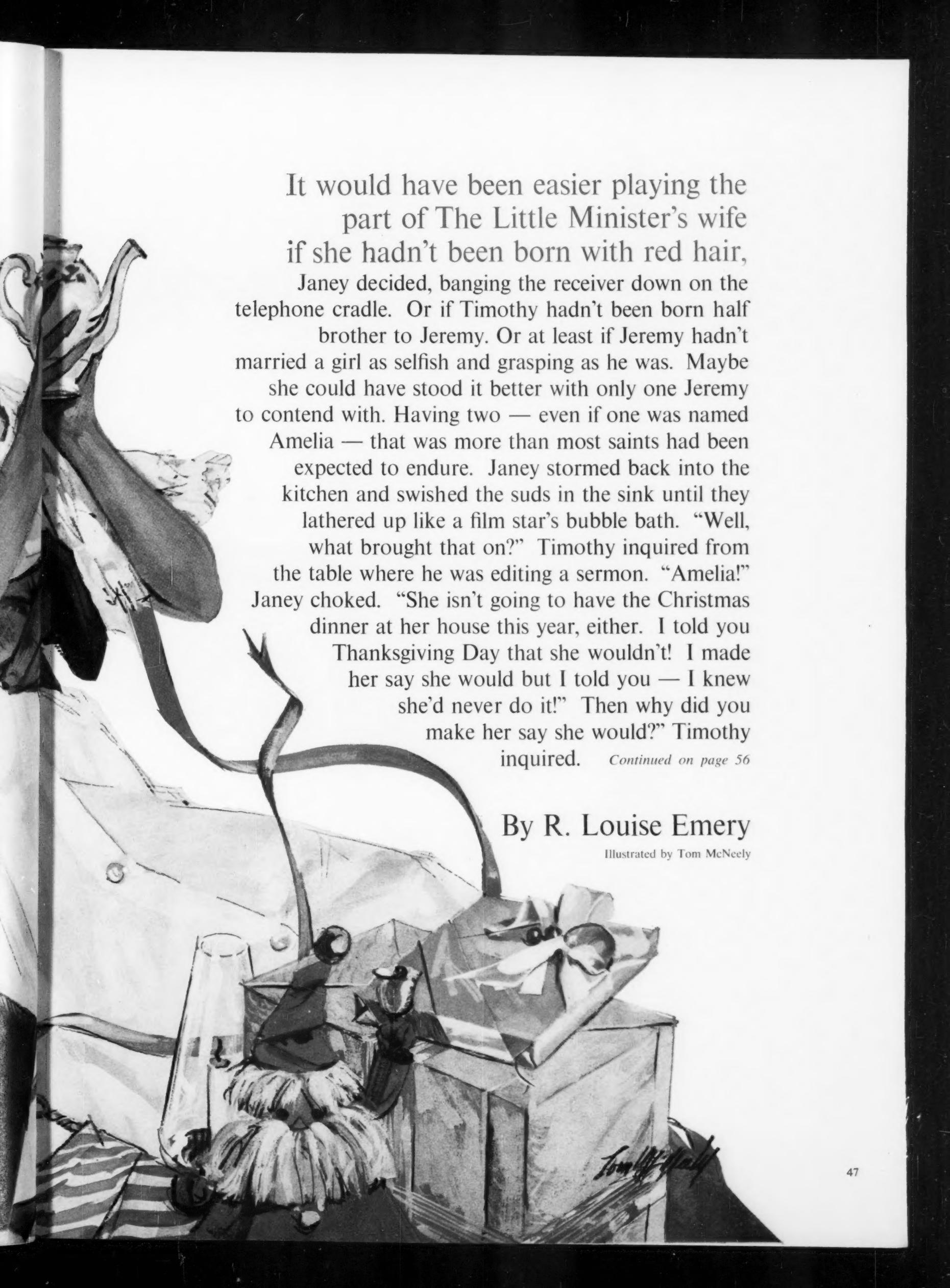
by **Violan Wilcox**

Chatelaine Fashion Editor

CHRISTMAS IS FOR SENTIMENT

MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
DARLING





It would have been easier playing the part of The Little Minister's wife if she hadn't been born with red hair, Janey decided, banging the receiver down on the telephone cradle. Or if Timothy hadn't been born half brother to Jeremy. Or at least if Jeremy hadn't married a girl as selfish and grasping as he was. Maybe she could have stood it better with only one Jeremy to contend with. Having two — even if one was named Amelia — that was more than most saints had been expected to endure. Janey stormed back into the kitchen and swished the suds in the sink until they lathered up like a film star's bubble bath. "Well, what brought that on?" Timothy inquired from the table where he was editing a sermon. "Amelia!" Janey choked. "She isn't going to have the Christmas dinner at her house this year, either. I told you Thanksgiving Day that she wouldn't! I made her say she would but I told you — I knew she'd never do it!" Then why did you make her say she would?" Timothy inquired.

Continued on page 56

By R. Louise Emery

Illustrated by Tom McNeely

CHRISTMAS IS FOR HOSPITALITY

What better way to welcome friends
than with these traditional favorites—
all given a fabulous touch of elegance—
for your

holiday buffet

buffet menu for a crowd

sparkling punch *

hot and cold appetizers *

crusty buffet ham * festive beef in aspic *
or glazed buffet turkey *

watermelon pickles and spiced crab apples

asparagus continental *

tossed salad

small poppy-seed rolls

warm mince treats * or apricot almond savarin *

cheese tray glazed fruits

coffee

* Holiday Buffet recipes start on page 64

BY ELAINE COLLETT
Director Chatelaine Institute

Photograph by Peter Croydon





Alexandra of Kent, 24, Britain—stylish, vivacious and gay, has all Europe guessing.



Astrid of Norway, 28—trophy-winning sportswoman, hostess for widowed father.



Margaretha of Sweden, 26—her romance with a British commoner was squelched.



Birgitta of Sweden, 23—athlete of family, she's a qualified physical-training teacher.



Désirée of Sweden, 22—family's French blood is reflected in her dark beauty.



Sophie of Greece, 22—mother determinedly insists her husband be ranking royalty.



Irene of Greece, 18—she's joining sister on royal rounds in the search for a husband.



Marie Thérèse of Bourbon-Parma, 27—her father is a claimant to Spanish throne.



Cécile of Bourbon-Parma, 25—“middle” sister of family, dark and lively Latin beauty.



Marie des Neiges of Bourbon-Parma, 23—family is descended from Louis XIV.

The plight of Europe's princesses—no one to marry

With eligible royal males cut to a handful, Europe's princesses may have to choose between commoner husbands—or no husbands at all

By GRAHAM and HEATHER FISHER

To marry into Europe's ruling families the twenty princesses above must contend for these five princes

Harald of Norway, 23—heir to throne and popular choice of the royal matchmakers.

Edward of Kent, 25, Britain—generally regarded first choice of most princesses.





Christina of Sweden, 17—her interests lie in acting, music, ballet, figure skating.



Margrethe of Denmark, 20—tall, athletic, she'll study archaeology at Cambridge.



Beatrix of the Netherlands, 22—eldest of four sisters, she's plump, happy-go-lucky.



Irene of the Netherlands, 21—completely different to Beatrix; dark, petite, shy.



Margriet of the Netherlands, 17—born in Canada during war, is liveliest of sisters.



Dona Pilar, 24—daughter of Count of Barcelona, other pretender to throne of Spain.



Isabelle, 28—a sultry beauty, daughter of Comte de Paris, pretender to French throne.



Anne, 22—dark, oval-faced, third eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris' 11 children.



Maria Gabriella, 20—the demurely attractive daughter of Italy's ex-monarch, Umberto.



Maria Beatrice, 17—sister of Maria Gabriella, lives with family in exile in Portugal.

 NOT SINCE THE DAYS of staid old Queen Victoria have there been so many unmarried princesses in Europe . . . and so few princes for them to marry. At the last count, there were no fewer than twelve princesses of reigning royal families between the ages of seventeen and twenty-eight in need of husbands, and almost as many more in the royal houses that have no thrones to their names.

There is Britain's Princess Alexandra, tall, confident, vivacious, twenty-four on Christmas Day. There is Norway's sports-loving, twenty-eight-year-old Princess Astrid. There are the four Swedish princesses — fresh-faced Margaretha, who is twenty-six, corn-blond Birgitta, twenty-three, delicately dark Désirée, twenty-two, and

seventeen-year-old Christina, who gives every indication that she will turn out the most beautiful of the four.

"So many daughters . . . how will they all find husbands?" their mother, Princess Sibylla, once jested. Today, it is no longer a laughing matter, but a real and serious problem.

In Denmark there is Princess Margrethe, tall, blond, twenty-year-old heiress presumptive to the throne. In the Netherlands there are the three elder daughters of Queen Juliana — Beatrix, who is plumply pretty and twenty-two, Irene, twenty-one, and seventeen-year-old Margriet, who was born in an Ottawa hospital during the family's war-time exile in Canada. In Greece there are two more princesses—

Constantine of Greece, 20—considered to be the most handsome of royal bachelors.

Michael of Greece, 21—a cousin to Britain's Philip, he currently studies in Paris.

Charles of Luxembourg, 33—son of Grand Duchess Charlotte, ruler of tiny state.

Continued on next page





THE PLIGHT OF EUROPE'S PRINCESSES Continued

Sophie, blue-eyed and twenty-two, Irene, fair-haired and eighteen.

Among the princesses whose families have no thrones there are, for instance, the three daughters of Prince Xavier of Bourbon-Parma, Carlist claimant to the throne of Spain — Marie Thérèse, who is twenty-seven, Cécile, twenty-five, and Marie des Neiges, twenty-three. There is the Infanta Pilar, dark plumpish daughter of that other



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT

Twenty-four on Christmas Day, the vivacious daughter of the Duchess of Kent has succeeded Princess Margaret as the most tantalizing question mark among Europe's bachelor princesses. A non-smoker who uses few cosmetics and still buys some of her clothes off the rack in London stores, she's tall (5 foot 8) has large grey-green eyes, and changes the style of her honey-brown hair almost as often as she changes her escorts. Her mother is a firm believer in the old adage that royalty should marry royalty, and Alexandra's name has been linked in turn with half the eligible princes of Europe, most prominent of whom have been Belgium's King Baudouin (now engaged and out of the running) and Norway's Crown Prince Harald. Recently, however, her attention has been centred on twenty-seven-year-old Lord O'Neill, stepson of thriller-writer Ian Fleming.

Spanish pretender, the Count of Barcelona; the two eldest unmarried daughters of the Comte de Paris — Isabelle, twenty-eight, and Anne, twenty-two; the two young daughters of ex-King Umberto of Italy — Maria Gabriella and Maria Beatrice . . . to say nothing of the comparatively large number of young German princesses and Austrian archduchesses all joining in the hunt for husbands.

All these young women, in their varying degrees, are eminently eligible as wives. Many, when they marry, will bring substantial dowries in their train. Most are pretty into the bargain. So, with princes at a premium, competition in Europe's royal marriage market tends to be both stiff and extensive.

Not for half a century or more have eligible princes been in such short supply. There is twenty-three-year-old Prince Harald, who will one day sit on the Viking throne of Norway; Constantine, the handsome young crown prince of Greece, and his father's cousin, twenty-one-year-old Prince Michael. In Britain, there is Alexandra's brother, the twenty-five-year-old Duke of Kent. Completing the list is that other Prince Charles, the thirty-three-year-old prince whose mother is grand duchess of the pint-sized state of Luxembourg.

Not yet of marriageable age by royal standards are those three other British princes — William of Gloucester, nineteen this month, his sixteen-year-old brother, Richard, still a schoolboy at Eton, and eighteen-year-old Michael of Kent. As potential husbands, all three are on the young side for most of the European princesses with marriage on their minds, though in the years ahead they may yet ease the problem of matrimony for the two seventeen-year-olds, Margriet of the Netherlands and Christina of Sweden, for eighteen-year-old Irene of Greece, or for the two younger daughters of the

King of Denmark, Princess Benedikte, now sixteen, and her fourteen-year-old sister Anne-Marie.

Not only are the lives of today's unmarried princesses made difficult by the scarcity of bachelor princes, but the problem is further complicated by the fact that not a few of these young men seem to have either little enthusiasm for marriage or little liking for the available princesses. Britain's Duke of Kent has all along seemed well content to pick his female companions from less exalted circles. Belgium's Prince Albert, after having most of the beautiful princesses in Europe dangled tantalizingly before him, suddenly upped and married the daughter of an Italian nobleman he met while on vacation in Rome. And as recently as September his brother, bespectacled, thirty-year-old King Baudouin, announced his intention of following suit and marrying outside the circle of available princesses.

The news of Baudouin's engagement to Dona Fabiola de Mora y Aragon, the unknown, thirty-two-year-old daughter of an obscure Spanish aristocratic family, came as a sad blow to the high hopes of several princesses and their matchmaking mamas — in particular those who had attended the grand ball Baudouin staged in the royal palace not long before.

Officially, the royal ball marked the opening of the Brussels Fair. Unofficially, it enabled Baudouin and his brother to run their eyes over the available crop. Twenty princesses turned up, clutching their invitations in hot eager hands.

But from the princesses' viewpoint, it was all very disappointing. Albert, soon afterward, turned his eyes elsewhere when it came to marriage. Now his brother, for all that he danced with Beatrix of the Netherlands and Birgitta of Sweden, for all that he was subsequently rumored to be casting one eye in the direction of Princess

CROWN PRINCE HARALD OF NORWAY

This tall, fair, blue-eyed twenty-three-year-old heir to Norway's throne has close family ties with Britain — he's a great-grandson of Edward VII, and his father, King Olav, was born near Sandringham. Raised in the democratic tradition of the Norwegian monarchy, he attended public school, did a hitch in the armed forces. He's easy-going and witty, speaks English with an American accent (he spent the war years in the U.S.). Observers talk of him as a possible husband for either Princess Alexandra of Kent or Sophie of Greece.



Isabelle of France while keeping the other on Marie Thérèse of Bourbon-Parma, has done the same.

Baudouin's engagement came as a complete surprise even to members of his own staff. Because of the Congo crisis, the courtship had been carried on in almost complete secrecy. Only four people — Prince Albert and his wife, and Baudouin's sister, Princess Josephine Charlotte and her husband — knew what was in the wind.

With Baudouin out of the running, his place as the prize plum in the royal marriage market has been taken by Britain's Duke of



EDWARD, DUKE OF KENT

Fast cars, jazz, gay parties and pretty girls have been the chief interests of the tall rangy twenty-five-year-old duke, at the moment leading a less bubbling life as a captain of the Royal Scots Greys in Germany. In Europe's current marriage-go-round he's regarded as number-one catch for husband-hunting princesses—though he's shown little interest in marriage so far. Friends say that when the time comes he will almost certainly be guided by his mother's choice. Meantime, he seems perfectly content to have his fling among the brash, wealthy socialites who orbit around him.

Kent — despite Kent's seeming lack of interest in the current crop of princesses. His father married the elegant Princess Marina of Greece. But if the young duke is going to follow his father's example and marry one of the European princesses, as it is rumored his mother would like him to do, he gave decidedly little indication of it when attending the party Sweden's King Gustaf threw last March to enable his four young granddaughters to meet some of the available princes. Though he fulfilled his social obligations to the extent of dancing with a number of the husband-hunting princesses, the young duke, whose taste seems to run to girls with less status and more pep, reportedly contrived to look thoroughly bored in the process.

Twenty-three princes and princesses attended this lavish royal shindig which officials of the Swedish court, in a sudden burst of frankness, freely admitted was staged to enable them to get better acquainted with one another. But if any matches were made they have been decidedly slow in combusting.

Crown Prince Constantine of Greece stayed on in the Swedish capital a couple of days after everyone else had taken their leave — a fact which led to the rumor that he was attracted to Princess Désirée. In both Britain and Norway gossip blew up that Princess Alexandra and Crown Prince Harald had taken a shine to each other. But Queen Frederika of Greece also had an eye on Harald as a possible husband for her daughter, Sophie, and the following August she invited him to spend a couple of weeks with the Greek royal family on the romantic isle of Corfu.

When it comes to matchmaking, Queen Frederika of Greece is perhaps the most indefatigable of Europe's royal mamas. In pursuit of suitable husbands for her two daughters — as well as for the right wife for Crown Prince Constantine — she has taken them around most of the royal palaces of Europe in recent years. (But never to Britain, thanks to the estrangement between the British and Greek royal families which blew up over the Cyprus 'troubles.)

Nor have her matchmaking efforts stopped there. Twice she has invited as many European princes and princesses as she could muster to join in a royal yachting cruise around the Mediterranean. But the only marriage to emerge from these water-borne efforts at matchmaking was when Princess Maria Pia, daughter of Italy's ex-King Umberto, married Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia.

Other royal mothers, notably the Duchess of Kent and Sweden's Princess Sibylla, are equally anxious that their children should make worthwhile marriages, and there can

Continued on page 111



THE BACHELOR PRINCESSES OF THE NETHERLANDS

PRINCESS BEATRIX (above left): She's plumply pretty, fair-haired, good-humored, eldest (twenty-two) of the four daughters of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard and next in line to the throne. Painting and sculpture are her favorite hobbies; she also rides, yachts, swims and skis. At one time rumors had it that she would marry the Duke of Kent, but nothing came of it. Nor is anything likely to come of talk of marriage to Prince Moritz of Hesse or his brother Prince Heinrich: for the Dutch, painful memories of wartime German occupation remain strong. Since she came of age at eighteen she has had an annual allowance of eighty-four thousand dollars.

PRINCESS IRENE (above right): This twenty-one-year-old differs completely from her elder sister Beatrix. Where Beatrix is plump and fair, Irene is petite and dark. Where Beatrix is a happy-go-lucky extrovert, Irene is something of an introvert. Like her sisters, Irene was brought up to attend ordinary schools, bicycle about the streets and stand in queues. She and Beatrix got into the same scrapes as other children. Once, along with some schoolmates, they were hauled off to the police station for helping themselves from a groceryman's cart. The police superintendent phoned their mother for instructions. "What do you do with the others?" Juliana asked. "Oh, we give them a scare by keeping them here for about three hours," he replied. "Then keep my daughters an hour longer," said the common-sense queen.



PRINCESS MARGRIET: Liveliest of the Dutch princesses, she is something of a natural actress with a talent for storytelling and impersonation. Now seventeen, she was born during her family's wartime exile in Canada. To assure her Dutch citizenship, the Canadian government passed a special law proclaiming the hospital room in which she was born to be Dutch territory.

By PHYLLIS BRETT YOUNG

THE TORONTONIANS

With an awful shudder Karen saw the body sprawled before her. Then a second shock. In the purse was a paper... that no one must see.

Will Davies

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE. For Karen and Rick the Chinese carpet had been a symbol—when they could afford it they would have arrived. Now Karen asks bitterly—arrived where? With their friends Susan and Lewis Preston, and with young Pete Johnson and his waitress mother, they have seen their country lane grow into one of Toronto's most exclusive subdivisions, Rowanwood. Karen, rebelling against community standards of the Good Life, is desperate to the point of suicide. Her rebellion creates a bond with Pete, now at Upper Canada College amid much speculation as to how his mother can afford this. Karen's friends also seek escape — Millicent with a Polish count, Barbara through her children, and Fay with Barbara's neglected husband. Karen suffers no such temptation until a letter arrives from Cyr, whom she knew at school in Switzerland, asking her to lunch. Meanwhile her hoped-for escape to the virtues of small-town living in Planesville, where Rick is considering a position, fails when a visit proves that Rowanwood and the country-club set are interchangeable. That night Karen sits by her bedroom window, seeking an answer to her unhappiness. Noticing Mrs. Johnson drive into her garage, Karen becomes uneasy when she fails to come out and runs to see what is wrong. Mrs. Johnson is on the garage floor, dead.

CONCLUSION. Karen felt a single awful shudder run through her. That Mrs. Johnson was dead, she had no doubt at all. And if she had not been braced for this, she would probably have turned and fled. But she had been prepared for it, if only by her own imagination, and so she held her ground until she was able to think rationally.

It was probably a heart attack, Karen thought. I don't think she killed herself. Is there anything I should do before I *Continued on page 80*

Condensed from *The Torontonians* by Phyllis Brett Young; published by Longmans, Green & Co., 1960.

NEW SOUPS FROM 2 SOUPS



NEW SOUP: CELERY-BEAN

1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup,
1 can Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup,
1 1/2 soup cans water. 4 servings.
WITH IT: HOT DOGS, FRESH FRUIT



Add exciting new
flavour to simple
buffet suppers



Good things begin to happen when you plan a meal around a good hot soup. More time for Mother—souper suppers are so easy to fix. More fun for the family—soup smells so good, soup tastes so good, it just naturally cheers a hungry crowd.

Sometimes it's fun to make a new soup—by combining two great Campbell favourites. Try the new soups suggested here, or make up your own. You can choose from 21 kinds of Campbell's Soups—all nourishing, all delicious!

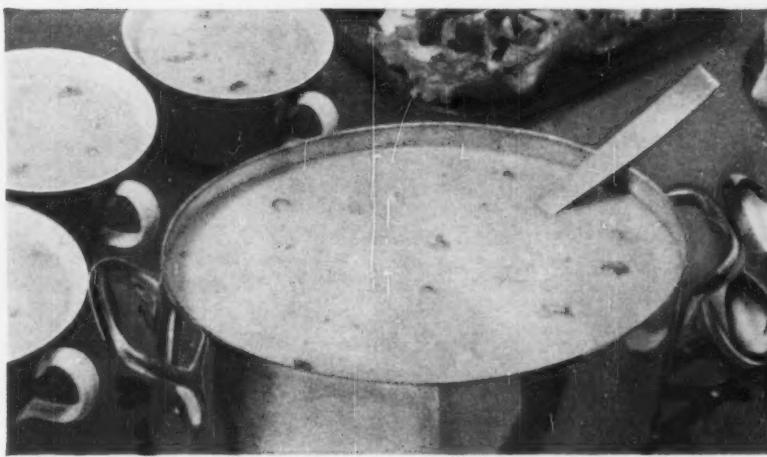
And when you make a new soup, you're on the way to being known for the most delicious buffet suppers in town!

Have you had your soup today?
Campbell's, of course!



NEW SOUP: TOMATO-VEGETABLE

1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup,
2 cans Campbell's Vegetable Soup,
2 soup cans water. 6 to 8 servings.
WITH IT: SWISS CHEESE, RYE BREAD



NEW SOUP: CHICKEN-MUSHROOM

1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup,
1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup,
1 1/2 soup cans water. 4 servings.
WITH IT: APPLE-NUT SALAD, SALTINES



NEW SOUP: VEGETABLE-NOODLE

1 can Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup,
1 can Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup,
1 1/2 soup cans water. 4 servings.
WITH IT: TOMATO SALAD, HOT ROLLS

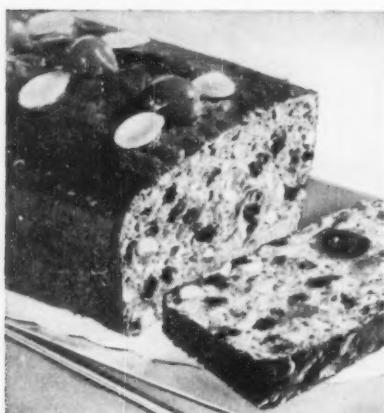


NEW SOUP: BEEF-TOMATO

1 can Campbell's Beef Soup,
1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup,
2 soup cans water. 4 to 6 servings.
WITH IT: GREEN SALAD, FRENCH BREAD



NO SUGAR TO ADD!



Eagle Brand MAGIC FRUITCAKE

Takes only 15 minutes to prepare!

1 1/3 cups Borden's None Such Mince Meat
1 1/3 cups (15 oz. can) Borden's
Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 egg, beaten
3/4 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
2 cups mixed peel
1 cup walnuts, coarsely chopped
1/2 cup cherries

1 Add EAGLE BRAND SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK and egg to mince meat. Blend well.

2 Sift flour and baking soda together. Then add mixed peel, nuts and cherries. Toss lightly to coat fruit and nuts with flour.

3 Add flour and fruit to first mixture and stir until just blended. Pour mixture into 9 x 4 x 3 inch loaf pan which has been greased, lined with heavy brown paper, and greased again.

4 Bake in moderate oven (350° F)* for two hours.

*If a glass type of baking dish is used, reduce oven heat to 325° F.



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MERRY CHRISTMAS, DARLING

Continued from page 47

"I just wanted to see how she'd squirm out of it this time."

Janey dabbed viciously at a cup, saw with horror that it was one of her mother's surviving Haviland cups and set it gingerly on the drainboard mat. She'd known all along that the burden and expense of Christmas dinner would fall on her again or why was she washing the best china today?

"And how did Amelia squirm out of it?" Timothy asked, laughter curling up over the edges of the words. Her tempers amused him. "You're so cute, Janey!" he always said after her explosions. Timothy never saw anything mean in anybody.

It didn't matter whether Timothy thought she was mean or not — she was, Janey thought angrily. She just wasn't cut out to be a minister's wife. She didn't have the gift for forgiving her enemies or turning the other cheek.

She repeated her just-past telephone conversation with Amelia, knowing before she ever got started that she'd never convince Timothy that this latest stunt of Amelia's was deliberate. She went on stubbornly, though, banging her head against the stone wall of Timothy's sublime faith in everybody.

Amelia had opened with, "Janey, I've just had a call from those decorators. They're going to start painting inside the house on the twenty-third. Can you tie that?"

"No, I really can't," Janey had said.

"That takes care of Christmas dinner here, of course," Amelia said.

"Miraculously," Janey had agreed.

"You know how it is," Amelia said.

"I certainly do," said Janey.

"You just have to take these people when you can get them."

"The Howards got them exactly when they told them to come," Janey commented.

"Yes, but we've contracted with Ford's Interiors." Amelia brushed aside Janey's friends as insignificant.

"The Howards had Ford's," Janey was happy to retort.

"I suppose Ford's get rushed about this time of year," Amelia hazarded.

"Probably — so many relatives coming from out of town," Janey agreed. Just in case Amelia still thought she hadn't caught on.

Not that it mattered. Amelia didn't

care why Janey thought she was having her house redecorated just at Christmas. She and Jeremy didn't care how much they spent on themselves or the rich set they ran around with — that was like an investment to them.

But what good would it do them to put out a turkey dinner for Timothy's family and Aunt Maggie? It wouldn't get their names in the paper or help Amelia get elected to the board of directors of the Assistance League.

"But Janey, Amelia's right!" Timothy said. "No one could enjoy dinner with all that smell of fresh paint around and the house topsy-turvy."

"She's just having it done now on purpose," Janey said.

"Now honey, that isn't very charitable. Amelia's a little thoughtless, but —"

"She's not thoughtless!" Janey contradicted. "She's thinking just as hard as she can every minute how to make everything come out for herself!"

"Janey! Your sister!"

"My sister-in-law!" Janey corrected. "And maybe I deserve her. But you don't. It just kills me to hear her brag about how much Jeremy paid for his new tailored suits when you're so threadbare! And to hear her laughing off how much they dropped at the races when she knows we had to go in debt to put braces on Tommy's teeth!"

"Janey, Janey! The love of money is the root of all evil!"

"I'm not so rooted about money. I don't mind being poor. I think what you're doing is important and Jeremy's silly old business isn't. I just can't stand being patronized and having everything they own held up just beyond our reach . . ." She ran out of breath.

"But what I think is such a hopeful sign," Timothy said gently, "is that in spite of all their apparent hardness, Janey, they still want to be with us at Christmas. It isn't really important where we are so long as we're all together—and they must have love for us in their hearts."

"Oh, that's what you think!" Janey burst out, goaded past all bearing. "The only reason they condescend to come here is because of Aunt Maggie. Don't you ever listen to Jeremy making those 'after all, Amelia and I are your family, too!' remarks to her?"

"Yes, and it's kind of him," Timothy said. "After all, Aunt Maggie really isn't related to him."

"And she might leave her house all to you unless Jeremy makes her feel so obligated she won't dare," Janey said. "And don't I just want to see his face when he finds out her father will be it to his college after her death."

"Janey, that was a confidence . . ."

"Don't worry. I wouldn't spoil my fun by telling him. And the minute they find it out they'll cut the whole bunch of us off without an excuse. And that will be fine with me, only Aunt Maggie is such a darling—she needs to be loved so much—and Jeremy has made her think they really care about her. I'm not going to have her hurt finding out the truth!"

She gave the hot-water faucet such a wrench that the released stream splattered her face and hair.

"Oh, darn it!" Janey cried.

Timothy really laughed at her then. "I'll bet Amelia would like to be as

Continued on page 58

3 gay new ways to serve the famous Canadian



TENDER SWEET

Hams



good things to eat come in packages

SWEET 'N SOUR HAM. Score and clove-stud a Maple Leaf Boneless Half Ham; glaze with honey and vinegar. Make 3 or 4 cuts about halfway through; bake in moderate oven. Stuff slices with sweet and hot peppers; dot with toothpicks wearing "pepper" hats. Garnish.

The logo for Canada Packers is a circular emblem. Inside the circle is a large, bold letter 'P' with a five-pointed star centered in its upper loop. The word 'CANADA' is printed in a bold, sans-serif font to the left of the circle, and 'PACKERS' is to the right. Below the circle, the words 'SELECTED MEATS' and 'QUALITY' are curved along the bottom edge of the circle.



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secret of
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... on your
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This is the stamp of the Canadian Government certifying top-quality fish, handled, processed and packaged under conditions where the "peak of cleanliness" prevails and which are subject to rigid inspections daily by the Federal Authorities.

It is a Guarantee to you that fish bearing this mark, CANADA INSPECTED, is the finest procurable—providing most delicious eating for you and your family.

Sea-Seal Seafoods bear this stamp of quality proudly!



Seafoods

Continued from page 56
pretty as you are," he said, and all of a sudden the hurt was gone. Her indignation had vanished and she was snuggled in Timothy's arms, vowing never, never again to open her mouth to say a word against anybody.

"Matthew nineteen nineteen," Timothy reminded.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," Janey translated. She wasn't in the mood for it, and her private view was that Timothy ought to know what it was he was loving. One of these days she'd make him see Jeremy and Amelia as they really were.

"SOS one two," she whispered. Timothy kissed her, but he thought she was giving the distress signal. He didn't spend as much time reading the Song of Solomon as she did, being more concerned with verses about turning the other cheek.

"You'd better make the arrangements for Christmas dinner with Jeremy," Janey said when she went back to dishwashing. "That way Amelia and I will still be speaking when they get here."

"Besides, you'll see how stingy Jeremy is—he won't even offer to bring a bunch of celery," she thought.

He didn't, but Timothy never noticed. He had other matters to occupy his thinking—the church always celebrated Christmas with oratorios and special services that meant extra-special sermons.

The church members were a kind lot, Janey thought gratefully. They always held the last of the celebration on Christmas Eve to allow the pastor Christmas Day with his own family. There would be a magnificent buffet dinner in the church hall preceding the choir and organ program. There were Christmas trees to be set up and trimmed.

Of course, Timothy would spend Christmas morning calling on shut-ins and the aged, but he would be free by late afternoon to celebrate at home.

Opening presents this year would just have to wait until after Christmas dinner, Janey decided, youngsters to the contrary. Tommy and Janine could content themselves until after dinner with the small items they found in their stockings Christmas morning. Aunt Maggie's train wouldn't be in until nearly dark and she counted on the fun of opening gifts with them. Janey suspected that Aunt Maggie's annuity check hadn't arrived in time for her to buy her train ticket a day or two ahead of the Christmas rush.

"I asked Jeremy to call for Aunt Maggie at the station so that I'll have a chance to set up Tommy's train before dinner," Timothy volunteered.

Janey went to the desk and wrote on a blank card from her recipe file, "Jeremy will phone at the last minute to say he can't make it and you will have to call for Aunt Maggie so Tommy's train won't be set up in time."

She sealed the card in an envelope, wrote on it, "Timothy, to be opened late Christmas Day," and slipped it into the desk calendar on top of the December 25 page.

It was time Timothy woke up to that half brother of his!

AS ALWAYS, it seemed as if Christmas were years away and then suddenly it pounced in a wild ringing of bells, a flurry of snow, a burst of colored lights and the smell of evergreen and roasting turkey.

Janey hustled the children into bed right after the Christmas Eve festivities at the church. She brought hot chocolate with marshmallows bobbing in the cups for herself and Timothy while they decorated the tree.

Their tree went up Christmas Eve and came down New Year's Day—it was all part of Jane's family tradition.

Timothy's family didn't have traditions. His worldly young mother had divorced Jeremy's father while Jeremy was small; had married Timothy's father and divorced him while Timothy was small. She had planned to divorce her third husband before she had time for a third baby, but he objected and took her for a canoe ride from which neither of them returned.

At first each father took his own son but that arrangement didn't last long. Jeremy's father couldn't stand him, and eventually Aunt Maggie persuaded Timothy's father to take Jeremy so the brothers would be brought up together. Timothy's father couldn't stand Jeremy, either, and the boys spent a great deal of time in Aunt Maggie's big old-fashioned house with its wonderful antiques and treasured gimeracks.

Jane suspected that Aunt Maggie had had the same reaction to Jeremy's charms as the fathers but Aunt Maggie was too much of a saint ever to breathe a hint of it. The boys shared and shared alike. In everything Aunt Maggie could control, Jeremy got the same as Timothy. The things Aunt Maggie couldn't control gave her away. She couldn't keep the light from her eyes when she looked at Timothy;

the tremulous yearning from her voice when she spoke to him; or her old hands from moving out toward him whenever he came near.

"Two of a kind," Janey always thought, watching them fondly.

By the same token she knew that Amelia affected Aunt Maggie like a green worm that crawled around measuring everything in sight. Janey also knew that she herself was Aunt Maggie's rose, needing to be protected from that calculating worm, only it wasn't in Aunt Maggie's gentle nature to put her heel on anything.

"But it's in my nature!" Janey assured herself. "And I'll wear good, sharp heels to do it, too."

Christmas dinner was coming along on schedule Christmas afternoon and the children had just been shooed off to the back bedroom so that Timothy could start on the train (a hand-me-down from a parishioner's older child, but the answer to a prayer anyhow) when the telephone rang.

"There's your call from Jeremy," Janey said with malicious triumph.

Timothy answered the ring and returned looking mystified.

"Had Jeremy told you he couldn't pick up Aunt Maggie, Janey?"

"He didn't have to tell me," Janey answered.

Timothy held up the card she had left in the calendar.

"I just noticed this. Then how could you have known, Janey?"

She said defiantly, "I just always know . . ." Her voice trailed off because his eyes pleaded, "It's Christmas!"

He rebuked her, "First John four twenty."

It wasn't the first time he'd given her that verse to think about. "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

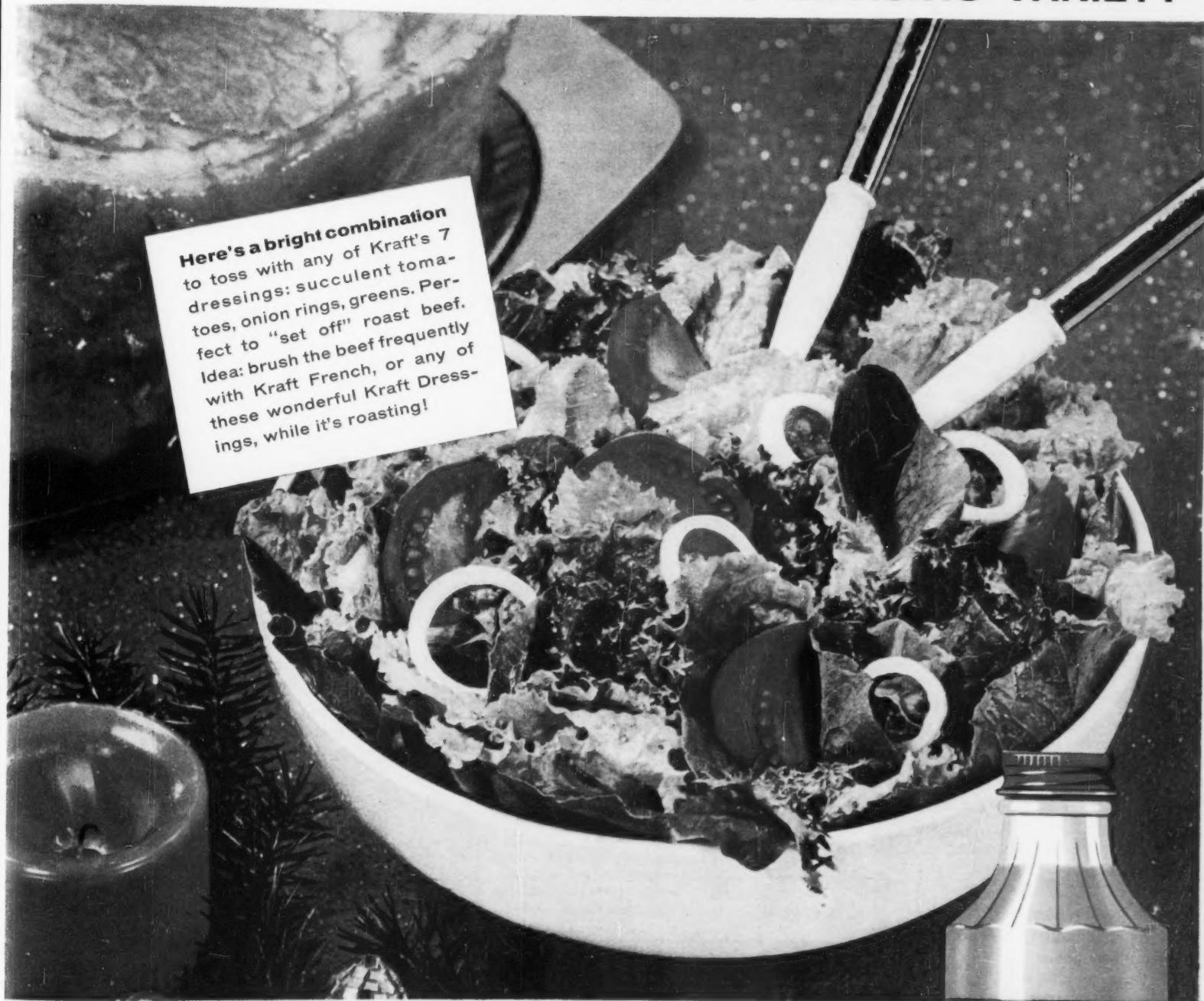
Janey figured that she and Timothy held different points of view about loving. Janey often said she wouldn't see Jeremy starve; if he were dying she would minister unto him; if he asked forgiveness she would forgive. Timothy was just victimized because he couldn't see there was anything to forgive, but one of these days she'd show him. Jeremy hadn't been around when First John was written, or it might have read differently, she privately thought.

Aloud she asked, "Why couldn't Jeremy call for Aunt Maggie?"

Continued on page 60

7 days... 7 ways... to serve a salad

WITH KRAFT'S ENTICING VARIETY



**Variety
is the spice
of salads—
or meats!**

What better way to brighten your Winter meals than with a crisp, appetizing salad-on-the-side! Individual tastes, moods and menus call for different salad dressings from day to day, but it's easy to suit them all with Kraft's tempting variety. From mild dressings to spicy ones . . . from creamy thick to sparkling clear, all 7 Kraft salad dressings are beautifully blended with *fresh-ground spices* sealed in *fresh-pressed oils*. No wonder they taste superb! And every one of them is ready to serve. Try them too, for brushing and marinating all kinds of meats.

Mild-tasting
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Creamy-thick
. . . doesn't
separate



Deftly touched
with onion
and garlic



Spicy-sweet,
thick and
clinging



Blended with
12 different
seasonings.



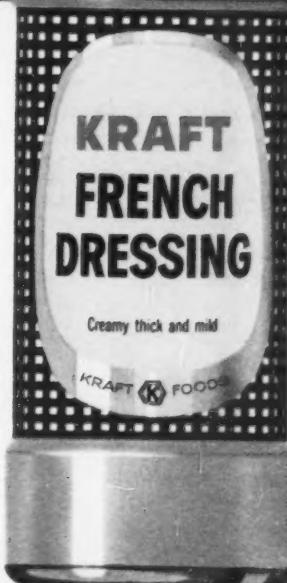
Golden-clear,
exotically
seasoned



Low in
calories, clear
and delicious



Delicate taste,
gently
seasoned



**KRAFT
FRENCH
DRESSING**

Creamy thick and mild

KRAFT FOODS

Continued from page 58

"He hurt his wrist—can't drive," Timothy explained.

"Amelia?"

"She's afraid to drive in the snow."

"How are they coming then? You mean they'd spend taxi fare?"

"I guess he meant she doesn't like to drive down in the industrial area."

"Never mind," said Janey, determined to be noble for the moment at least, "Aunt Maggie will be lots happier to see you. Tommy will like helping you put the tracks together. Take the children with you."

For a moment after they had all gone out, mitten and scarf, overcoated and booted, she felt a glow of content and gaiety, almost of forgiveness, like a reward for virtue. Only the moment she remembered what she'd been virtuous about the old seething started up again. "I'll fix Jeremy!" she muttered.

SHE HAD JUST switched on the lights of the Christmas tree when Timothy drove up. The tree glittered with rainbows under its web of spun glass. Flames were capering over a good backlog in the fireplace like Santa's elves. The tinsel baubles on the tree caught and held their reflections in lively, distorted miniatures.

A little artistry had made the old round dining table a thing of beauty. The starched cotton cloth was ironed so smooth it looked like linen damask. The fringed napkin beside each place was brightened by a sprig of evergreen tied with red ribbon. The silver plate gleamed like sterling. On the sideboard red candles in staggered heights rose from clustered poinsettias.

The house looked warm and inviting, its shabbiness somehow transformed into mellow beauty.

Timothy swung Aunt Maggie over the threshold and held the door while Tommy and Janine came in doubled under the weight of twin cartons. The big boxes were wrapped as only Aunt Maggie could wrap them, in Christmas paper that was off centre, held together perilously by ribbons with dispirited bows.

"Careful, don't drop them!" Aunt Maggie warned unnecessarily, since the children had all they could do to push the gifts into the room.

Janey gave Aunt Maggie a welcoming hug and kiss.

"I hope you and Amelia won't mind getting something I had around the house, Janey. It's been so cold at home—I just couldn't get out..."

And there were taxes to pay and this annual trip to save for, Janey thought, her heart aching with love. More canned fruit, the darling. She worked so hard "putting up" small-town produce every summer, and she was such an abominable cook.

"Aunt Maggie, I'll love anything you give me..."

"But do you think Amelia..."

"Here come Aunt Amelia and Uncle Jeremy now," said Janine. She made it sound like a warning. She slipped a hand protectively into Aunt Maggie's. Tommy stepped a little closer to them and squared his shoul-

ders. "Keepeth her husband from seeing what's under his nose, too," Janey said under her breath.

Aloud she ordered, "Get out of those topcoats before you melt. Gentlemen will find hangers in Tommy's hideout. Ladies to the master bedroom."

Amelia hadn't worn her mink but Janey bumped against her in the hall and felt the whipped-cream texture of the cloth coat. Cashmere, of course. Janey closed her eyes. Oh, to be like Timothy, able to rejoice in another's good fortune.

Aunt Maggie had revived one of

Maggie loved things that were shiny and saw no difference between the awful beads and the eardrops.

"Exodus twenty seventeen," said Janey brightly, but Amelia turned a blank face to her. If she ever had memorized the last Commandment about coveting she had forgotten it.

Amelia's expression was something to see when she noticed the big boxes that had come with Aunt Maggie. They needed no labels to proclaim the donor. Their desperately clinging bows told all. The same kind of box last year and the year before had yielded canned fruit. Amelia's stark disappointment would sweeten every last one of Aunt Maggie's tasteless peaches and pears for Janey.

"Amelia never gives up hoping for some of Aunt Maggie's real goodies," Janey said to herself. Janey knew Aunt Maggie couldn't bear to pass on her beloved pretties to Amelia; she wouldn't give to Janey without giving to Amelia, and so poor Janey got none.

"First Timothy six seventeen," Janey commented to Amelia who pursed her lips in a "How long, O Lord?" expression. She hadn't the faintest idea that she was being charged not to "trust in uncertain riches." Amelia wasn't going to get anything out of Aunt Maggie—she just thought she was.

DINNER WENT OFF well—it was perfect from hors d'oeuvres and ginger ale with ice cubes to the last rich mouthful of fruit pudding. That last mouthful did it for the children, pent-up all day with only their measly portion of Christmas crayons and paper dolls while neighborhood youngsters went past the windows dragging new sleds. Tommy and Janine knew there were treasures waiting for them under the Christmas tree. The unnatural order of the day finally provoked them past restraint. They exploded from the table with loud protests against the adult inability to hurry.

The adults followed them to a circle of chairs near the tree.

Christmas was always the same, Janey thought contentedly as Timothy signaled the start of another Christmas prayer. Bitter and sweet. Joy and tears. The rich gifts and the shoddy. Always from Aunt Maggie some luxury for the children that Timothy and Janey couldn't have hoped to supply—bought at a never-to-be-mentioned sacrifice. Always from Jeremy and Amelia inappropriate bargain-counter

Continued on page 62

Make candy at home for Christmas



Kris Kringle Krackles

6 cups popped corn	2 cups sugar
2 cups red-skinned Spanish peanuts	2 tbs water
1/2 cup fancy molasses	1 tbs vinegar
1/2 cup corn syrup	

Measure popped corn and peanuts into a greased bowl. Mix the remaining ingredients together and stir. Cook on low heat to the very hard-ball stage at 265°F on a candy thermometer. Pour syrup quickly over the popped corn-peanut mixture and stir with a fork. Scrape out on a greased cookie sheet and spread to a thin layer. Leave until cold, then break into bite-size pieces.

Molasses Kisses

1/2 cup brown sugar	1/4 cup butter
1 cup granulated sugar	1/2 tsp each vanilla, salt and soda
3/4 cup fancy molasses	1/8 tsp cream of tartar
3/4 cup milk	
3/4 cup corn syrup	



Mix first six ingredients in a saucepan and cook on medium heat, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking until thermometer registers 255°F or to soft-crack stage. Remove from heat and stir in the vanilla, salt, soda and cream of tartar. Cool slightly and pour onto a buttered platter. Fold edges into the center until candy can be handled. Take up in a ball and stretch and pull for several minutes. When light, twist into lengths and cut in pieces. Wrap separately in wax paper or plastic film. Use cornstarch or butter on the hands when pulling. Makes 60 kisses.

ders like a bodyguard sensing the approach of an enemy.

"They know she's more defenseless than a child against that pair," Janey marveled. "But Timothy—he can't see anything but good if he has to make it up out of his own head."

Aunt Maggie mustered a smile for the not-of-kin.

Janey said loudly for Timothy's benefit, "Jeremy, I see your dislocated wrist is back in place." She saw the quick flare of apprehension in Timothy's face.

"Proverbs twenty-one twenty-three," said Timothy.

"Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from

her old Paris frocks, Janey saw at once. It must have been a horror even when she was traipsing about Europe with a brimming purse, doted on by her widower father. Amelia, in perfect black with pearls, gave Aunt Maggie's ensemble a bored rundown with hard blue eyes. They came back, though, to the exquisite cameo on Aunt Maggie's flat chest, almost hidden under the necklace of bright glass beads. Aunt Maggie, with her excruciatingly bad taste, undoubtedly had picked them up at a church rummage sale to "go with" the lovely old garnet bracelet on her frail wrist, and the diamond eardrops her father had given her fifty years before. Aunt



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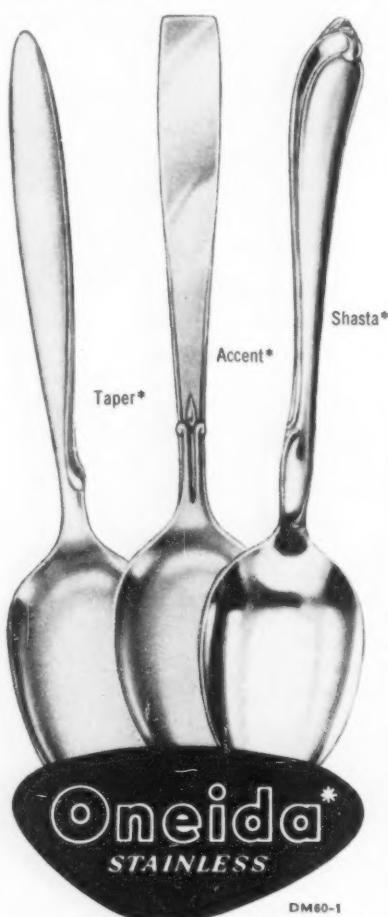
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Continued from page 60

items stored during the year and at the last moment deemed not quite worthy of the fashionable set for whom they were purchased.

The ritual of Christmas went on today: bright ribbons broken, gay paper torn and wadded, another log on the fire, a Christmas carol wafting from the old radio on the bookcase; screams of excitement from the children; Timothy's hand seeking hers; Jeremy's and Amelia's cool thank-yous, Aunt Maggie's little-girl giggle.

"And now Aunt Maggie's presents for Janey and Amelia," Timothy announced, shoving a box toward each of the younger women.

Amelia, bored, made no move to open hers, but Janey put on a great show of anticipation and hauled away wrappings while the children laughed and clapped their hands ecstatically. To them, a big box meant a glamorous gift.

Janey tore off the top flaps and looked inside. It wasn't peaches in there, nor pears. One horrified look told her the whole story. Her gift was the Japanese teaset Aunt Maggie had bought in a San Francisco curio store just before the 1929 Wall Street crash. It was a nine-day wonder for tourists, white with gold dragons clawing their way around the ungraceful pieces. The teapot had a bamboo handle.

"You can't get this china any more," Aunt Maggie always said proudly when she showed the set, and Janey always whispered, "Psalms one hundred and three, eight," or "The Lord is merciful . . ."

The teaset always had the place of honor on the middle shelf of Aunt Maggie's china closet. Underneath was the other teaset Aunt Maggie had preserved because it had belonged to a distant relative toward whom she felt some sense of duty. It was a set of old Meissen ware, service for twelve and not a chip anywhere except for one of the darling flower-sprigged sauce dishes. Aunt Maggie cared little for this set. Its pale blue and pink flowers weren't gay enough for her taste.

Janey closed her eyes to press back the tears, but not soon enough to miss the fires of greed light Amelia's face. Amelia and Janey with lightning swiftness worked out a simple problem in mathematics. One teaset for Janey from two teasets owned by Aunt Maggie meant the other teaset for Amelia—the priceless old Meissen set that Janey had yearned over for years on end.

Janey sat up. This was the end of forbearance. Never in this world would she allow Amelia to walk off with that set. It was worth hundreds of dollars. It hadn't been in Amelia's family. Any set in any antique shop would have just as much sentimental value for her. When did Amelia set any store by sentiment? Amelia could buy ten sets and never miss the money. This wasn't fair—it wasn't fair and she wasn't going to get away with it!

Janey looked up into Timothy's eyes; she drew a deep breath and started to speak, "Aunt Maggie . . ."

But Aunt Maggie was not to be thanked. She had yielded just once to the temptation to give Janey the



REMINDER

*Lest we forget
the look of spring,
winter has done
this gracious thing:*

*given the elm
against our eaves
a coronet
of crystal leaves,
and gowned the birches'
slender grace
with frills of dainty,
star-point lace.*

R. H. GRENVILLE

best and now she was suffering remorse and embarrassment.

"I had a hard time trying to decide which set I should give to each of you girls," she explained nervously. "I know Janey's is a little nicer, but I thought Amelia could use the one that has the most pieces—she entertains so much. It's just for everyday, of course," she amended hastily, lest Amelia be insulted by the implication that the colorless dishes were fine enough for her taste.

Janey closed her lips. Love for Aunt Maggie sealed them. If Aunt Maggie wanted to think that just once she had given Janey the cream, Janey would let her. Even if it meant that Amelia walked off with the prize. And Amelia planned to walk off with it! Janey stared at her with naked hate. She wanted to denounce her in front of Timothy, but love for Aunt Maggie restrained her.

"Matthew thirteen twelve," she thought. "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath."

AUNT MAGGIE was still babbling on, trying to excuse her choice of distribution, not for a minute succeeding in hiding from Janey the fact that she had tried to give her something rare and rich that Amelia couldn't hope to match. Amelia was always talking about "originals." Well, she'd never have a duplicate of this Japanese set. Aunt Maggie must have exulted as she stuffed excelsior around the dishes for Janey.

"You don't mind that Janey's is a little nicer, since you have so many more pieces?" Aunt Maggie quavered at Amelia.

"Oh, no, that was to be expected—Timothy always was your pet," said Amelia smoothly.

That was to close the deal; to make sure Aunt Maggie thought the Japanese set was the better one, but Amelia hadn't counted on Jeremy's ignorance of the fine points of porcelain.

Jeremy only knew what he heard, and he had heard only the words, "Janey's is nicer." That was enough for him.

"I never realized Timothy was your favorite," he said nastily to Aunt Maggie. "I thought we were both alike as far as you were concerned."

"Oh, you are, you are!" Aunt Maggie protested, near tears with mortification at being found out, and sorrow at having dealt a hurt.

"It seems to me," Jeremy went on, "that after Amelia wrote you we were re-doing the house in gold fabrics over white you might have given us the gold set . . ."

"Never mind, Jeremy, if that's the way Aunt Maggie wanted to do it." Amelia cut in to shut him up, but she hadn't counted on Aunt Maggie's valiant efforts to be impartial.

"I don't want you to think . . ." Aunt Maggie cried, her soul in torment.

"Now this is Christmas," Timothy said firmly. Dear, ignorant Timothy. "And Janey and I want you to have the teaset you want, Amelia! If the gold one will look better in your house, you just take it."

"I wouldn't think of it!" Amelia protested.

"Yes, take it," pleaded Aunt Maggie, looking wildly at Janey for forgiveness.

"No!" Amelia cried in dismay. Timothy's big, kind hands swooped down on her. "Yes, you will." He lifted the box with the Meissen dishes out of her clutching hands, swung it over beside Janey.

"Jeremy, take this gold set out to your car quick and lock it in before Amelia has a chance to give it back. Janey doesn't want it."

"Jeremy!" Amelia warned, but he wasn't one to risk losing the best.

Despite his sore wrist he got outside with his burden before Amelia could clear children and boxes and stop him.

"Now!" Timothy said, and bore the Meissen set toward his study. He returned, pocketing a key. "You kids haven't a chance of not keeping the gold set," he declared, all loving innocence.

The radio suddenly burst forth with Joy to the World! and Janey stood up. Her hatred was gone, her envy, her rankling sense of injustice. Poor Jeremy! Poor Amelia! What did they have—a big house, a bank account, a box at the races. All empty of Timothy, Tommy and Janine—and Aunt Maggie! Who had been yearning after uncertain riches? Janey. But she never would again.

"I'll fix coffee," she said. "It will be nice in front of the fire."

"I'll help," Timothy offered.

He followed her through the swinging door into the kitchen and then took her in his arms. "I was very, very proud of you over those dishes, darling," he said. "Second Corinthians nine seven."

"If the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, He's crazy about me now," Janey whispered back. "I never was such a cheerful giver before."

"I was a little disappointed in Jeremy," Timothy confessed, "but I thought it was wonderful the way Amelia tried to let you have the prettiest set. Verily, there is a reward for the righteous."

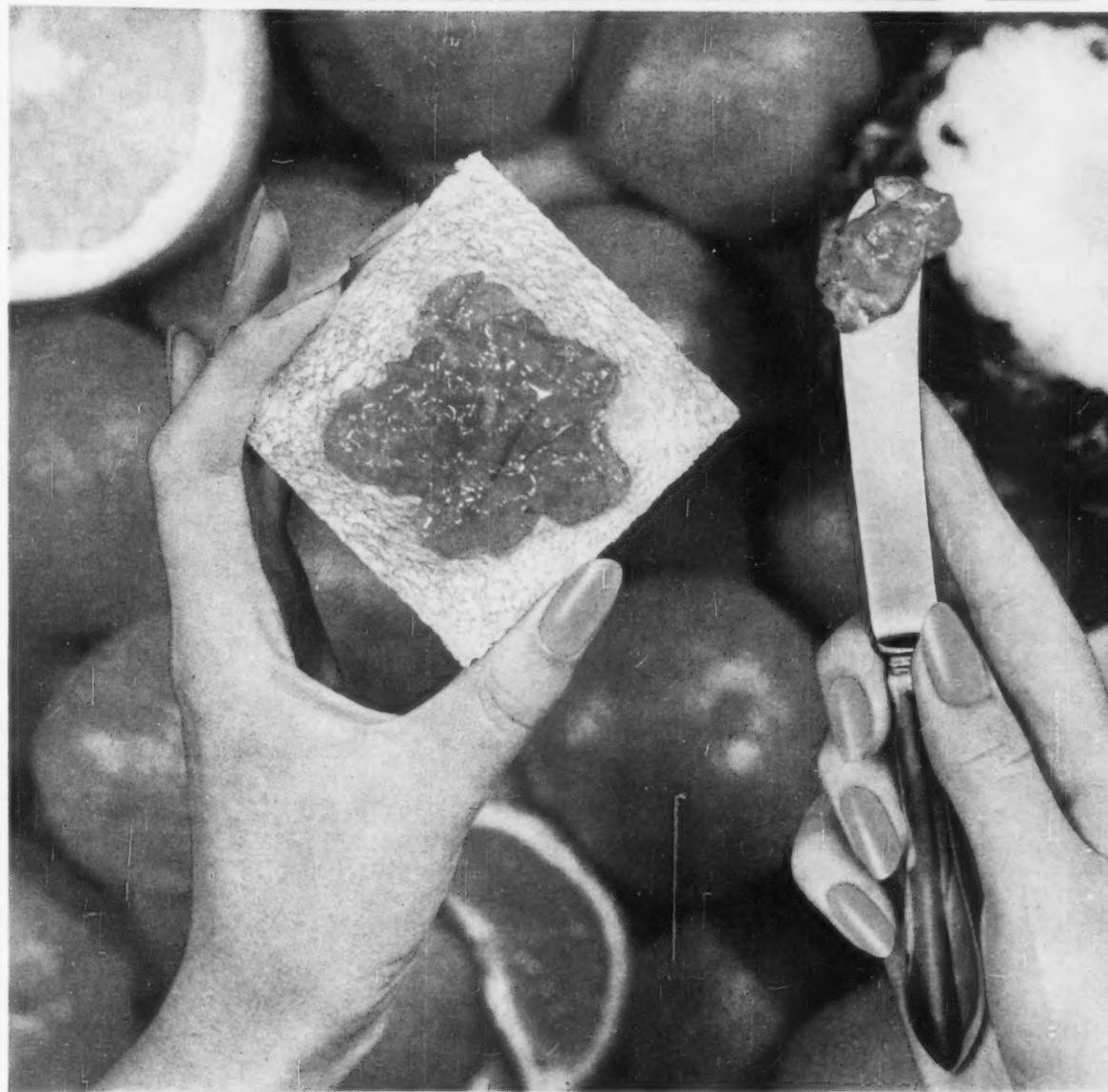
"Psalms nine fifteen," Janey murmured happily.

He kissed the tip of her nose. "No, silly. Psalms forty-eight eleven."

"That's what you think," Janey retorted, but wordlessly. She had referred to the verse which reads, "The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made; in the net which they hid is their own foot taken."

"It's a very merry Christmas, Timo," she said, and forgot about dishes and coffee and in-laws in the sweetness of his embrace. END

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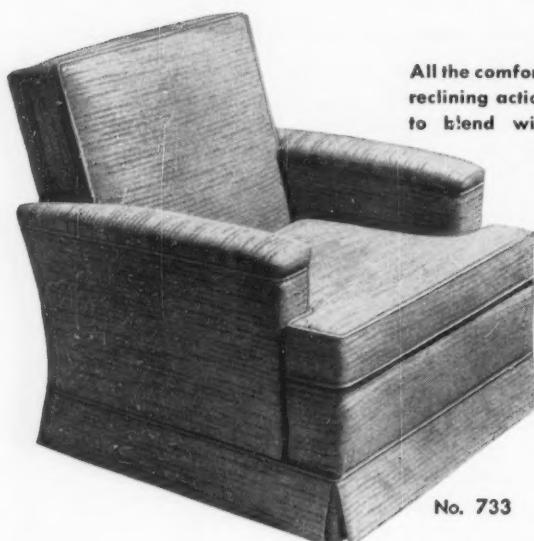
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HOLIDAY BUFFET Continued from page 48

Hot and Cold Appetizers

Simple nibblers are all that's needed before a buffet dinner, so save your more elaborate, heartier or fussy concoctions for times when appetizers are the mainstay of your menu. If you can't think of a thing to serve, try any of the following: These are all savory, tangy or salty and a good contrast for sweet punch or eggnog.

- 1 Spread potato chips on a cookie sheet and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Bake in a hot oven for 5 minutes or until hot.
- 2 Flavor liverwurst with prepared mustard and blend with an equal quantity of cream cheese. Season or flavor and press into a small mold and chill. Unmold and garnish. Serve with a small knife for spreading and surround with wheat thins, oatcakes, melba toast.
- 3 Top thin cucumber slices with squares of smoked salmon or dabs of seafood paste. Garnish with capers or pimento and serve with lemon wedges.
- 4 Stuff small celery stalks with a mixture of relish cream cheese blended with chopped parsley, black olives and onion juice.
- 5 Skewer $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices of wieners or Vienna sausage alternately with sour onions on wooden toothpicks, drop into simmering cider or white wine for a few minutes. Drain and serve.
- 6 Sprinkle plain popcorn generously with garlic-flavored French dressing, seasoning salt and curry powder. Bake in a hot oven for 5 minutes.

Sparkling Punch

1 qt cider (sparkling or plain)
2 to 3 cups cranberry OR
raspberry juice*
1 cup strong tea
1 cup orange juice

Grated rind and juice of
1 or 2 lemons
Curaçao to taste (optional)
Thin slices of oranges, limes or lemons

Pour all ingredients over a large block of ice in a punch bowl. Garnish with fruit slices, or thin spirals of cucumber. For a sweet punch, add cold sugar-syrup to taste, made by boiling 1 cup sugar with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water for 5 minutes. Makes about 25 five-ounce servings.

For raspberry juice, defrost and crush 2 packages frozen raspberries and strain, or use canned strained raspberries.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: \$1.30. Calories per serving: 80.

Asparagus Continental

1/4 cup butter
1/2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms
1/4 cup flour
1/2 tsp salt
1 cup asparagus juice
1 cup cream or top milk
2 tbs pimento juice
3 slightly beaten egg yolks
1/4 cup diced pimento

2 (20-oz) cans asparagus
cuttings, drained
2 or 3 hard-cooked eggs,
sliced (optional)
1 cup buttered bread crumbs OR
crushed potato chips
1/2 cup grated cheese
1/2 tsp prepared mustard

Sauté the mushrooms in the butter until tender. Stir in the flour and salt. Add asparagus juice and cream slowly. Cook and stir until smoothly thickened. Add the egg yolks mixed with the pimento juice. Remove from the heat and add pimento, asparagus and hard-cooked eggs. Mix the crumbs and cheese together, then alternate asparagus and crumb mixture in a greased baking dish or casserole, saving a few crumbs for the top. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold in the mustard. Spread over the mixture and sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Bake at 350°F for 20 to 30 minutes. Serves 8 to 10. This dish may be made a day or two before the party and refrigerated without the meringue, then spread with meringue just before baking.

Note: To increase the number of servings and make a heartier dish, add 2 or 3 cups cooked, drained noodles and more cheese.

Preparation time: 25 to 30 minutes. Cost: \$1.50. Calories per serving: 175.

Continued on page 66

CLIP THE RECIPE
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HOLIDAY FAVOURITE



CHRISTMAS CREAM CAKE

made with Betty Crocker Country Kitchen Cake Mix and new Creamy White Frosting Mix



Bake Betty Crocker White Cake Mix in 9" layer pans as directed on package. Split each layer making 4 layers. Add 2 cups Betty Crocker Creamy White Frosting Mix (dry mix) to 1½ cups whipping cream with few drops green food colouring, 1 tsp. vanilla and, if desired, brandy or rum flavouring to taste. Chill. Whip. Fold in ½ cup chopped candied fruit and ½ cup chopped nuts. Put filling between layers; spread top with Thin Candied Fruit Icing, spreading glaze thinly and evenly over top of cake and letting some dribble down sides. Chill. 12 to 14 servings.

Thin Candied Fruit Icing: Blend rest of dry Frosting Mix, 2 to 3 tbsp. hot water and 1 tbsp. light corn syrup. Beat until smooth. Add ¼ cup chopped candied fruit and 1 to 2 tsps. more hot water if necessary.

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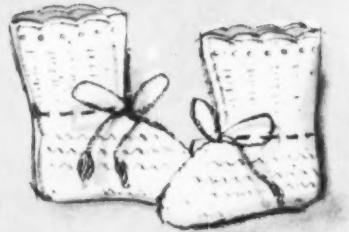
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Continued from page 64

Chestnut Stuffing for Turkey

4 cups chestnuts (2 lbs)
1/2 cup salad oil
4 cups chicken broth*
1/2 to 1 lb sausage meat OR
ground fresh pork
2 chopped onions

2 to 3 cups soft bread crumbs
1 small bay leaf, crumbled
Chopped parsley, optional
Salt, pepper, sage, marjoram and
thyme to taste

Heat chestnuts and oil together in a covered skillet on high heat, for about 4 minutes, shaking the pan several times. Drain the nuts and cool. Remove shells and skin with a sharp pointed knife. Cover the shelled nuts with the chicken broth and cook slowly until tender. Drain and reserve broth. Mash or grind the nuts coarsely. Sauté sausage meat slowly until pinkness disappears, then break up with a fork and pour off some of the fat. Add the onion and continue cooking for about 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add the nut meats, crumbs, bay leaf and parsley. Moisten with some of the reserved broth, or brandy. Season to taste. Makes about 7 cups of dressing, or enough for a small turkey. Stuff the turkey loosely, truss and roast in your favorite manner.

*Or 4 cups water and 4 chicken bouillon cubes.

Preparation time: 30 minutes. Cost: \$1.20. Calories per half cup of dressing: 215.

Festive Beef In Aspic

2 flank steaks (2 to 2 1/2 lbs)*
Meat tenderizer
Seasoning salt
Curry dressing
1 or 2 bay leaves, broken

Celery tops
1 can consommé
1 can bouillon
1 1/2 cans water
2 envelopes plain gelatine

Score the surface of the steaks diagonally (unless the butcher has already done so) and sew centre edges together lengthwise with heavy thread, so that the narrow end of one is against the wide end of the other, forming a square. Sprinkle with tenderizer and seasoning salt. Leave for half an hour at room temperature, then spread with dressing and roll up loosely like a jelly roll. Sew the edge against the roll or wrap in cheesecloth and tie the ends with string. Place in a small roast pan with the bay leaves, celery tops, consommé, bouillon and water. Cover and bake at 325°F for 1 1/2 to 2 hours or simmer in a covered saucepan until tender. Turn once during cooking. Remove meat from the pan and chill. Strain liquid and add gelatine softened in 1/2 cup cold water, until dissolved. Measure and add water if necessary to make 3 cups. Cool. Pour a thin layer into the bottom of a deep loaf pan and chill until set. Remove the cheesecloth and thread then set meat over the aspic. Pour remaining aspic over the meat and chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with a thick layer of grated hard-cooked egg white. Dot with small bits of pimento and dust with chopped parsley. Slice and serve to 20 or more guests.

Note: Festive Beef in Aspic may be made two or three days ahead of time. If frozen, use within 2 months. To defrost, set wrapped package in the refrigerator for 24 hours.

*Or spread a rectangle of your favorite meat-loaf mixture (using about 1 1/2 pounds ground meat) with the dressing. Roll up and bake in a loaf pan, then chill, and mold with aspic made by heating together the consommé, bouillon, 3/4 cup water and the gelatine.

CURRY DRESSING: Sauté 1 chopped onion in 2 tablespoons of dripping until tender, then stir in 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 chopped dill pickle and 1 slightly beaten egg mixed with 1/4 cup milk or water.

Preparation time: 45 minutes. Approximate cost: \$1.88. Calories per serving: 120.

Glazed Buffet Turkey

Remove the dressing from a cold roast turkey and pile lightly into a serving dish. Garnish with celery leaves and slivered red apples, dipped in lemon juice. Soak 1 envelope plain gelatine in 1/2 cup Burgundy, or light sherry. Add 1 cup boiling beef bouillon or consommé and stir until dissolved. Chill until syrupy. Brush the cold roast turkey completely with the gelatine mixture. Chill. Repeat with a second coat for a deeper shine. Arrange on a platter garnished with red and green grapes, holly or magnolia leaves.

Note: For a fussier garnish, if time permits, flower cutouts of egg whites and pimento can be dipped in the gelatine mixture and arranged attractively over the turkey breast.

Continued on page 68



This is an early bird. He's bagged a pre-breakfast glass of Sun-up. So naturally he's crowing! It's Sun-up's zesty orange flavor that he goes for! But mom likes Sun-up too. It mixes instantly in cold water by the glass or pitcher. Sun-up helps maintain her family's health all year around. It's the breakfast drink with **added vitamins C and A**.

SUN-UP

Continued from page 66

To Freeze Roast Turkey

Remove the dressing from a freshly roasted, stuffed turkey and place in a casserole or bake dish. Cool turkey and stuffing and place in the refrigerator to chill for 2 or 3 hours. Wrap both separately in moisture-vaporproof wrapping material and freeze. Freeze pan drippings too, or make the gravy and pour into a freezer carton. Chill and freeze. Use within 6 weeks to 2 months.

Note: If turkey was roasted without dressing, simply cool, wrap and freeze.

To defrost: Set turkey in the refrigerator, still wrapped, and allow 3 or 4 hours per pound defrosting time, or 2 days for a fairly large bird. Decorate and garnish as for Glazed Buffet Turkey (above) if you wish. Frozen dressing will defrost in the refrigerator in about 24 hours, if you plan to serve it cold.

To reheat cooked frozen turkey: First, defrost turkey completely to lessen the reheating time, and to help retain moisture. Turkey that is reheated while still frozen is sometimes dry and tasteless. Set turkey in a roast pan with the frozen drippings and brush well with soft butter. Heat in a 350°F to 375°F oven for 1 to 1½ hours, basting frequently with the drippings.

There is no need to thaw stuffing before reheating. Instead, remove from the freezer and cover, then heat in the oven with the turkey.



TRY THIS . . .

Prepare an elegant glazed cold baked ham for your holiday buffet. I soften and melt 2 envelopes plain gelatine in 1 cup water or fruit juice, then add 3 cups mayonnaise and spread 1/3 of the mixture over the ham, chilling it until set. Then I melt the remaining mixture and add two more coats. For garnish I use pimento poinsettias with gherkin slivers as stems.

Jamie Geller
Director Chatelaine Institute

Crusty Buffet Ham

1 (4- to 6-lb) ready-to-eat
boneless ham
1 egg, slightly beaten

Pastry mix to make a double-crust pie
2 tsp each dry mustard,
ground cloves and sugar

Remove the casing from the ham. Stir the egg into the pastry mix, then add just enough water to make a stiff dough. Roll out on a well-floured board into a rectangle, about 9x14 inches and 3/8 to 1/4 inch thick. Sift a mixture of mustard, cloves and sugar over the pastry. Set the ham, fat side down, in the centre of the pastry and dampen edges. Bring edges up to overlap and completely enclose the ham. Seal edges and ends by folding and pinching the pastry. Roll back and forth to smooth the edges and place on a cooky sheet, fat side up. Score diagonally without cutting through. Prick every other diamond with a fork and brush with a mixture of 1 egg yolk and 2 tablespoons water. Bake at 350°F for 1 to 1½ hours, depending on the thickness of the pastry. Cool at room temperature, then chill. To serve, slice the crust from the face of the ham and discard. Set ham on a platter garnished with endive and dress the crusty top with star shaped pimento cutouts if you wish. Serves 20 or more guests.

Note: Any size or style of ham may be prepared as above. If ham requires cooking, bake according to package directions, and chill before coating with pastry.

Preparation time: 25 minutes. Approximate cost: \$5.80. Calories per average slice: 200.

Warm Mince Treats

Plain pastry
Chopped pecans*
3 or 4 cups mincemeat

Sherry
Grated maple sugar, optional

Roll and cut 24 pastry circles to fit plain or fluted tart pans. Add a sprinkling of chopped pecans to each. Spoon two thirds full with mincemeat moistened with sherry and top with grated maple sugar. Bake at 400°F for 15 to 20 minutes. Cut out 36 small circles one inch in diameter from rolled-out leftover pastry. Cut in half and, with a knife, mark each half circle with leaf veins. Bake separately on an ungreased cooky sheet until light brown, about 6 minutes. Decorate the tops of tarts with 3 leaves arranged around a small centre of diced, glazed cherry. Split green pistachio nuts may be added between the pastry leaves. Serve warm or cold. Makes 24. These freeze well.

*A heaping teaspoon of fluffy soft cream cheese, sweetened with sugar and flavored with vanilla, may be used in place of pecans before adding the mincemeat.

Preparation time: 30 minutes. Approximate cost: \$1. Calories per tart: 160.

Apricot Almond Savarin

1/2 cup chopped blanched almonds	1/2 tsp salt
2 envelopes dehydrated yeast	1 tsp vanilla
3/4 cup lukewarm milk	1 tsp grated lemon rind
3/4 cup soft butter	3 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 cup fine sugar	2 or 3 tbs each chopped peel
4 eggs	and raisins

Butter a deep 10-inch tube pan generously and sprinkle bottom and sides with the almonds. Dissolve the yeast in the milk with 1 tablespoon of the sugar for about 10 minutes. Cream the butter, remaining sugar and eggs together. Beat until fluffy. Stir in the salt, vanilla, lemon rind and yeast mixture. Add the sifted flour and beat until smooth. Fold in the peel and raisins. Scrape into the prepared tube pan and set in a bowl of warm water. Cover with a warm wet cloth and let rise until batter almost fills the pan. Bake at 350°F for 30 minutes. Remove from the pan and pour half the apricot glaze in the bottom of the pan. Return the cake and pour the remaining glaze over the bottom and down the sides. Let marinade for several hours. Invert on a serving plate and stick with halves of toasted almonds. Garnish with candied fruits or cherries. Slice and serve plain, or with Whipped Cream Raspberry Sauce, made by blending 1 package frozen raspberries without defrosting and folding in 1 cup or more of whipped cream. Savarin may be baked, marinated, cooled, wrapped and frozen. Makes 16 servings.

APRICOT GLAZE: Mix 1/2 cup apricot jam, 1/4 cup sugar, 1/2 cup water and 1/2 cup dry sherry, rum or brandy together in a small saucepan. Simmer about 3 minutes.

Preparation time: 25 minutes. Approximate cost: \$1. Calories: 25 per plain slice.

Easy Ice-Cream Yule Log

Remove the ends from 2 empty cans of similar size. (The 12- or 14-ounce size make small neat logs that will serve 8.) Stand upright and fill with firm cherry ice cream, pressing down well with the back of a warm spoon. Cover and freeze until very firm. Wrap with a hot, wet cloth and unmold. Return to the freezer until you have made the mint frosting. Prepare a package of dessert topping according to directions adding crème de menthe or peppermint flavoring to taste, and a few drops of green coloring. Press ice-cream rolls together end-to-end and cover with mint frosting. Return to the freezer. Beat 1 cup whipping cream until stiff and beat in 1/4 cup icing sugar mixed with 1/4 cup cocoa. Flavor with vanilla and a pinch of cinnamon. Cover ice cream roll thickly with the cocoa frosting. Rough with a fork and sprinkle with toasted, slivered almonds. Garnish with holly or mistletoe. One or two large marshmallows may be frosted with the cocoa frosting and pressed into the log to represent branch stumps.

Preparation time: 35 minutes. Cost: \$1.20. Calories per serving: 200.

END

Cook's nook



AT GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

Christmas treats from Mrs. Santa's workshop

The good lady has suggestions for nibbly Noël cookies, and a delectable dessert that will add to the Christmas festivities, add to your reputation as a home-maker and hostess. All recipes have been tried and truly tested at General Foods Kitchens. And one introduces new Baker's Sweet Chocolate, which completes the famous family of Baker's Unsweetened and Semi-Sweet Cooking Chocolate. Try the treasured recipe for Baker's Sweet Chocolate Cake—another full-page feature on page 77 of this issue.

CHOCOLATE SUGARPLUM COOKIES

Christmastime is the open season for cookie baking. So roll out this rich, dark cookie dough and cut it into crescents and wreaths, holly leaves, bells, candy canes, Christmas stars and fat Santas. For decorating, have a stock of candied fruits and peels, coconut, whole and slivered nutmeats, cherries, tiny colored candies, date strips and red or green sugar. Since children love decorating cookies next best to sampling same, let them help you.



2 cups sifted pastry flour
 1½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
 ½ teaspoon soda
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 ½ teaspoon cinnamon
 ½ cup butter or other shortening
 1 cup sugar
 2 eggs, well beaten
 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, salt, and cinnamon, and sift three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add eggs and melted chocolate. Beat well. Add flour, a small amount at a time, mixing well after each addition. Chill thoroughly. Roll $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick on lightly floured board and cut in seasonal shapes with floured cookie cutters. Decorate for Christmas. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in moderate oven (350°F.) 9 minutes. Makes 6 dozen $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cookies.

CHOCOLATE SNOWBALLS

A dessert scoop that's simple, yet special, thanks to its delicious coating of new Baker's Sweet Chocolate.

½ package (4 squares) Baker's Sweet Chocolate, melted
 1½ cups Baker's Coconut, toasted
 Peppermint, coffee, or butter pecan ice cream

Combine chocolate and coconut. Spread on waxed paper. Then roll scoops of ice cream in warm chocolate mixture. Serve at once.



ALMOND MERINGUE COOKIES

They're as delicate and light as snowflakes—just the kind of cookie you'd expect from Mrs. Kris Kringle's kitchen!



3 egg whites
 1 tablespoon vinegar
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 1 cup sugar
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 ½ teaspoon almond extract
 1 cup chopped blanched almonds
 4 squares Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate, chopped
 1 square Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate
 2½ teaspoons water

Beat egg whites with vinegar and salt until stiff. Add sugar gradually, beating until meringue stands in stiff peaks. Fold in flavorings, nuts, and chopped chocolate. Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet. Bake in a very slow oven (250°F.) for 30 minutes, or until firm to touch. Cool before removing from cookie sheet. While cookies bake, combine 1 square Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate and the water in top of double boiler. Place over hot water and heat until chocolate is melted. Stir to blend. Drizzle over cookies. Makes about 5 dozen cookies.

Let your cookies say "Merry Christmas"!

There's a special personal touch about a gift of cookies from your kitchen. Try these interesting ways to pack your specialties for personal delivery to nearby friends.

- Place cookies in a commercial cake box, pasted over with Christmas paper and lined with lacy paper doilies. Dangle a couple of cookie cutters from your ribbon trim.
- Spread cookies on a cookie baking sheet, lined with aluminum foil. Or pack them in a plastic cutlery or cosmetic tray. Wrap in clear cellophane, write cookie recipe on a gift card, tied to your gay ribbon bow.
- Pile gift cookies in a wooden salad bowl, deep-fry basket, mixing bowl, bright flower pot, wicker roll basket or star-shaped mold, lined with gold or silver paper doilies. Wrap in bright tissue and top with a pretty Christmas corsage.
- For neighbours with children, pack cookies in a doily-lined sand pail, toy cart or wheelbarrow, doll's bed, plastic lunch pail, tiny suitcase. Any toy counter will suggest other fun containers.

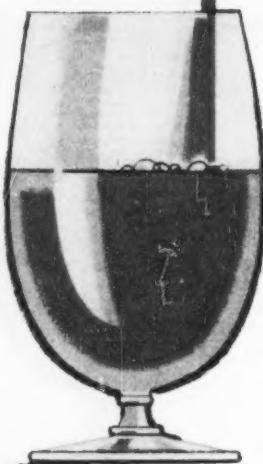


The easiest cookies to mail are soft, moist ones. Choose a sturdy lidded cardboard or metal container. Cushion sides and bottom with wads of tissue paper. Wrap each cookie individually in waxed paper, cushioning with more paper between layers and in any spare space, to keep the cookie cargo from jiggling. Wrap box and tie securely, labelling: Fragile—Handle with Care.



MAKE IT BETTER WITH BAKER'S—BAKER'S SWEET CHOCOLATE • BAKER'S SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE • BAKER'S UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE

ONLY
27 CALORIES
TO EACH
SWEET SERVING!



From Aylmer... tasty new fruit drinks for dieters

Specially for weight-watchers, Aylmer now blends four new fruit drinks *without added sugar*—sweet to taste but low in calories!

Good example: Aylmer Orange-Apricot Drink. It contains only 27 calories to a 4-oz. serving, *saves 30 calories* over the regular, sugar-sweetened drink. And you save up to 34 calories per glass with other new Aylmer drinks—Pineapple-Pear, Pineapple-Orange, Pineapple-Grapefruit.

Try one, enjoy them all. Aylmer Special Diet Fruit Drinks—now at your grocer's diet-food section.



ALSO ENJOY... Aylmer Special Diet Fruits, Vegetables and Soups. Delicious!

SUNSHINE-FRESH...THAT
AYLMER
FLAVOUR

"I'M GLAD I DIED A LITTLE"

Continued from page 43

in New York, I had spent many hours in this great library, researching material for radio programs, articles and a historical novel. Now I was researching death itself. In the past, whenever anyone had asked me why I became a writer, I had, for the sake of brevity, said, "Because of my curiosity." It was true. I liked to know about things, whether they touched my life or not. As a child, brought up in London, England, I can remember being shut up in my father's library whenever my behavior called for punishment. My father was a Spanish-born linguist and his library was made up mostly of unillustrated foreign-language books. Bored and frustrated for an endless half hour, I vowed that one day I would find out what those books contained. Better still, I would write my own books.

A bomb flattened our house

At twelve, my curiosity, imagination and the fun of playing with words helped me win several national essay contests, which in turn told me that writing could be profitable, too. At fifteen, having sold a few magazine articles and stories, I decided to get "operation author" under way and set about writing my first novel, *Narrow Streets*. When war broke out the family next door offered to share their shelter with us. One night, when my long legs only just made it over the garden fence at the approach of German bombers, our house was flattened by a high-explosive bomb. When daylight came and while my parents searched in vain among the wreckage for some tangible piece of our belongings, I retrieved what remained of my papers and manuscripts. We moved to the other side of town where I enjoyed the luxury of a small attic bedroom of my own. There, *Narrow Streets* was completed and eventually found a publisher.

The doctors at the Neurological Institute in New York wanted to know all about my wartime bomb injuries, although they had long since been dismissed from my mind as "lucky escapes." Certainly I had cracked my head a little that night the bomb flattened our house as I was scrambling for the shelter. Later, while working on a mobile food can-

teen serving tea and sandwiches to bomb victims and firemen, there had been a few other shake-ups. Then, too, there was the time I shared an apartment with a friend and a V2 came over and almost demolished the block in which we were living. That incident resulted in my being taken to hospital with a minor head injury and some cuts and bruises. Because of the terrible bed shortage I had been released from hospital within a few hours with my head swathed in a turban of bandages and promptly kept a date to go to the movies. No one had said anything about brain tumors then, and now, almost fifteen years later, it seemed ridiculous to link the two.

On my nineteenth birthday, and at the height of the war, I walked into a London department store and paid thirty-five dollars for a feather for my hat. Somehow, this frivolous gesture was an expression of my triumph over my father's library of foreign-language books. Now, I was a writer, with two books to my credit, with sales of more than twenty-five thousand copies selling on three continents. I justified my pride by asking myself how many other nineteen-year-old girls had earned fifteen thousand dollars and had a diamond-studded wrist watch, two fur coats and a portrait painted by a famous artist.

There were no headaches, dizziness, double vision or bumping into doors during those years of spiraling success. There were more books written and, in 1946, an invitation to do a coast-to-coast Canadian Club lecture tour. At the end of this, because of the death of my father, there was the decision to remain in Canada and establish a home for my mother and two unmarried sisters in Vancouver.

Those were good years of interesting work, first as a reporter on the Vancouver Daily Province. Following this I joined the staff of CKMO (now C-FUN) as a script writer and radio commentator. I had my own daily half-hour interview and discussion program, called *Over The Coffee Cups*. There was time out to go to Hollywood about the possible sale of one of my novels to a movie company. The deal fell through, but my six weeks in Hollywood gave me material to write another novel.

Indeed, I wrote ten more novels from my Vancouver headquarters and might have been content to go on doing just this but for a tempting offer from Broadcast Music Incorporated in New York to write radio

scripts. I accepted, moved to New York's Greenwich Village, leaving my mother and sisters in Vancouver.

At twenty-six the world was my oyster and the pearl inside added up to a four-figure monthly income.

When persistent headaches and faulty vision drove me to a doctor in March 1958, I warned myself to slow down and quit taking on extra writing assignments which often led to a sixteen-hour workday. But by then it was too late; the brain tumor was there and the medical books, although incomprehensible, told me enough to write out a scanty will and prepare a series of postdated letters to my mother in Vancouver, so that she would not be alarmed by not hearing from me or wonder why I did not use the typewriter for my letters.

A few days later, with a couple of nightgowns and a fashionable new dressing gown in a suitcase, I presented myself at the Neurological Institute, complete with notebook. I had decided that since I had to spend some time in hospital, I might as well make some notes and observations about hospital life for a new novel. Little did I know then that the fantastic story to be written would be my own.

After a week or more of examinations and tests, including the alarming pneumoencephalogram which pumps air into the brain enabling the tumor to be located and X-rayed, I was wheeled back to my room aware of an unusual urgency among the doctors and nurses. Someone thrust a surgery release form into my hands and asked me to sign it. On the line reserved for comments, I wrote, "Yes, don't hurt me."

Mike shaved off my hair

A few minutes later Mike, the hospital barber, hustled into the room with his equipment and told me that he had been ordered to shave my head. I wanted to cry as I listened to the snip of his scissors and felt the feathery fall of curls onto my bare back. Yet, for all this, I felt curiously detached as the razor scratched backward and forward across my scalp. I wondered where I would be able to buy a good wig. I wondered how much they cost and how they were kept on. Since I had always been blond, maybe I would surprise everyone by ordering a wig in the exotic blue-black I had always admired!

When the tall young priest came into the room and closed the door, I

was aroused from my lethargy and looked up at him with surprise. Certainly I had complied with the formality and entered Roman Catholic as my religion on the hospital admittance form, but I would have been a hypocrite to say that I had practiced it in recent years. Oh, I had studied religions, many of them since 1948 in search of background for a Biblical novel I wanted to write. But I did not actively "belong." I believed that I had worked out my own philosophy and relationship to God. Now, with the priest at my bedside asking to hear my last confession and offering to administer the sacrament of extreme unction, I balked at what I felt would be hypocrisy on my part. Wearily I shook my head, apologizing and trying to explain my reasons for refusing his help.

"Don't take away my brain!"

When he left, and during the time that my bed was wheeled to the elevator and up to the operating theatre, I tried to calculate the odds against my surviving a brain-tumor operation. Fifty-fifty, someone had told me. That was fair enough. But what if I survived only to suffer blindness, loss of memory—or worse, the vacantness of mind that I had seen while prowling the hospital corridors? Would I become a burden to my aging mother in Vancouver? The horror of such a possibility swept over me like a thundering wave as I lay there watching the anesthetists preparing their needles.

Silently, I cried out to God, "Oh God, don't let it happen to me that way! You know that I'm a writer. Don't take away my eyes or my brain!"

I remember too that the anesthetist wore a tiny name plate on her white uniform. As she plunged the needle into my forearm I thought that it was an odd name—Dr. De Jesus!

When I regained consciousness after the four-hour-long operation which, I learned later, was performed in a sitting position with my head bent forward, the thoughts that had been suspended by anesthetics plunged on from exactly where they had left off. What if my brain were affected? Or my eyesight or speech? Through the fog of drugs, I was aware of nurses supplying hot blankets for my body and ice packs for my head. I begged for a bowl of iced water for my hands and yearned to

Continued on page 74



YOUR CHRISTMAS BAKING, ALL WRAPPED UP WITH PLENTY OF TIME TO SPARE!

Shopping, wrapping, mailing; it's the busiest season of the year. Thank goodness, your baker is standing by to take some of the pressure off busy you. Look at his Christmas baking selection; luscious fruit cakes, plump, tasty Christmas Puddings. See how gay they look in sparkling "Cellophane" cellulose film . . . and think how oven fresh they'll keep.

Buy your Christmas cake from your baker this year . . . so good and so convenient. And remember, many Santas are giving cakes this season, ready-wrapped in festive "Cellophane"!

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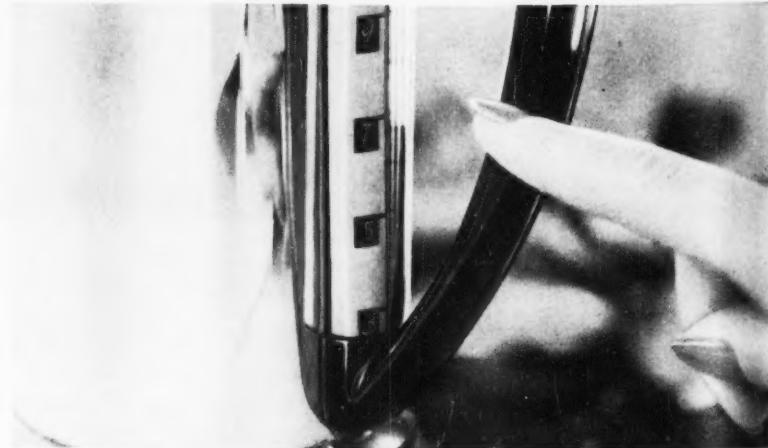


AND AND AND AND



AUTOMATIC VAPOUR-CONTROL KETTLE: Most efficient two element kettle for high-speed rolling boil or low-power gentle steaming action. Makes an ideal room humidifier or sick room vapourizer.

AND MORE When water reaches fast boil, kettle cuts back to low heat *automatically*. Finger-tip control returns water to fast boil if desired.



PEEK-A-BREW AUTOMATIC COFFEE MAKER: Beautifully styled in exclusive chrome plated aluminum at a popular price. G-E Brew selector gives you 3 to 9 cups of coffee exactly as you like it. Comfortable, cool handle.

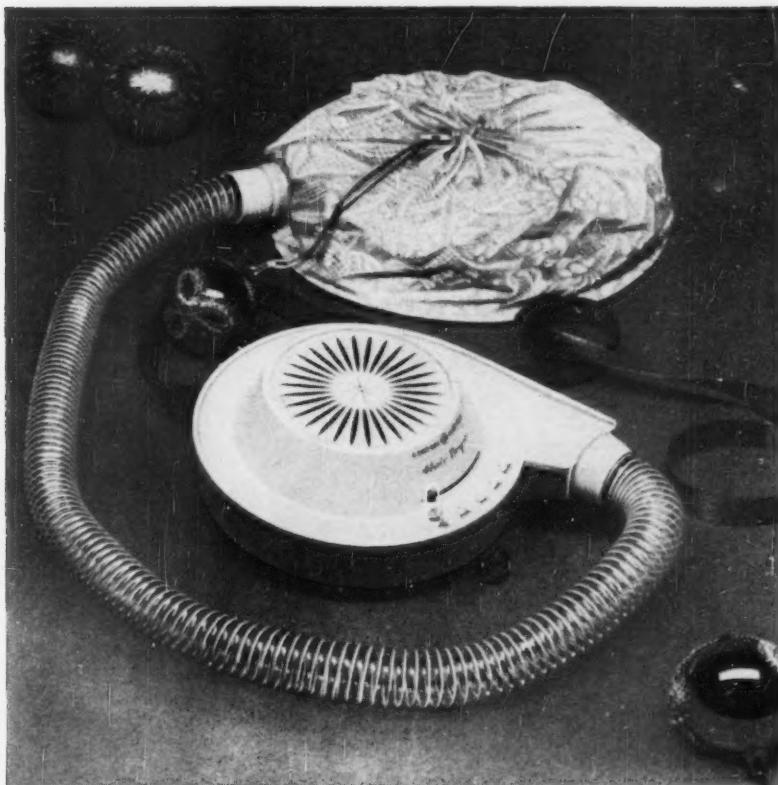
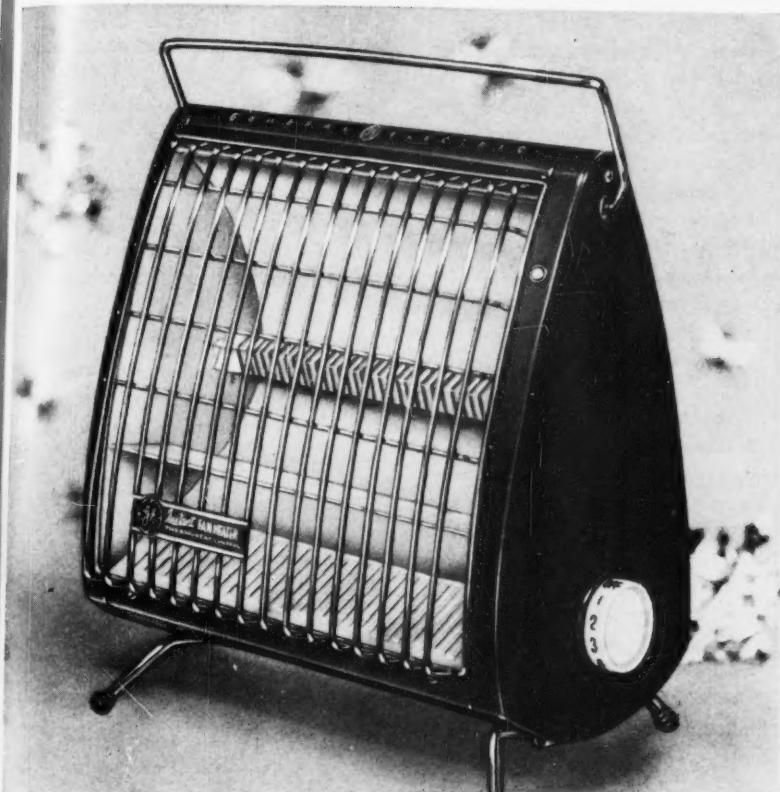
AND MORE The exclusive "Peek-a-Brew" liquid level indicator shows at a glance how much coffee is in the coffee maker.

EVERY CANADIAN FAMILY APPRECIATES THE NEWEST CONVENIENCE FEATURES,
SMARTEST DESIGNS AND LONG-LASTING SERVICE OF G-E APPLIANCES.



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INSTANT FAN-HEATER: Gives more concentrated, safe and usable heat than any other fan heater you can buy . . . INSTANTLY. Thermostatically controlled switch, convenient signal light, automatic safety tip switch.

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NEW LIGHTWEIGHT HAIR DRYER: Convenient, portable G-E dryer gives fast, whisper-quiet performance with professional-like results. Three-heat settings plus "cool" for summer.

AND MORE It's a wear-as-you-work hair dryer, with exclusive reach-in bonnet that lets you check your hair without removing bonnet.



By WANDA NELLES
Chatelaine Crafts Editor

to make for your MERRY CHRISTMAS



Use sparkling foil for Christmas glitter in two ways. Spot or mass the poinsettias for gaiety on table, mantel or doorway. Perch the holly tree wherever you want to set a holiday mood. It's made with cut-out foil leaves and painted cereal berries wired to a two-foot cone of chicken wire. Instructions for both distinctive designs, 25 cents. A-162.



Put your best feet forward for Santa. Felt socks for all the family are decked with felt cut-outs and sequin trim. Instructions for three socks, 25 cents. No. A-163.

*Order from Wanda Nelles, Chatelaine Crafts Editor,
Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.*

Enclosed is \$ for item No.

Name

Address

City Province

Continued from page 71
plunge my whole feverish body into
icy coldness.

And I talked. Though my own voice and those of the nurses seemed to come from all corners of the room, I talked about anything and everything, to assure myself that my brain still functioned. It was the time that De Gaulle had just taken over leadership of the French government and we discussed his politics and his chances of solving the problem of Algeria.

But there were times, too, when I found myself only a small, living entity trapped deep inside an enormous mountain. Although I was aware of blurred, anxious faces and the questions and urgencies of doctors, I could not reach them. "Yes, I'm still here, I'm here!" I wanted to cry out, but there were no words, no movement and no manner of communication. When I was left alone for a moment, terror welled up in me. I was too alone, trapped there deep inside of myself.

Slowly, as the days passed, I was able to eat a little and sit up despite the heavy collar of plaster about my neck. Friends began to send telegrams and cards of congratulation, champagne and tokens of their love. Two months later, after a series of X-ray treatments upon my head, my sister came to take me home to Vancouver for what I believed was to be a month's recuperation. Friends saw us off and the train platform was filled with promises of, "We'll see you soon. Hurry up and get well. We need you." I believed that I would see them soon. Hadn't I cheated death once more? A month, I promised, and I'd be back on the bandwagon again. Little did I know how deceitful the word "soon" could be.

Would I lose my sight?

In Vancouver a delayed reaction to the extensive X-ray treatment I had had suddenly began to cause violent vomiting. My left arm and leg were stiff. I tried to ignore the deterioration in my eyesight, the lapses in my memory and speech. The weeks that followed were a confused nightmare of further hospital examinations, eye tests and conferences with local doctors and long-distance telephone calls to my doctors in New York.

By now my vision was so distorted that every object took on the guise of a fantastic abstract painting. I pleaded with my family doctor to explain my eye trouble. Would I go

completely blind? He was unable to give me a definite answer to my question.

"The brain tumor has damaged your eye nerves," he said. "These damaged nerves are causing a short circuit in your vision—like an electric-light bulb." But would I go blind, I persisted. I forced the words out though I dreaded the answer he might give me.

He held my hands in his and spoke with a gentleness that was as damning and final as any other answer he might have been able to give me. "Pat, you must face up to things. You'll never go back to the kind of work you once did. You must make up your mind to forget that you were Patricia Young."

Three months to live

Forget? Forget the struggles and triumphs, the dreams and aspirations, the hard work to understand and set down in words those emotions that made up my world of writing? When the doctor left the house that day, my sister ran after him and asked him what the chances of my survival were if the vomiting did not stop. He told her that I might live another three months.

During the following weeks there were many visits from workers from the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, who tried to help me adjust to the possibility of eventual blindness. They assured me that many blind people learn to cook, clean house, shop and otherwise take care of themselves. I laughed bitterly at the confidence and detached attitude of the woman who told me this. I did not want to learn to cook without eyes. I needed my eyes. I refused to see her any more and retired into a frozen shell.

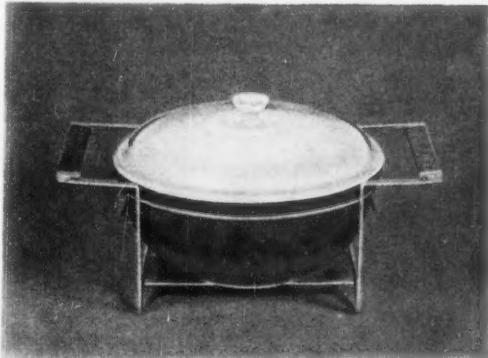
One afternoon, in the midst of this despair, I sat down at the typewriter which had become only a distorted blur. I tried to write, pecking out words with my right hand, my nose a few inches from the keyboard in a vain effort to find each letter. "I was born . . ." I began, thinking I might start an autobiography. I did not even know whether I had hit the right keys. I sat back, perspiring with fear. Yes, I was born. No one could argue that point. But suddenly all the rest seemed without meaning. Four million words published on four continents with a few translations into German, Swedish, and even Burmese—and

Continued on page 76

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for the
modern cook
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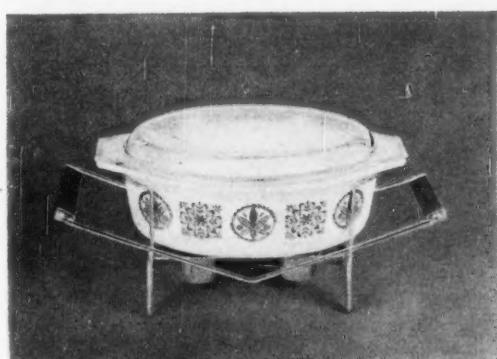
Golden Leaf Casserole with cradle Bright as Christmas in the new deep rich red with golden tracing! This glamourous oven-to-table dish is main course size, generous 128 oz. Goes to the table in its own gold-tone cradle with insulated handles. \$8.95.



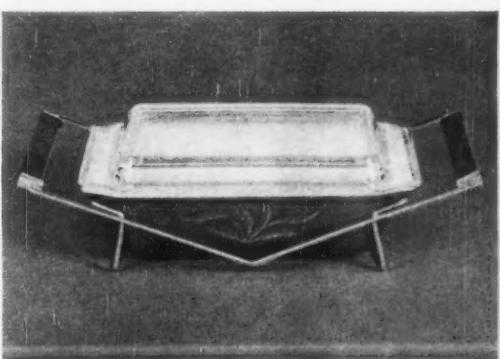
Floral Casserole The hot buffet is a pleasure for the hostess who owns this generous oven-to-table Pyrex casserole. In contemporary white with chartreuse floral design and candle-warmer serving cradle. \$7.50.



Chip and Dip A delight for the hostess, fun for the guests. Chips go in the gaily decorated big bowl. Dip in the small fellow. And these lovely Pyrex bowls can be used separately any time she pleases. \$7.50.



Deluxe Cinderella Casserole Fashion's new look! Classic gold design on gleaming white. How smart to cook and serve in this handsome Pyrex casserole. Twin candle warmer in server keeps foods hot, insulated handles keep hands cool. \$9.95.



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Coffee Serving Set Everything's together for easy serving in this graceful Pyrex set with classic gold design. And the coffee (or tea) is kept hot from the candle-warmer serving cradle. Carafe is 12-cup size. \$14.95.

A complete gift assortment from \$2.95

GIVE PYREX® WARE, the symbol of modern living, a product of CORNING research.

CORNING GLASS WORKS OF CANADA LTD., LEASIDE, ONT.

Continued from page 74
now I couldn't even read the keys of my typewriter.

Struggling with the ache in my throat, I took the sheet of paper out of the machine and managed to infuse my voice with a matter-of-fact quality. "Mother, we're going to have a bonfire. I want to get rid of some old papers." Those old papers were a lifetime of writing. Short-story manuscripts, incomplete articles, research notes for another novel, citations and awards for radio scripts, poetry and even a few song lyrics. We burned them in the back yard and I stood there with tears stinging my eyes, remembering the doctor's words. "Forget you are Patricia Young."

I considered suicide

There were only two manuscripts we kept; one because it had been accepted by my English publisher before my operation and had been returned for minor cutting and editing. The other was my Biblical novel, started some nine years earlier and still incomplete although it already numbered almost a hundred thousand words. I knew it would never be completed now, not when I could no longer see to research books or read my own typescript. I set it aside nonetheless and went back into the house to fall exhausted onto the bed. The bottle of sleeping pills offered an escape, but I quickly put the consideration aside. I loved my mother too much to add such a horror to the anxiety she had already suffered on my account.

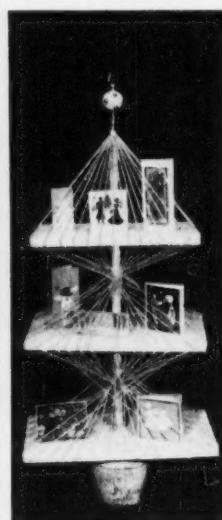
By Easter of 1959, as the vomiting lessened, I took stock of myself and managed to make a few decisions. I would sell my house to meet some of the financial problems brought about by my illness and move into an apartment. I would also try to fulfill the obligation to my publisher and edit the novel for which I had signed a contract. A friend from my early radio days offered to help with the book. By having her read to me, I was able to complete the editing. With this done, another friend helped me find an apartment and move our belongings.

Stagnant weeks dragged by, broken only by Sunday Mass during which I could only sit with tears in my eyes and a brown-paper bag in my pocket in case I should be sick. I felt foolish and embarrassed, full of helpless angry despair. I had stopped my doctor's daily visits because there seemed

Triple-Deck Card Tree

Have it made in time for the Christmas mail

MATERIALS YOU NEED
Four sheets of white plastic foam 24 by 12 inches by 1 inch thick; an old broom handle; an 8-inch diameter flowerpot; paint; household cement; heavy yarn; snow spray; a jar of rubber cement and sand.



HOW TO PROCEED
Cut three foam rectangles: 24 by 12 inches, 22 by 12 inches and 20 by 12 inches. Cut a circle of foam to fit just inside flowerpot top. Cut centre holes in all foam shapes to fit broom handle. Weight pot with sand. Glue foam circle in pot. Glue largest rectangle to circle. Paint broom handle green, let dry. Space rectangles on broom handle. Use household cement heavily. Dab rubber cement on handle, spray with snow. Stick-pin 36 70-inch strands of yarn in rising crisscross pattern as illustrated. Top the tree with a gay finial, as shown, or with a lavish Christmas-tree ornament.

By Jean Dittmar

ed nothing more that he could do. I asked if another operation were possible, but he said, "No, not unless things get worse."

That day in June 1959, when I casually picked up a magazine and found that I could make out a few words, was as dramatic a moment as any I have ever known. I closed my eyes, read a few lines, breathed a prayer and snatched at the newspaper, fearing that the magazine print somehow might be deceiving me. I began to cry. I called my mother and clung to her, whispering, "I think something has happened to my eyes. I can read again! I can read!"

That night I prayed that this was not a false alarm, a fluke of nature that brought only momentary relief to the pressure of nerves in my head. The first thing upon waking the next morning, I grabbed for a book. It was true! The distortion had righted itself a little and by twisting my head and reading from one small angle, my eyes could follow a line of print.

I decided to see my doctor again, and this time was able to go to his office. He was astonished and confounded by my recovery. "But will my eyes get completely better?" I wanted to know. Again he was only able to point out the peculiarity of eye nerves. "We call them 'perverted' eye nerves," he said. "They can, given time, right themselves, or, the damage could be permanent."

But I didn't care. I could read again, and for the next several weeks I tried to satisfy the hunger of my eyes and mind by reading everything in the house, including the directions and advertising on soapboxes and packages of cereal. I borrowed books and magazines from neighbors and when their supply was exhausted, began to make twice-weekly visits to the library.

Could I write again?

The world began to glow and grow again. Everything was a new and exciting adventure in color, shape and depth—the curve of a leaf, the finality in a burned cigarette end, the shine of a polished floor. I saw new beauty that had been there all the time; the fascination of light in the reflection of neon signs in a rain puddle; the line of a wintry tree nakedly clutching one last leaf. There were the children playing outside in the street with undisciplined truth in their eyes; the new furrows in my mother's face.

When finally I passed my good news along to the company I had worked for in New York, they sent me a Dictaphone and suggested that I might write a series of radio programs for them. I approached the task with misgivings. Could I write again? Would the words and ideas come? The detailed research and mechanics of typing were not easy. Work was slow. But when the programs were accepted and praised; when I sold a few articles and short stories to various Canadian magazines, I knew that my life could indeed begin again.

I know what living means

The months that followed were a time of re-evaluation of myself and my future. The truth did not come all at once, or easily, but it was there within my grasp. A certain amount of injury to my eyesight and balance would probably remain. But I could accept that now that I was creating and writing again. The awareness of the importance of my religion was growing. I found comfort and inspiration in the sharing of faith. Did we not pray to "Our Father?" I knew now that I was a favored child with a special door in and out of His heart and for my own convenience.

When I completed a new novel—my twentieth—and received word from my publisher that *Taffy* was to be published in the spring of 1961, I knew that the road back would be one of new depths and perceptions, new horizons of faith and greater understanding and compassion. I began to work again on my Biblical novel and the expression I had been searching for for almost a dozen years. I knew that I had found spiritual maturity during the first week of work on the novel I intend to call *The Prophecy*. Words poured forth in a torrent that kept me at my typewriter for twelve hours a day, words which I knew meant something more than anything I had ever written before.

Today, I continue to write, sitting at my window overlooking the mountains and thanking God that I can see them again. In a way, those mountains represent the obstacles I may still have to overcome. My eyes are not yet perfect, my balance is erratic and my silver-tipped cane is propped against the wall. Yet, for all this, I am not sorry I died a little. I had to in order to know what living really means.

END



A challenge to bake...but a triumph of a cake!

Even his mother never made a cake this good! It's not easy. It is de luxe, with a delectable chocolate goodness that only new Baker's Sweet Chocolate can give. Make this fabulous cake your speciality. Everyone will want the recipe!

BAKER'S SWEET CHOCOLATE CAKE

½ package (4 squares) Baker's Sweet Chocolate
 ½ cup boiling water
 1 cup butter, margarine, or other shortening
 2 cups sugar
 4 egg yolks, unbeaten
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
 1 teaspoon baking soda
 ½ teaspoon salt
 1 cup buttermilk
 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine Baker's Sweet Chocolate and ½ cup boiling water in saucepan. Place over low heat and stir until chocolate melts. Cool. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating after each. Add vanilla and chocolate; mix until blended. Sift flour with soda and salt. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with buttermilk to chocolate mixture, beating after each addition until batter is smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour batter into three 8- or 9-inch layer pans*, lined on bottoms with paper. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) for 30 to 40 minutes. Cool.

Frost top and between the layers with Coconut-Pecan Frosting.

*If you have only 2 layer pans, pour ½ batter into each and bake as directed. Refrigerate remaining batter and bake when other cakes are done.

Coconut-Pecan Filling and Frosting

1 cup evaporated milk
 1 cup sugar
 3 egg yolks
 ¼ pound butter or margarine
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 1½ cups (about) Baker's Coconut
 1 cup chopped pecans

Combine milk, sugar, egg yolks, butter or margarine, and vanilla in a saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens, about 12 minutes. Remove from heat. Add Baker's Coconut and pecans. Beat until cool and of spreading consistency. Makes enough frosting to cover tops of three 8- or 9-inch layers, about two and one-half cups.

Baker's Sweet Chocolate is ideal for de luxe baking of all kinds—watch for further recipes using its superb smoothness and rich chocolate flavor. And don't forget those old family favorites, Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate and Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate, for your regular baking needs.

NEW!
for your fancy cooking
and baking



Another new product
from General Foods Kitchens

MEALS OF THE MONTH

A MENU FOR EVERY DAY IN DECEMBER

Timely Tips

Butter toasted hamburger buns, cover with sliced cold turkey and season with salt and pepper. Top turkey with a slice of canned cranberry jelly or tomato aspic then with a slice of processed cheese. Broil quickly just until cheese melts.

A Christmas confection—dip dried figs, apricots, pitted prunes in melted semi-sweet chocolate.

Soften 1 package gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water then dissolve over hot water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sweet red wine and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Chill until set then serve with roast goose or turkey.

Heat 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cola beverage, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup heavy cream and a dash of cayenne for a rich luncheon soup.

Season 1 cup medium white sauce with Worcestershire sauce and Tabasco and stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each chili sauce and mayonnaise. Serve hot with breaded shrimp.



Recipe of the Month

Rich Dark Fruit Cake

1 lb each of candied pineapple, glacé cherries, seedless blue raisins, muscat raisins, cut mixed peel, currants
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb each of figs, dates, pecans
1 (10-oz) can crushed pineapple (drained)
1 1/2 cups butter
2 1/2 cups brown sugar
1/2 cup dark cooking molasses
8 eggs
1 tsp vanilla
4 tsp baking powder
5 cups unsifted pastry flour
1 tbs mixed spices

Dredge prepared fruit and nuts with 1 cup of the flour. Cream next 5 ingredients together. Make pineapple juice up to 1 cup with orange juice or brandy. Add to creamed mixture alternately with dry ingredients sifted together. Add fruit mixture. Steam cakes 3 to 4 hours, depending on size; then bake at 300°F $\frac{3}{4}$ hour or until the top is dry. Makes 12 pounds.

DINNERS OF THE MONTH

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
4 Roast Pork Savory Stuffing Roast Potatoes Harvard Beets Lemon Chiffon Pie	5 Broiled Beef Patties Hot Chili Chef's Salad Rye Bread Chocolate Layer Cake	6 Cold Roast Pork Scalloped Potatoes Créole Corn Apple Dumplings Caramel Sauce	7 Beef Stroganoff Potato Puffs Wax Beans Spanish Cream Fruit Sauce	8 Baked Tuna Loaf Egg Sauce Oven Browned Potatoes Braised Celery Cherry Pie	9 Chicken Fricassée Buttered Noodles Mixed Vegetables Steamed Pudding Orange Sauce	3 Chicken Liver and Ham Casserole Toast Cups Green Peas with Celery Peach Shortcake
11 Baked Veal Cutlet Tomato Gravy Rissolé Potatoes Glazed Parsnips Fruit Parfait	12 Braised Liver and Onions Whipped Potatoes Buttered Carrots Pears Cupcakes	13 Beef Stew with Caraway Dumplings Brussels Sprouts Warm Gingerbread Lemon Hard Sauce	14 Baked Sausages Applesauce Baked Potato Creamed Cauliflower Banana Cream Pie	15 Chicken Tetrazzini Green Beans Chef's Salad Hot Biscuits Chocolate Sponge Roll	16 Deep Fried Scallops Caper Sauce French Fried Potatoes Buttered Squash Baked Apple	10 Sweet and Sour Spareribs Fried Rice Green Beans, Almonds Deep Apple Pie
18 Pot Roast of Beef Vegetable Gravy Oven Browned Potatoes Mashed Turnip Hot Mince Tarts	19 Baked Heart Rice Stuffing Lima Beans Crème Apricot Whip Custard Sauce	20 Beef Croquettes Mushroom Gravy Buttered Beets Green Salad Raisin Pie	21 Fried Chicken Cream Gravy Pan Fried Potatoes Mashed Squash Ice Cream Eclair	22 Halibut Fillets Lemon Wedge Potato Croquettes Broccoli Pumpkin Pie	23 Spaghetti with Meat Sauce Caesar Salad Garlic Bread Fruit and Cheese	24 Cold Buffet Spiced Beef Ham Relishes Salmon Salad Green Salad Hot Rolls Almond Torte
25 Minted Fruit Cup Roast Goose Wild Rice Stuffing Potatoes Green Beans Meringue Glacé	26 Cube Steaks Sautéed Mushrooms Lyonnaise Potatoes Parsnips Date Squares	27 Assorted Cold Cuts Delmonico Potatoes Kernel Corn Fruit Pudding Caramel Sauce	28 Steak 'n' Kidney Pie Buttered Carrots Chef's Salad Apple Crisp Whipped Cream	29 Baked Pork Chops with Apple Rings Baked Stuffed Potato Braised Onions Fruit Cup Brownies	30 Salt Fish Cakes Spanish Sauce Whipped Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Blueberry Pie	31 Mixed Grill Lamb Chop, Bacon, Sausages Potatoes Spinach Cherry Cobbler

BREAKFASTS AND LUNCHES FOR EVERY DAY

Breakfast	Chilled Fruit Cup French Toast Apple Butter Sausages Hot Chocolate	Orange Juice Fried Egg Whole-wheat Toast Cinnamon Honey Butter Tea	Grapefruit Half Hot Oatmeal Bacon Strips Toast Tea	Stewed Prunes Cheese Omelet Date Muffins Apple Jelly Coffee	Blended Fruit Juice Bran Flakes Poached Egg Toast Marmalade Tea	Stewed Figs Ready-to-eat Cereal Toasted Scones Cheese Jam Coffee	Baked Apple Pancakes Maple Syrup Back Bacon Tea
	Tomato Juice Ham Soufflé Green Salad Garlic Bread Hot Mince Tarts	Chicken and Rice Soup Toasted Tomato Sandwich Crisp Relishes Chocolate Pudding	Apple Juice Tuna Fish Rarebit Toast Cups Lettuce Wedge Fruit Jelly	Asparagus Soup Grilled Ham Sandwich Mustard Pickle Carrot Sticks Apple Crisp	Hamburgers Chili Sauce Coleslaw Layer Cake Banana Milk Shake	Corn Chowder Jellied Fruit Salad Cottage Cheese Tea Biscuits Caramel Custard	Bacon on a Bun Crisp Pickles Chef's Salad Raisin Squares Ice Cream



You know how a feast demands a salad... not just for looks, but for refreshing lightness! And Miracle Whip adds that lively lightness that no other dressing can match. It's just exactly right for modern tastes!

A-gleam with goodness... Holiday Salads

HERE'S ANOTHER HINT:
BLEND KRAFT MAYONNAISE

with fruit juice or other ingredients... it never curdles or separates! Finest ingredients give it a fresher flavor, a satin-smooth texture. There's a place for Kraft Mayonnaise in your home!



MOLDED CRANBERRY-ORANGE SALAD

2 cups raw cranberries
1 apple, peeled
2 oranges, one peeled
1 pkg. cherry gelatin dessert
1 pkg. lemon gelatin dessert
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing

In meat grinder, grind together cranberries, apples and oranges. Dissolve cherry and lemon gelatin dessert in hot water. Chill until slightly thickened. Blend sugar into fruit. When jelly mixture is consistency of unbeaten egg white, fold in fruit. Pour into a 6-cup mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce-covered plate; garnish with orange sections. Serve with Miracle Whip... and be generous, it's so delicious!

GOLDEN WALDORF SALAD

3 cups diced unpeeled apples
2 tbsp. orange juice
1/2 cup orange sections
1/2 cup chopped celery

1/2 cup chopped nuts
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
Lettuce

Sprinkle the diced apples with the orange juice. Add the orange sections, celery, nuts, and blend in enough Miracle Whip Salad Dressing to moisten. Toss together lightly. Serve on crisp lettuce. Count on the just-right flavor of Miracle Whip to make your salad extra delicious every time!

SERVE A SALAD EVERY DAY





Honey, have you seen our beautiful CONGRESS backs?

Your guests are sure to admire your Congress Cards. Not only do they come in a colourful selection of beautiful backs with gilded edges, but their incomparable Cel-U-Tone finish makes them so easy to shuffle and deal.

Congress Cards come in luxurious velour-covered cases, assorted colours: Red, Grey, Blue and Black. They're a joy to give or use. Get several packs.

Rules for 156 games!
For "Hoyle's Official Rules" of card games, send only 35¢ in coin to:



A wonderful gift
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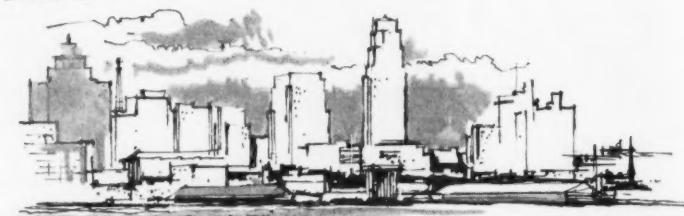


Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you'll never have a trace of nasty razor stubble! Always to neaten underarms, everytime to smooth legs to new smoother beauty, and next time for that faint downy fuzz on the face, why not consider Neet? Goes down deep where no razor can reach to cream hair away the beautiful way.



CHATELAINE
BONUS
NOVEL

THE TORONTONIANS Continued from page 54



call the doctor? Keys to the house. I must have keys to the house because Pete has to be taken away from this. I must go home, call Dr. Lowe, wake Rick, and then come back for Pete.

Abruptly she rubbed the back of her hand across eyes pricked by tears, not for the dead woman, but for a boy who was now utterly alone.

The keys should be in her purse, Karen thought. Where is her purse?

Mrs. Johnson's purse, a large white patent-leather shoulder-bag, was lying beside her half-hidden by her skirt.

Shaking in spite of herself, Karen picked up the purse and undid the clasp so awkwardly that the contents fell out in a pathetic heap at her feet. Compact, lipstick, wadded handkerchief, mirror, chequebook, a loose bank cheque and two key rings.

The loose cheque was the last thing she picked up, and she had already dropped it back into the purse before she realized its significance. Her breath a sharp audible gasp, she pulled it out again and looked at it for more than a minute before she folded it with precise care and put it deliberately in her pocket with the key rings.

If Mrs. Johnson's death were not a natural one, there would be a police investigation that would probably render her suppression of the cheque useless. It might even go farther than that. She might find herself in serious trouble. All she could do was pray this would not be the case, that the cheque could remain her own private problem.

The cheque, pale blue, bearing the letterhead of the Royal Bank of Canada, and Lewis' forceful signature, lay on the breakfast table between Karen and Rick. It was not until they had finished eating, however, that they discussed it directly.

"We could just tear it up," Karen said slowly. "We could pretend we had never seen it."

"Do you think that would help anybody?" Rick asked.

"No," Karen said. "I'm afraid I don't."

"Neither do I," Rick told her. "Which means that one or the other of us will have to see Lewis this morning. As soon as possible, in fact."

I should be relieved that it was a heart attack, that we are free to handle this as we see fit, Karen told herself. But the thought of facing Lewis with that cheque was not conducive to feelings of relief.

She pushed back the sleeve of her dressing gown, and looked at her watch. "It's almost nine o'clock," she said. "Lewis will already have left for his office."

Her watch, quite naturally, did not tell her that this was Monday, did not remind her that today she had, if she wished, a luncheon engagement at the corner of Holton and Yonge. For the present, her mind was wiped clean of anything and everything that did not directly concern Susan. Mrs. Johnson, lying for the last time in her bedroom across the street behind a drawn yellow blind; Lewis, at the wheel of his dark-

blue Lincoln, somewhere between Rowanwood and downtown Toronto; even the exhausted boy, Pete, at last asleep in the guest room upstairs — none of these events counted except insofar as they might affect Susan's future happiness.

"It would probably be easier for Lewis if I were to see him," Rick said.

"Yes," Karen said, "it probably would. But this is not a time when I feel inclined to consider what would, or would not, be easy for Lewis. I think our only hope of getting anywhere with him is to make things as difficult as possible. He has to be forced out into the open, for his own sake perhaps as much as for Susan's, but particularly for Susan's."

"Have you any idea what you might say to him?"

"No," Karen said. "That's not something I could know in advance."

There was no need to say any more. She did not have to thank Rick in so many words for an understanding that made it possible for him, against his own inclination, to leave her free to do what she could for Susan, that allowed him to see that she was the only one with any real chance of accomplishing anything.

"Darling, will you call Lewis' office, and make an appointment for ten-thirty? You had better try for it in your name. You're more likely to get it, if you say it's for you. When you've done that, I'll call Susan and get her to come over and stay with Pete."

"Susan?"

"Yes," Karen said. "Susan."

"Are you sure that's a good idea?"

"I'm not sure of anything any more," Karen said. "But if you're going to gamble at all, in my book you might as well push all your chips into the middle of the table at once. Pete gets on with Susan even better than he does with us. When he wakes up, she can take him over to her house."

While Rick was telephoning Lewis' office, Karen cleared the breakfast dishes from the table and put them into the electric dishwasher.

She heard Rick come into the kitchen behind her, and swung round at once, her eyebrows raised in a mute question.

"It's laid on," he said.

"Ten-thirty?"

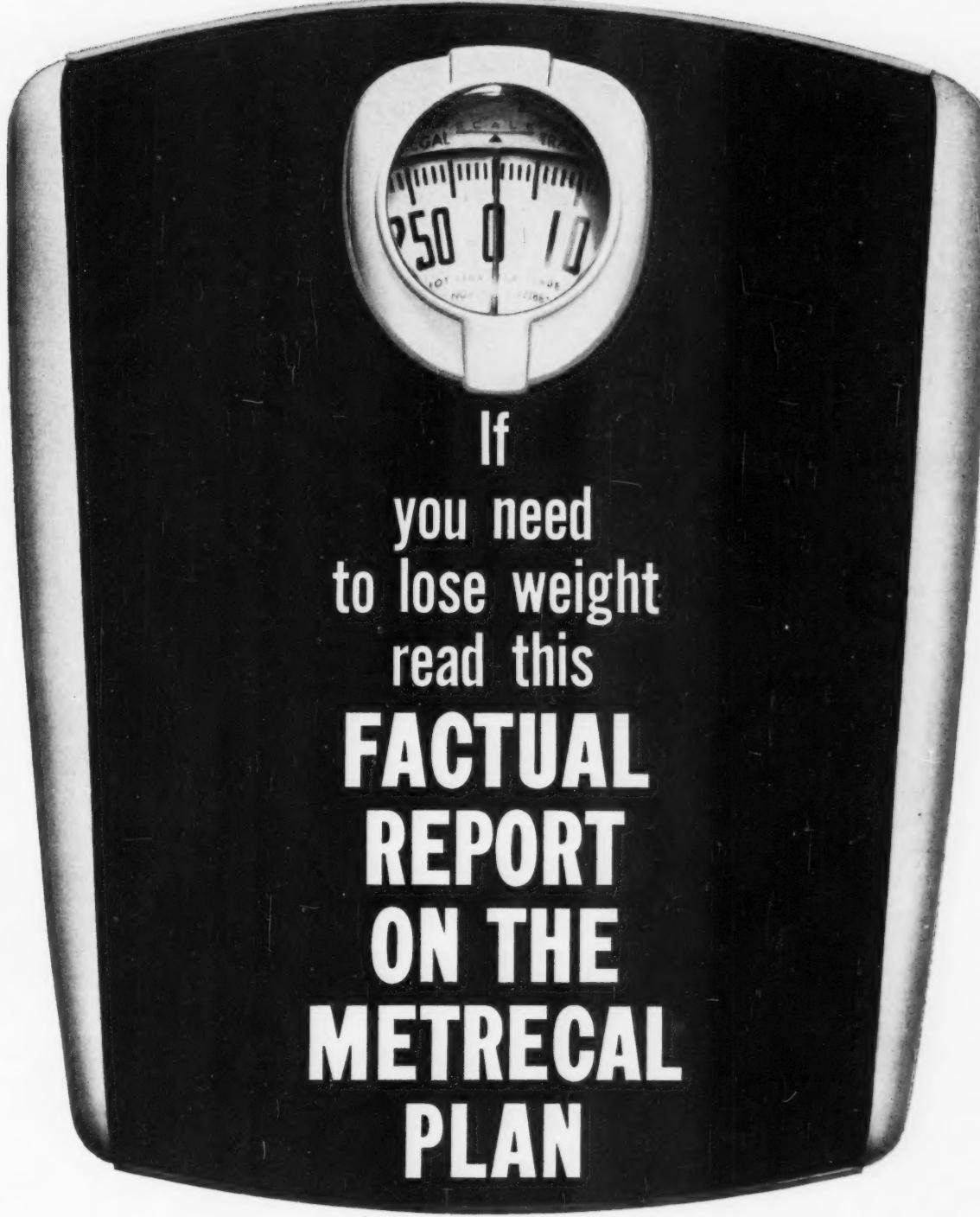
"That's right," he told her. "And I'll drive you down on my way to the office. That still doesn't leave you much time to dress."

"I don't need much time," Karen said.

"It could matter," Rick said. "The way you're dressed could matter."

For a moment Karen looked at him in silence, and knew that they were both thinking of the same thing. They were thinking of the impressively modern, thirty-three-story Preston Building, and Lewis, invariably immaculate in a double-breasted grey suit. Any emissary, regardless of his or her purpose, would, in those surroundings, and vis-à-vis Lewis, be at ease only if properly dressed.

"Thanks, darling," Karen said. "You
Continued on page 82



Clinical testing shows the Metrecal Plan provides weight control with sound, wholesome nourishment from four glasses a day!

Almost a year ago, Mead Johnson introduced a new concept in weight control through a new dietary product. After extensive clinical testing, the product was released for sale to the public. It is called Metrecal, a name taken from the Latin for "measured" and "calories".

Response to date has been outstanding. However, many people have asked for more information on the Metrecal Plan for weight control. To them, and to stress the physician's important role in weight control problems, Mead Johnson offers this report.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal is a "dietary" powder, providing protein, carbohydrate, fats, vitamins and minerals in amounts necessary for sound nutrition. Mixed with water, it becomes a pleasant-tasting beverage of the consistency of milk. With the Metrecal Plan, each 8 ounce tin, enough for one day's dieting, contains 900 calories—low enough to help you take off excess pounds, yet high enough to meet your nutritional needs while you reduce. Metrecal

comes in three flavours: Plain, Chocolate and Butterscotch.

Is it safe to use?

Clinical tests show that the Metrecal Plan is quite safe when taken as directed. The Metrecal Plan is effective and well-accepted by most people. Your physician is your best source of counsel and guidance in choosing your reducing programme. Extremely overweight individuals, patients with kidney, heart and blood vessel diseases, and others who require special diets should always consult their physicians before trying any reducing programme.

How does the plan work?

The Metrecal Plan helps you take off weight because it gives you a lower caloric intake than is necessary to maintain weight. To produce maximum weight loss, Metrecal is recommended as the only source of food for the initial period. The tests have shown that excess weight disappears rapidly and readily.

To maintain a desired weight or reduce more slowly, Metrecal may be used as the total daily diet two or three days a week, with normal meals being eaten on other days.

Will it satisfy the appetite?

With the Metrecal Plan, four glasses of Metrecal daily satisfy most appetites. Because of this "appetite-satisfying factor" and the pleasant taste, the Metrecal Plan is quite easy for most people to follow.

Is it expensive?

Definitely not. One 8 ounce can—enough to make a full day's supply of four glasses—is just \$1.59 at your drug store. Thus, each Metrecal "meal" costs under 40¢, probably less than you would pay for food.

Metrecal is made by Mead Johnson, a leading manufacturer of pharmaceutical and nutritional products. It is a product you can trust to give effective, predictable weight control with sound, wholesome nourishment from just four glasses a day.

Continued from page 80
were a jump ahead of me on that one. Do you think you could call Susan? It would give me more time to hunt up white gloves and so on. There's no need to break anything gently to her. She didn't really know Mrs. Johnson. Just ask her to look after Pete as a favor to us."

RICK HAD already gone out to the garage when Karen came downstairs half an hour later. She was at the front door when the telephone rang.

Undecided as to whether to let it ring unanswered or go to it, she hesitated. Then, because she was afraid it might wake Pete, she turned back, thinking, I should answer it anyway. It could be Dr. Lowe. It could be the undertaker.

Without laying down her handbag or gloves, she lifted the receiver. "Hello?" she said.

"Angel," Fay said, "I have something to tell you."

"Fay, I'm sorry, but I simply haven't time now. I'm just on my way out the door."

"That's all right," Fay said. "It isn't something I want to say over the telephone anyway."

Fay often behaved as if she thought her telephone wire was tapped. She could discuss her private life freely in the middle of Loblaws, but on the telephone she was often absurdly circumspect. She was no more consistent about this than she was about anything.

"I think it will please you," Fay said. "It won't please everybody, and there's one person it won't please at all. But I think you'll be quite happy about it, angel."

"Fay," Karen said, "I can't stay, and I don't know what you're talking about."

"Of course you don't," Fay said. "It's not something I want to say on the telephone. As I said, there is somebody who is not going to be pleased at all."

It was impossible not to be curious. When Fay said she had something to tell you, she usually meant it. Whatever it was, you could be sure it had nothing to do with the Home and School, or the Garden Club. At this particular moment, however, Karen felt as if she would scream if Fay did not get off the line.

"The wonderful thing about you, angel," Fay was saying, "is that you're so broad-minded."

Oh, Karen thought, whose husband is it this time?

"Fay," she said, "Rick is waiting for me in the car. I'll talk to you tomorrow."

"Angel," Fay said, "you're always rushing around so. It isn't good for you to be always—"

In the act of replacing the receiver, even though she knew that Fay would never understand how such a thing could be necessary, Karen saw Susan coming in through the front door.

Susan was wearing a plain grey linen dress. No slacks. No bright colors. But nothing that could be thought of as even remotely funereal. She looked exactly as she ought to look.

Covering the receiver with the palm of her hand, Karen said, "Fay. Deal with her, will you, darling? I can't. You were wonderful to come. I'm sorry to leave you with all this."

"I'll look after it," Susan said, and took the receiver from Karen's hand. "I'll look after everything. And don't worry about getting back at any special time. Do whatever you have to do."

With a sense of enormous relief, Karen thought, there's nobody like her anywhere. Lewis must know that. He must. Oh, God, I hope I'm not making a really horrible mistake.

Although, for one reason and another, she had quite often been in the Preston Building, Karen had never been up to the thirty-third floor and the offices, occupying the entire floor, that Lewis kept for the exclusive use of the Preston Trust Company. In coming here she was forging a link between the social and business sides of Lewis' life that Lewis himself had been at some pains to avoid. Even Susan rarely came to Lewis' office.

As she crossed the black marble floor of the main lobby toward the bank of elevators on the far side, she quickly debated with herself the advisability of taking the express elevator directly to Lewis' suite. She would, if she did this, have to announce herself to the elevator operator, with the possible risk of being, at least temporarily,

pointed out in advance, and it didn't do to keep people like that standing around while you vetted them.

"Excuse me, madam, but did you say Mrs. Whitney?"

"It was, Karen thought, the most ridiculous yet sublimely tactful way of being told something was not quite right that she had ever encountered. Under any other circumstances, she would have laughed outright.

Instead, she smiled. "I would hardly have said 'Mister' would I? Yes. Mrs. Richard Whitney. At ten-thirty. I see it's just ten-thirty now. And, as of course you know, Mr. Preston does not like to be kept waiting, does he?"

Still smiling, she stepped into the elevator. If there had been even the slightest trace of hesitation in her voice or manner, the attendant would, she

"Oh, dear," Miss Carlisle said. "I seem to have misunderstood what your husband said."

This, Karen knew, was another brand of tact.

"Well," Karen said, "as long as Mr. Preston has set the time aside, it isn't very serious."

"I'm sure it isn't," Miss Carlisle said. "But if you'll forgive me, I'll just check with Mr. Preston. I'm sure you'll understand. Mrs. Whitney, that it's just a formality. I suppose there isn't any way in which I could help you, is there?"

"Not in this instance, Miss Carlisle. Another time, perhaps, but this is rather personal. I'm sure you'll understand."

They understood each other perfectly, Karen thought. There was nothing complicated about it. She, Karen, wished to get into Lewis' office. Miss Carlisle wished to keep her out.

"I quite often look after Mr. Preston's personal matters for him," Miss Carlisle said. "He's such a busy man he finds it necessary to entrust me with what are really quite personal matters."

In a way, Karen could not help being sorry for Miss Carlisle. She could guess the kind of directives under which she operated.

"I'm sure Mr. Preston is entirely justified in the confidence he places in you, Miss Carlisle. My reason for wanting to see Mr. Preston, however, is personal to me."

Miss Carlisle knew how to be graceful in defeat. "In that case, Mrs. Whitney, I quite understand why you would like to see Mr. Preston personally. If you would be kind enough to sit down for a moment, I'll just check with him before you go in."

"Thank you, Miss Carlisle."

"Not at all, Mrs. Whitney."

When Miss Carlisle had left the room, Karen walked over to the windows. Miss Carlisle probably earned every cent of her salary, but she did it in what were unusually pleasant surroundings. Karen thought she had rarely seen such a magnificent view of the city. And she was struck, as she always was when she looked down on the city from a height, not by the increasing number of skyscrapers, but by the green, interlaced design of treetops. Toronto was still, thank heaven, a city of trees.

"You can come in now, Mrs. Whitney. Mr. Preston is ready to see you."

HOLDING HER chin high, as she had done in the lobby downstairs, and still wearing her elbow-length white gloves, Karen was able to walk into Lewis' office with reasonable poise.

"How are you, Karen?"

Lewis, as immaculate as she had known he would be, stepped forward from behind a large mahogany desk set in an angle between two huge windows.

"I'm very well, thank you, Lewis," Karen said. "You have a beautiful office here."

"I'm glad you like it, Karen."

"Your view is superb."

"It is rather nice, isn't it," Lewis said.

"I see you patronize the Canadian artists here, as well as at home, Lewis."

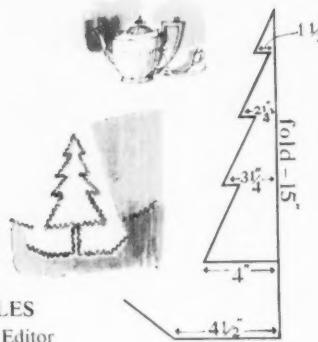
"Yes," Lewis said. "I do. Canadian scenery is very much to my taste."

To want to wipe your hands off with a piece of tissue when you had gloves on was palpably absurd. But it was exactly what Karen wanted to do. She had never seen Canadian landscapes set off to as great advantage as they were against the dark paneling of this large, well-lit room, but she had not come to Lewis' office to discuss pictures. She felt as if the cheque, made out to Sybil Johnson, was a time bomb that might, with further delay, go off

Continued on page 84

Make a Tablecloth in Tulle for Yule

By WANDA NELLES
Chatelaine Crafts Editor



Cast a charm over your holiday table with this inexpensive gold rickrack-trimmed white net cloth.

Use 72-inch nylon net in a length to suit your table. A three-yard cloth requires six packages of gold rickrack. Trim corners of the net straight across to nine inches (as in sketch) and press a 3/8-inch hem to the right side, all around.

Cut a paper pattern for the tree outline in proportions sketched. Pin rickrack over the hem, and bring it up to outline trees at each corner and at evenly spaced intervals of three feet in between. Stitch with long machine stitches or by hand. To reflect golden candle glow, cover the table top with overlapping strips of gold foil beneath the cloth.

refused at a level that would do nothing to bolster her self-confidence. On the other hand, if she took one of the ordinary elevators to the general offices, she would have to run the gamut of Lewis' outer as well as inner defenses.

The express elevator, standing open at the ground floor, its uniformed attendant smartly at attention beside it, decided her.

Her head up, grateful to Rick for having seen how important it was that she be particularly well dressed, she approached the attendant.

"Mrs. Whitney," she said pleasantly but firmly. "I have an appointment with Mr. Preston for ten-thirty."

"Yes, Mrs. Whitney. Just a moment."

Moving as smartly as he had stood, he stepped backward into the elevator to consult written instructions which, Susan had once told Karen, it was as much as his job was worth to ignore. The elevator, Susan had told her, had its own telephone so that any discrepancy could be checked with as little delay as possible. Occasionally, Susan had said, someone like the president of the Chartered Trust would drop in to see Lewis without making an ap-

pointment in advance, and it didn't do to keep people like that standing around while you vetted them.

"Excuse me, madam, but did you say Mrs. Whitney?"

"It was, Karen thought, the most ridiculous yet sublimely tactful way of being told something was not quite right that she had ever encountered. Under any other circumstances, she would have laughed outright.

Instead, she smiled. "I would hardly have said 'Mister' would I? Yes. Mrs. Richard Whitney. At ten-thirty. I see it's just ten-thirty now. And, as of course you know, Mr. Preston does not like to be kept waiting, does he?"

Still smiling, she stepped into the elevator. If there had been even the slightest trace of hesitation in her voice or manner, the attendant would, she

"Oh, dear," Miss Carlisle said. "I seem to have misunderstood what your husband said."

This, Karen knew, was another brand of tact.

"Well," Karen said, "as long as Mr. Preston has set the time aside, it isn't very serious."

"I'm sure it isn't," Miss Carlisle said. "But if you'll forgive me, I'll just check with Mr. Preston. I'm sure you'll understand. Mrs. Whitney, that it's just a formality. I suppose there isn't any way in which I could help you, is there?"

"Not in this instance, Miss Carlisle. Another time, perhaps, but this is rather personal. I'm sure you'll understand."

They understood each other perfectly, Karen thought. There was nothing complicated about it. She, Karen, wished to get into Lewis' office. Miss Carlisle wished to keep her out.

"I quite often look after Mr. Preston's personal matters for him," Miss Carlisle said. "He's such a busy man he finds it necessary to entrust me with what are really quite personal matters."

In a way, Karen could not help being sorry for Miss Carlisle. She could guess the kind of directives under which she operated.

"I'm sure Mr. Preston is entirely justified in the confidence he places in you, Miss Carlisle. My reason for wanting to see Mr. Preston, however, is personal to me."

Miss Carlisle knew how to be graceful in defeat. "In that case, Mrs. Whitney, I quite understand why you would like to see Mr. Preston personally. If you would be kind enough to sit down for a moment, I'll just check with him before you go in."

"Thank you, Miss Carlisle."

"Not at all, Mrs. Whitney."

When Miss Carlisle had left the room, Karen walked over to the windows. Miss Carlisle probably earned every cent of her salary, but she did it in what were unusually pleasant surroundings. Karen thought she had rarely seen such a magnificent view of the city. And she was struck, as she always was when she looked down on the city from a height, not by the increasing number of skyscrapers, but by the green, interlaced design of treetops. Toronto was still, thank heaven, a city of trees.

"You can come in now, Mrs. Whitney. Mr. Preston is ready to see you."

HOLDING HER chin high, as she had done in the lobby downstairs, and still wearing her elbow-length white gloves, Karen was able to walk into Lewis' office with reasonable poise.

"How are you, Karen?"

Lewis, as immaculate as she had known he would be, stepped forward from behind a large mahogany desk set in an angle between two huge windows.

"I'm very well, thank you, Lewis," Karen said. "You have a beautiful office here."

"I'm glad you like it, Karen."

"Your view is superb."

"It is rather nice, isn't it," Lewis said.

"I see you patronize the Canadian artists here, as well as at home, Lewis."

"Yes," Lewis said. "I do. Canadian scenery is very much to my taste."

To want to wipe your hands off with a piece of tissue when you had gloves on was palpably absurd. But it was exactly what Karen wanted to do. She had never seen Canadian landscapes set off to as great advantage as they were against the dark paneling of this large, well-lit room, but she had not come to Lewis' office to discuss pictures. She felt as if the cheque, made out to Sybil Johnson, was a time bomb that might, with further delay, go off

Continued on page 84

here's your new extension phone



The Princess

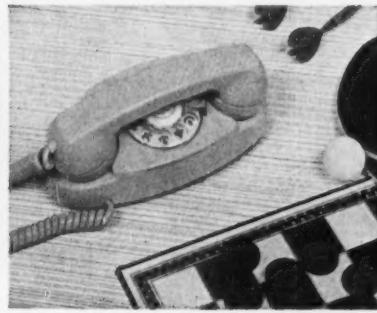
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THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA



Continued from page 82
in her handbag, blowing both herself and Lewis to perdition.

Lewis, apparently, had also had enough of preliminaries, because he gestured toward a large red-leather armchair beside the desk. "Won't you sit down, Karen?"

Karen was glad to sit down, and glad to accept the cigarette that Lewis offered and then lit for her. Through the window opposite her she could see the top of the Bank of Commerce Building. She had never really admired the Bank of Commerce Building, but now it had a very solid and comforting familiarity.

"Well, Karen, what can I do for you?"

Lewis had seated himself in the chair behind the desk. Looking at him, Karen suddenly realized what he must be thinking, and she felt a slow, hot flush rising from her throat to her face. Lewis thought she had come here to borrow money from him. From his point of view, it was the only possible explanation for her presence in his office. He had not said, or in any way indicated, that she was unwelcome, but beneath the surface of his unfailing good manners she sensed that she most definitely was.

It had been impossible to plan what she would either say or do, once she and Lewis were face to face. Even so, she had never imagined doing what, in her anger and embarrassment, she now did.

Without a word, she opened her handbag, took out the pale-blue oblong of paper, and laid it on the darker blue of Lewis' blotter.

Lewis' cool gaze dropped to the cheque in front of him. With no change in expression, he looked at it. Still without any change in expression, he looked up again.

"How did this come into your possession, Karen?"

"Mrs. Johnson died last night," Karen said. "I found her."

"How did she die?" The question was unaccented. There was neither surprise nor any great interest in Lewis' quiet voice.

"A heart attack," Karen told him. And she had to remind herself forcibly that this remote, well-dressed stranger was Susan's husband, and, until now, her own friend. Because Lewis had never seemed quite so much of an enigma. The wall, of which she had always been aware, had never been so high between them.

With one finger of a long, beautifully kept hand, Lewis flicked the edge of the cheque. "Do you expect me to explain this to you, Karen?"

"I don't expect you to explain anything, Lewis."

"Then why are you here, Karen?" This is it, Karen thought. My answer to this question may determine not only Susan's future, but my own relationship with Lewis for the rest of our lives. I may antagonize him for good, or I may know him as I have never known him before.

"I'm here because I love Susan—and Susan loves children."

Lewis was still looking at her, but his eyes were opaque, unreadable.

"Lewis!" Karen said. "Lewis, I'm not asking you why you've looked after Pete, why you've paid his school bills and probably other bills, too. All I'm asking is that, whatever you do for him, you share it with Susan."

Lewis' eyes sharpened into focus on her again, and Karen knew that she had rarely, if ever, been so frightened.

"Do you think Pete is my son, Karen?"

"No, I don't."

"Then why do you think I have looked after him?"

Karen took the final hurdle because he had left her no choice. "I think," she said, "I think you have done it—because you are, for some reason, afraid to have children yourself."

Unable to look at him now, she dropped her gaze to white gloves whose palms were wet. Oh, God, she thought, what have I done? Why couldn't I have minded my own business? Only an imbecile would have said such a thing to any man, let alone Lewis.

Lewis' voice reached her from what seemed like a great distance. "You're quite right, Karen. But how did you know?"

Karen's head jerked up. "We're still on speaking terms, Lewis?"

Lewis' smile was singularly sweet.

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Susan must have seen him smile like that, but to Karen it was a revelation. It was a smile that made him look, for the first time in her experience of him, vulnerable, human as previously she had only guessed he might be.

"Perhaps," Lewis said, "we have never really been on speaking terms to quite the same degree before. I think we could both possibly use a drink before we go any further with this. Could you use a small drink, Karen?"

BECAUSE HE WAS no longer a stranger, because he was suddenly someone with whom she was completely at ease, Karen sighed, peeled off her gloves, and said, "Yes, Lewis, I could use a drink."

Lewis got up and crossed the room to an inlaid mahogany cabinet. "You prefer Scotch and water, I believe, Karen?"

"Thank you, Lewis."

"Ice?"

"No ice, thank you."

"My preference, too," Lewis said. "I think, Karen — in fact, I have always thought — that we have a great deal in common. I believe I owe you an apology for the manner in which I received you this morning. You have a great deal of courage."

Karen's laughter was spontaneous. "It was the Bank of Commerce Building, Lewis. I don't think I could have done it without the help of the Bank of Commerce Building."

As he set her drink down on a corner of the desk near her, Lewis glanced out of the west window. "I can see what you mean," he said, and he was still smiling.

"Now," he said, when he was again sitting behind his desk, "you haven't answered my question. How did you know?"

"That you were afraid rather than incapable?" Karen asked.

Lewis nodded.

Incredible to be talking to Lewis on a subject so intimate, and with no embarrassment on either side. He was, Karen decided, one of the most wholly civilized men she had ever known.

"I knew," she told him, "because I knew you better than I realized I did. When I found that cheque — everything suddenly added up. I knew you could never have been intimate with Mrs. Johnson. Your interest in Pete was not the result of either conscience or outside pressures. It represented a — a need of your own which, for reasons of your own, you felt you could not satisfy in any other way. You could, I believe, have adopted him outright years ago, if you had wanted to. Mrs. Johnson, I am reasonably certain, would have exchanged what was really an unwanted burden for a life income, if the suggestion had ever been made to her."

"You might be interested to know, Karen, that she herself at one time made such a suggestion."

"Thank you for telling me."

"Go on, Karen," Lewis said. His voice was remarkably gentle. Karen looked at the glass in her hand, and thought, this is the first time I have had a drink in the morning since that first summer when Rick and I painted the house. And she saw this memory not as irrelevant, but as a way station on the road back to the days when Rowanwood had been an almost untenanted paradise in which a man, his inner loneliness well concealed, must often have encountered a small boy whose loneliness was only too obvious. There had, she remembered, been no more than three houses in Rowanwood then. Lewis and Susan's big split-level, the empty farmhouse with the fanlight. And Mrs. Johnson's small frame house.

"If you had been incapable of having children, Lewis, you would have taken him, and brought him up. I asked myself what possible reason you could have had for limiting your relationship with Pete to financial help of which he, himself, was unaware." She paused, and then went on slowly. "Lewis, what makes you think of yourself as unfit to be a father, even by proxy?"

Lewis stood up with what, for him, was startling abruptness, and walked across to the north window. "Come here, Karen," he said. And when she was standing beside him, he asked. "When you look out there, what do you see?"

"Toronto," Karen told him. It was, she knew, a fatuous reply, but she guessed that any reply was better than asking him what he meant.

"And it's familiar to you?" Lewis asked. "You feel you know it well?"

"Yes," Karen said.

"Pick out a few specific landmarks which mean something to you personally."

With no idea where he was leading her, Karen realized it was intensely important that she follow as well as she was able to.

"The T. Eaton Company," she said. *Continued on page 86*



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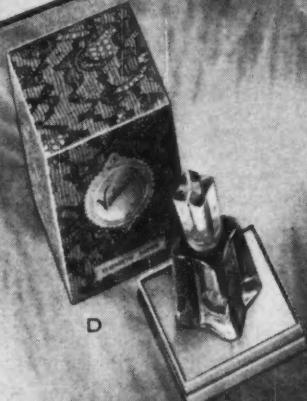
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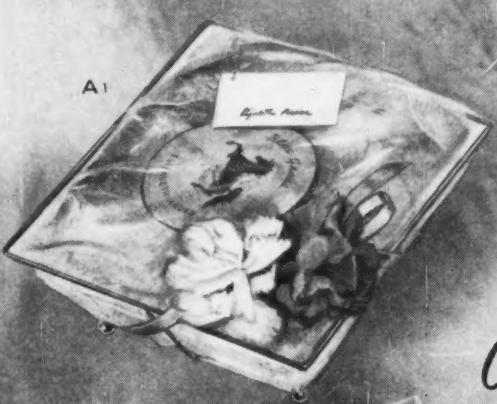
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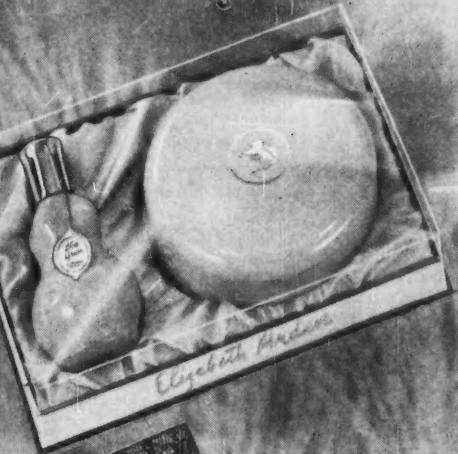
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Z



A1



Elizabeth Arden

Continued from page 84
The General Hospital. The Canada Life Building. The Museum. Casa Loma. Do you want any more Lewis?"

"No," Lewis said. "No, that's enough, Karen. Your family always had a charge account with Eaton's, didn't they? And you were born in the Private Patients' Pavilion of the General Hospital, weren't you? And your mother, or your father, or both, used to take you to the Museum on Saturday afternoons rather than turning you loose on the streets? And you not only always expected to go to the University, but actually did go? And you went to dances at Casa Loma, and leaned on the parapet outside, looking very pretty in a variety of evening dresses on a variety of occasions, as you gazed out over a moonlit and apparently peaceful city? Substantially, this is all correct, isn't it, Karen?"

"Yes, Lewis. Substantially, it is entirely correct."

"Now, will you come over here, Karen, and tell me what you see?"

In silence, Karen went with him to the west window. She knew where he was leading her now, and, in advance of any details, the knowledge was acutely painful.

"What do you see?" Lewis asked.

"The city," Karen said, and was fully aware of her difference in designation.

"And this, too, is familiar to you?"

Earlier, Karen would, almost without thinking, have said yes, simply because she could see the Bank of Commerce Building and, to the south, a part of Lake Ontario.

"No, Lewis," she said. "It's not familiar to me."

Lewis' voice, quiet, almost casual, warned her that he was not asking for, and would not accept, sympathy. "Approximately half a mile from here, between King and Queen streets, is the house where I was born, Karen. Opinions may differ as to whether or not it stands in what could technically be called a slum. There can be no doubt, however, that when I lived there, as I did for fifteen years, mine was a slum existence. There were, at one time, seven of us in the family, and we lived in two rooms on the third floor. In all, there were thirty-one people living in a nine-room house. There was only one bathroom, the dubious privilege of its use denied to the occupants of the third floor. Those who lived on the third floor were expected to use what is, I believe, known as an outside convenience. Can I freshen your drink for you, Karen?"

"No, thank you."

"Cigarette?"

"Please."

Her hand, Karen noticed, was not quite steady as Lewis lit her cigarette for her. Lewis' hand was sure and firm.

"Are you beginning to get the picture, Karen?" he asked.

"Yes," Karen said. "I'm beginning to get the picture, Lewis. But there is more to it than privation, isn't there?"

"You're quite right, Karen. Privation alone does not necessarily leave scars. As the youngest in the family, I was the most unwanted, which was in a sense fortunate. In order to get me out of the way my parents allowed me to keep the clothes given to me by the Neighborhood Workers. In that way I could be sent to school. I could be got out of the house for seven hours a day."

"What do you mean? Allowed to keep your clothes? They wouldn't have taken your clothes away from you, surely?"

"They took them away from my brothers and sisters," Lewis said. "You see, Karen, both my parents drank, and even rotgut costs money. On Queen Street, if you know where to look,

there are places where whisky is bartered for almost anything, even a child's survival."

"Oh, God," Karen said.

"You mustn't let this disturb you too much, Karen. You must remember that it is all in the past now."

For Lewis, on the air-conditioned thirty-third floor of the Preston Building, it might be in the past. But for hundreds of others, still living in an area which Karen could not believe had improved during another thirty years of actual and moral degradation, it must be the living present. For her, this was going to be knowledge that would be difficult to live with unless she could, in some way, do something about it.

For no better reason than that one could see the feathered green of foliage among sharp-angled roofs and broken brick chimneys, she had imagined de-

cumstances this is quite natural. It was not long after this that I became a ward of the Children's Aid Society."

A slight breeze was moving through the treetops to the west. Even from this height, the movement of the leaves could be seen quite clearly.

"Are any of your family still living?" Karen asked.

"Yes," Lewis said. "My mother, and one brother. They are both in mental institutions. I imagine that it is quite obvious to you now, Karen, why I do not consider myself good parent material."

KAREN TURNED away from the window, and returned to her chair before she replied. Her gloves, which she had laid across one arm of the chair, had dried without leaving any marks on the palms.

"I can understand," she said, "why you might not think it wise to have children of your own. Lewis. Though, even here, I feel you are probably wrong. But I can see no reason whatsoever for not adopting a child, if you were so inclined."

"Don't you, Karen?"

"No, I don't."

"I've told you where my only two remaining relatives are. Perhaps I should add that they are incurable, and that they are not suffering from anything as simple as the results of alcoholism."

"What difference does that make?" Karen asked, and she was aware of a rising impatience that she made no attempt to check.

"How old are you, Lewis?"

"I am about forty-five," Lewis told her.

"Well —" Karen began, before the impact of what he had said really hit her. With the kind of truths he had been revealing, he would hardly have suppressed his exact age if he had known it. "But your birthday parties?" she said.

For several years she and Rick had gone to Susan and Lewis' house for dinner on Lewis' birthday. They always had steak, done as Lewis liked it. There was always a birthday cake with three lit candles. And after dinner they always played bridge. It had become an established pattern, quiet but gay, and an occasion to look forward to for a week or more in advance.

Lewis' expression had the cool, slightly quizzical flavor with which she most often associated it. "One picks up certain amenities as one goes along, Karen. At a certain stage in one's career it becomes socially necessary to have a birthday."

"Oh, Lewis —" Karen said. And then, because she felt herself dangerously close to tears, she went back to the point she had been about to make. "Lewis, do you seriously expect, at your age, to go out of your mind?"

"If you put it like that, Karen, the answer is no; but there are some things that are basic, that never change, and a bad heredity is one of them."

How often had Susan argued this point with Lewis? How often had Susan come up against this barrier with nothing to show for it but invisible bruises? Not too often, probably, because Susan was careful to avoid one's tender spots, which was generally — but not always — a good thing. Occasionally a person had to be hit where it hurt.

"Lewis," Karen said, "has it never occurred to you that you are robbing Susan of something she wants terribly, simply in order to protect yourself? Have you ever seen that you have — I'm sorry, Lewis — been cheating her completely of something that you have taken, in part, yourself?"

With one swift motion, she gathered up gloves and handbag, and rose to her feet. "I've said all I'm going to say. All I can say. Except that Pete is with Susan at your house now, and that she knows nothing of my visit to you or its cause."

"Karen."

"Yes, Lewis?"

"I will need a little time to think, but I feel it is safe to say now that I owe you a debt I am quite unable to pay. If you felt like doing me a further favor, you might pass on to Rick what I have told you this morning."

They were already moving toward the door of the office.

"That isn't necessary," Karen said. "It really isn't."

"For me, it is," Lewis said. His smile again contained the sweetness that had earlier come as such a surprise to her. "You see, Karen, I have never, before today, had real friends of my own. It is very comforting to have friends from whom one has no secrets."

Unable to trust her voice, Karen laid her hand briefly on his arm before opening the door and walking quickly through Miss Carlisle's office.

She should, she knew, have stopped to say good-bye to Miss Carlisle. It would have been the proper thing to do, but she was incapable just then of doing the proper thing. And anyway, Miss Carlisle was talking into the telephone. She could hear Miss Carlisle saying, "I'm so sorry to have had to put you off, Mr. Armitage, but Mr. Preston has been in conference much longer than he expected to be. It was something rather urgent that came up at the last minute, Mr. Armitage, and I'm sure you'll understand . . .

KING STREET, when Karen walked out of the Preston Building, was, at a little before noon, sultry with heat, filled with crowds moving slowly in sunlight that struck directly into a canyon whose uneven stratification of brick and granite recorded more than a hundred and fifty years of architectural trial and error.

Becoming one with the crowd, letting it carry her at its own pace toward Yonge Street, she was aware of a sense of anticlimax that made the thought of going home, and picking up her housework where she had left it, extraordinarily depressing. Ever since the previous Monday she had had a sensation of increasing momentum that must of necessity be taking her somewhere. That it should stop here, leaving her aimless, wandering without any urgent destination along a downtown city street, was something she fought against accepting.

Throughout a slow, late spring, and the sudden heat of summer when it finally came, her everyday life with its obligato of mounting depression had been one without significant punctuation until the previous Monday, when the three letters —

Abruptly stock-still in the middle of the pavement, unaware of being jostled, she pushed back the cuff of her glove in order to look at her watch.

A second later, she was at the curb signaling to a cruising taxi.

"Where to, miss?"

As the taxi turned back into the traffic, she said, her voice carefully controlled, "Holton and Yonge, please."

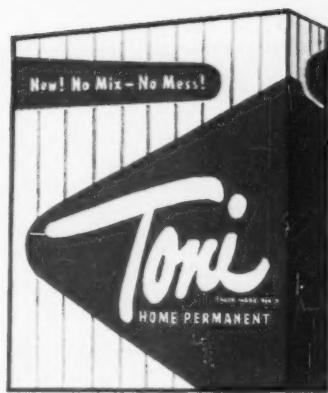
I can still change my mind, she thought. I haven't committed myself yet. I may be on the verge of doing something unutterably foolish, but I haven't committed myself yet. But even as she told herself this, she realized that — below the surface of consciousness, divorced from reason, which

Continued on page 88

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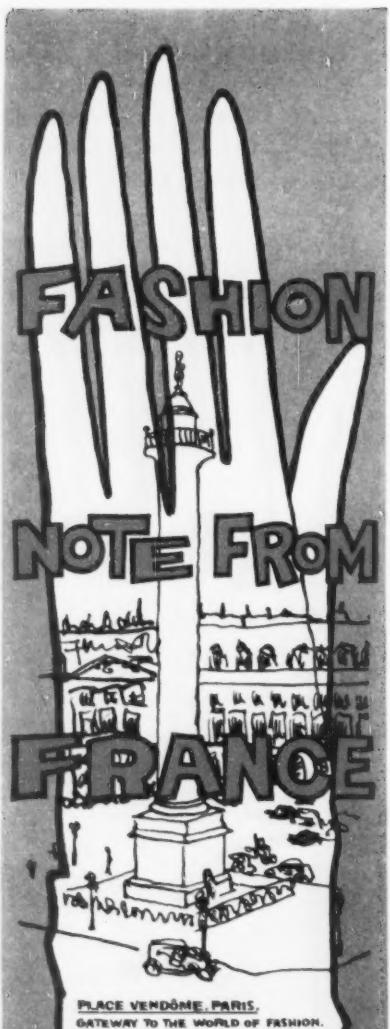
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Continued from page 86
might have denied it — the possibility that she might, after all, go to meet Cyr must have been there from the moment when she read his letter. If it had not been, she would not have reacted so fast to conscious memory, her timing would not have been precisely right. Because, in spite of the noon traffic, she would arrive at the corner of Holton and Yonge within minutes of the time Cyr had specified.

The letter from Planesville had served a purpose. The letter from Dr. Lowe had served a purpose. What possible purpose could there be for her in Cyr's letter, after more than twenty years?

KAREN HAD, quite naturally, expected that when she left Geneva, Cyr would still be there. In spite of what he had said about both of them being on vacation, and the sense of impermanence this inferred, she had thought of him as much more of a fixture in Geneva than she was herself.

Looking back later, she could see that she had still had a lot to learn about a great many things on that June afternoon when one of the maids had come up to her room in the house on Route de Chêne to tell her that there was a "monsieur" downstairs to see her.

"What kind of *monsieur*?" Karen had asked the maid. "What does he look like?"

"He is tall, *mademoiselle*."

"What else is he?" Karen asked.

"He is dark, *mademoiselle*."

"Can't you tell me any more than that?" Karen asked. "Is he someone you remember seeing before?"

"Oh yes, *mademoiselle*, but never before in the afternoon. He has come to call for you in the evening, and he is not, *mademoiselle*, a *monsieur* one forgets easily."

Karen had known then that it was Cyr. It was a very good description of Cyr — a *monsieur* one did not forget easily.

"All right," Karen said. "Tell him I'll be down in a minute."

She had found Cyr in the larger of the two reception rooms, the one at the back of the house, and it had been just the way she had always known it would be if, for any reason, they tried to talk among the bead-fringed lamps, dark oil paintings, and Swiss furniture. They had exchanged words, and no more. It had been quite impossible to communicate with one another in any real sense. When he explained why he had come, she realized that he had chosen this place on purpose. Intending to be impersonal, he had chosen the Dutoit's house in which to achieve and maintain his intention.

"Hello, Karen," he said.

"Hello, Cyr. Won't you sit down?"

"I'd rather stand, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind, but won't you get rather tired?"

This was not the way in which she and Cyr usually talked to one another. Usually they dispensed with any greeting at all, simply coming together as if there had been no time lapse at all between meetings. She ought to have guessed that there was more to it than the Swiss furniture.

"I'm not staying long," Cyr told her.

"Oh. Are you on your way somewhere?"

"Karen," he said. "I'm going away."

Glad that she had, herself, sat down on the arm of a chair, Karen said. "Will you be gone long?"

Cyr had not answered at once. He had tried to find an easy way of saying what he had come to say. He had failed to find one because there simply wasn't one. "I'm not coming back, darling," he said.

Very little light ever got through the two layers of curtains with which Madame Dutoit kept the windows shrouded, but for Karen even this much light was briefly blotted out by a swirling wave of darkness. She had never experienced anything quite like that moment.

As the darkness receded, and she got herself in hand, she could hear her own voice, detached, betraying nothing. "I'll miss you, Cyr," she was saying. "But since I'll be going home so soon, myself, I suppose it doesn't make that much difference now."

"No," Cyr said. "It doesn't make that much difference now."

"When do you go?" Karen asked. She even managed to smile.

"Tomorrow," Cyr told her. "Tomorrow morning. Quite early. I will have to pack this evening. That's why I came around to say good-by to you this afternoon."

"It was nice of you to take the time," Karen said.

For an instant he looked as if he

unsatisfactory their good-bys might have been, they would have concluded them, and she would not have been left with such an immediate and shattering sense of unfinished business.

"Oh," Madame Dutoit said, "I didn't know anyone was here. Forgive me."

If she had not been Swiss, Madame Dutoit would have retired again at this point, because she really was very tactful. Being Swiss, however, she felt compelled in the name of good manners to shake hands.

So, instead of shaking hands with Karen, Cyr shook hands with Madame Dutoit, and after that there was no going back for any of them.

Karen could never remember afterward how they managed to arrive in the front hall, or the precise manner of Cyr's leave-taking. She had a confused impression that, at one stage, even she and Madame Dutoit had shaken hands. This would have been the height of absurdity but, in Geneva, not at all impossible.

The only thing that was quite clear, as she stood under the heavy crystal chandelier with Madame Dutoit, was that he had gone, and without really saying good-by at all.

"*Mais il est charmant, chérie!*" said Madame Dutoit. "*On ne l'oublierait pas facilement, ce monsieur.*"

"No," Karen said, "he is not a man one would forget easily. If you will excuse me, *madame*, I'll go upstairs and change for dinner."

In her high-ceilinged bedroom, with its ordinary brass bedstead and rich Oriental carpet, Karen realized that it was quite impossible for her to leave things as they stood between herself and Cyr. There would have to be a more clear-cut break between them than they had so far accomplished. And she was as sure as she had ever been of anything in her life that Cyr, himself, must feel as she did.

If Madame Dutoit had not interrupted them, Cyr might have been able to persuade himself that the farce they had been playing out was still the only safe — and therefore only possible — way in which he could say good-by to her.

As it was, he must be as dissatisfied as she was.

But what, if anything, would he do about it?

Using only a fraction of her mind with which to select a dress and accessories, she concentrated on a problem that she was certain she would have to solve for herself.

He would not come back to the house. She could rule that out completely.

He might telephone her later in the evening. But she did not think he would.

There was only one place in the world where he could be absolutely sure that she had, in fact, come to meet him halfway.

Between eight-thirty and nine would be the right time for her to arrive at the Bavaria, Karen decided.

There was no need to make any other decision.

It was not until three weeks later, not until she was on the ship on her way back to Canada, that she wondered why she had at no time questioned the assumption that their parting, whatever form it took, would be a final one.

AT A QUARTER past eight, she left the house on Route de Chêne, to walk without haste through a dream city in the dreamlike tranquillity of a warm, windless summer evening.

Gentle shadows lay in the streets, seeming to muffle the footsteps and laughter of the passers-by, softening the

Continued on page 90

Make Holiday Horns



Fill ice-cream cones with candy and cover with colored or clear wrapping. Wind around with penny-candy - liquorice strings or gay ribbon, fastening on a pretzel handle as you go.
For candy recipes to fill holiday horn see page 60.

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Continued from page 88
sombre grey of stone buildings, muting the colors of cafe tables and chairs and the striped awnings above them.

Strolling, a part of the dream, toward a rendezvous that might not exist, yet never doubting that it did, she identified herself with a scene from which she would never be entirely severed. The plane trees, no longer the tormented witches' trees of winter, but soft bouquets of foliage limned in tenderness against water silvered by the dying day. The swans, a snowy unreality,

floating toward darkness on the lake's quiet surface. The gulls, patterned in flight against the cloudless sky. The mirrored reflection of lights on the farther shore. The people, drifting past in lazy, sensual enjoyment of freedom from need to do anything else.

With no break in the fabric of her waking dream, she reached the Bavaria, and went slowly but without hesitation into the bright, moving vitality of another but equally vivid facet of a trance from whose soft, tenacious embrace she would not have torn herself

for anything else the world could offer.

He was there. She saw him at once, sitting near the back talking to a man she did not know.

She chose an empty table, neither near him nor so close to the door that he would feel forced to acknowledge her presence if he chose to leave without speaking to her. To further underline the fact that he had a choice, she sat, not on the banquette against the wall, but in a chair with her back to the long narrow aisle separating the two rows of tables.

Without seeing it, she gazed at a sketch of Ramadier on the wall in front of her. Then she looked down at her hands, palms up, shaken by a tremor too slight to disturb the folds of the skirt against which they lay.

She had come halfway. The initiative was no longer hers.

When Cyr stood beside her, he did not have to speak to make her aware of his presence.

Without haste, she raised her gaze from her empty hands.

He spoke very quietly. "Tu viens avec moi?"

"Si tu veux."

They had never spoken French to one another before.

He placed a franc on the table beside her untouched cup of coffee.

"In that case," he said, "shall we go?"

KAREN HAD NOT been nervous when she went to the Bavaria on that evening, so far removed in time but now so close in memory.

That she should be indisputably nervous as the taxi paid off, she stood on the corner of a busy Toronto intersection, was a direct legacy of her long refusal to part with a dream she had wished to keep as such. In memory, she had always up until now chosen to separate Cyr from the long chain of experiences that, stretching back across her life, in sum represented a continuing reality. That this arbitrary distinction between what she was prepared to interpret as real or unreal was in itself unrealistic, she had known well enough.

There was, she saw, only one corner restaurant. It was diagonally opposite her, its plate-glass windows sun-struck mirrors reflecting a distorted duplication of cars and pedestrians that moved, and stopped, and moved again, like pull-toys operated by the same mechanism that controlled the traffic lights.

With a green light alternately on her left and then on her right, there was no practical need for hesitation. Yet she did hesitate, fighting not only nervousness but a sudden and very unpleasant feeling of guilt. As Cyr himself had once said, there was no such thing as definitive virtue or definitive guilt, or in most cases even an approximation of these extremes. Nevertheless, there was a dividing line, and a very clear one, between what you could and could not do with a clear conscience. A dividing line established not by logic, but by your background, experience, and training; by the accepted mores of the particular society to which you belonged. If, either literally or metaphorically, you lived on a certain side of a street, you took ice off the back of the iceman's cart at your own risk.

It was then that she saw him.

His head bent, he was walking along Holton toward the restaurant. A tall, loose-knit man in a grey suit, whose broad shoulders rolled to his easy, slightly rolling gait because he walked with his hands in his trousers pockets.

Immobile, she stared — not across a busy Toronto intersection, but across a span of more than twenty years. Torn between an almost overwhelming desire to reach back across that gulf in time, and the immediate certainty that it was the last thing she should do, she experienced a stabbing mixture of emotions she would not have analyzed if she could have. She had been a girl when she last saw him. She was a woman now, and one who finally understood the components of a relationship that, up until this moment, she had wilfully chosen to misunderstand.

The dream, as she had preserved it, had been a romantic one. The truth was that they had shared, she and Cyr,

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Still without moving, she watched him reach the door of the restaurant, and disappear through it. And a French phrase she had not thought of for years came back to her. *On ne peut pas être et avoir été*. One cannot be and have been. Not at one and the same time.

Her eyes fixed on the door through which he had gone, Karen knew that she had again, as she had so often recently, tailored a situation in advance to suit her own wishes. Dismissing fact in favor of fancy, in favor of a romantic dream she had created herself, she had deluded herself into believing that they could meet again, in effect, outside the Casanova, with Cyr still primarily concerned with protecting her. Which would be all she could possibly want from him now. There were not, fortunately, many situations in which it was possible to betray everyone involved, yourself included. But this happened to be one of them.

She continued to stand where she was for a full minute. Then she turned and walked quickly away from the corner of Holton and Yonge — from the Casanova in the sunlight, from the Bavaria — from a part of her past that was no more than that.

SHE WALKED for three blocks, scarcely seeing where she was going, and without knowing precisely where she was, before going into a drugstore. There was a pay telephone just inside, as she had expected there would be.

She opened her handbag, took out a coin, put it in the correct slot, dialed a familiar number, spoke to a switchboard operator, to a secretary, and then to Rick himself.

"Rick," she said, "are you free to have lunch with me?"

"Yes, I am."

In spite of herself, Karen said, "I couldn't have borne it if you hadn't been."

"Is anything the matter, Karen?"

She hesitated, and then said, "Not really. Not now, darling."

"Are you still downtown?"

"More or less."

"The Park Plaza Roof be as good a place as any?" he asked.

"Better than most."

"Good. I'll meet you there in, say, half an hour?"

"That should be just right, darling."

He could not, Karen thought, as she left the drugstore, have chosen a better place to meet her, and not only because it was within walking distance of where she was.

Although they would never have dreamed of having lunch in the roof dining room of the Park Plaza when they lived on Gavin Street, it belonged to the section of the city that she had known best, both during that period, and when she had lived on Elmdale Avenue.

It gave her confidence to be on such familiar ground, made it easier than it might have been to accept, and forget, that it was chance more than anything else that had allowed her to withdraw

in time from what could not have been other than a very bad mistake.

To speculate now or later about Cyr's reason for wanting to see her would be both futile and rather silly, because the obvious one was in all probability the correct one. That it should seem obvious to her now, when it had not a week earlier, served to underline both her present clarity of thinking, and the previous confusion of mind that had prevented her, for a time, from seeing anything clearly. She had much, she thought, to be grateful

for. So much, that it would take a lifetime to appreciate it fully.

Walking north on Yonge among a stream of people, half of whom Millie would probably have called foreigners in spite of her present preoccupation with New Canadians, Karen thought, I've missed this more than I knew. This vivid turbulence that, while denying homogeneity, nevertheless contrives a cohesiveness to which I can attach myself without loss of personal identity.

Turning onto Bloor and walking west

along the Mink Mile, she found herself remembering all the things she and Rick had done when they had lived on Gavin Street. Even though they had, at the time, been relatively poor, they had gone to concerts and hockey games, had gone to the Art Gallery, had seen the latest plays from London and New York.

There had, of course, been nothing to prevent them from doing these things during their twelve years in Rowanwood. But somehow, even though they often made plans, the effort of coming

Continued on page 94



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Treat yourself to a CHRISTMAS BEAUTY PRESENT

This is the time of year to be fancy-free and splurge on glamorous beauty tricks. And here they are—a Christmas parcel of glittery ideas to make you look extraordinarily pretty all through the holiday season

Our rule for sparkling—don't overdo. One or two brilliant tricks are enough for a festive evening. To begin, make your eyes bright with star-dusted shadow. Usually dark eyes can wear lavish colors—frosted shades of blue, green or violet. Pale eyes require a more delicate touch and tone. For all-out glamour, gild your eye shadow with strokes of pure gold or platinum; carry the color up and out to the outer tips of your brows. More dazzle: tip your lashes with gold or any color to match your eye shadow. To get the best effects from your colored mascara, first brush your lashes with black or grey. Paint your lips two shiny colors. Smooth the upper lip with bright coral, the lower with tawny pink—sounds giddy but blends in a delightful manner. Then glisten your lower lip with gold-spangled lip gloss. Halo your holiday hairstyle with gold sprinkles. Simply dust them through your hair; they will brush out later. These brilliantly colored sprinkles have a most eye-catching effect if you match them to your dress. To give your skin an opalescent sheen under party lights, smooth on a tinted make-up base shot with gold dust. Very gently dot the cleft of your chin and your ear lobes with rouge. Add a bonus to your glowing holiday mood by splurging on an exotic perfume. Finally, put sparkle at your finger tips. Apply a bright red or brilliant pink pearlized polish, or a bewitching coat of either iridescent gold or silver. Multicolored sequins are another nice bit of coquetry. Cover your fingernails with a clear or colored polish. Then, while it is still wet, lightly sprinkle it with sequins. And this way, we hope you have your brightest, happiest holiday ever! END

By EVELEEN DOLLERY

*Chatelaine Beauty Editor
Sketches by Anne Buckley*



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Left, full-fashioned sweater with Peter Pan collar, about \$10.95; centre, from an exciting new made-in-Paris collection of Lansea knitted suits, the Chanel-inspired cardigan suit with pleated skirt, about \$39.95; right, full-

fashioned classic twin set; short-sleeve pullover, about \$8.95; cardigan, about \$12.95. At all fine stores.

THERE ARE LANSEA COLOURS TO MATCH ALL YOUR SKIRTS



Continued from page 91
downtown usually seemed too high a price to pay for a change of scene. You forgot, living in Rowanwood, what a lift you could get just from being a part of a diverse cross section of the population. It could be a renewal of vitality. A renewal, too, of your basic faith in humanity — something that, in suburbia, tended to become a trifle frayed at the edges.

And thinking of faith, when you lived right in the city you weren't tied by social pressures to any particular church. In Rowanwood Sunday was one of the busiest days in the week. It was the day when you cleaned out the basement, or clipped the hedge, or had people in for drinks because in that way you avoided spending a whole evening with them. Somehow, in Rowanwood, church was a midweek activity revolving around the Girls' Club, and the Boys' Club, and the Senior Members' Club, and the indoor badminton court. Biff played badminton every Thursday night, without fail. He said he owed it to himself to do so, though quite what he meant by this was never really clear.

Ahead of her, Karen could see the tall shaft of the Park Plaza, and on the opposite corner the Royal Ontario Museum. How long, she wondered, is it since I went into the museum? Only that morning, although it seemed much longer ago, Lewis had made her pinpoint it from the top of the Preston Building as a place that had been a definite part of her childhood. There could, she thought, be worse places to spend your childhood than one of the world's great museums. Rowanwood might offer you a Lady Ellis Store, and a United Cigar Store, and a Loblaws where, if you bought enough canned sweet potatoes and corn flakes and frozen spinach, you could earn a complete set of Shakespeare; but that was just about all it did offer. Of course, you could not say that a community with a Loblaws that supplied Shakespeare was entirely devoid of culture. But near. Damn near.

IF SHE HAD NOT been looking at everything and anything, Karen might have failed to notice the occupants of a car that passed her as she approached the corner.

For a moment she thought she must be mistaken. Then she saw that she was not and, before she could stop herself, she was laughing. Because here, for all the world to see, was the answer to what Fay had made such a mystery of on the telephone. In a way it was not funny at all. In a way it was almost tragic. Yet, initially, Karen could not help being amused.

For it was Boris' car, and in it, sitting beside Boris, was Fay.

Sobering, as she crossed Avenue Road and went through into the panelled lobby of the hotel's south block, Karen wondered why she should not have foreseen something which, under the circumstances, had been quite so inevitable. For Fay and Boris had a potential bond stronger than most, in that they were equally lost, equally the victims of chance, which had not been kind to either of them. Drifting at loose ends on the fast-moving tides of a fast-changing era, they were, apart, a threat to almost everyone with whom they came in contact. Together, they might just conceivably keep clear of ultimate disaster. Roddie wouldn't care. Roddie was not Biff. And though Rowanwood would gossip, and do so interminably, both Fay and Boris were immune to gossip; it had no power to hurt them as it could Barbara and Millicent.

It had been an overstatement on Fay's part to say that she, Karen, would

be pleased by this turn of events. Negatively, however, she could not find it in herself to disapprove. Where Fay was concerned, she had never felt that she was in any position to cast stones, if only because chance had favored her as it had not favored Fay. And not just today, but always. From the beginning, she had been well equipped to shape her own destiny, something she was now more sharply aware of than she ever had been before.

When she stepped out of the elevator at the eighteenth floor, Rick was not yet there. Without any need for a conscious decision, she turned past the receptionist's desk and walked out on the terrace, drawn to its southern parapet as if by a magnet.

In one sense, the perspective was different from that which she had seen when in Lewis' office. In another sense, it was identical because it encompassed the same values, the same challenge. A challenge infinitely broader in its implications than any you would be likely to find in Rowanwood. Civilization, when it took you beyond the necessity to know how to snare a rabbit, moved you into an area where you fought for mental and moral sur-

Rick had known where to look for her, as she had expected him to. And though normally she would never have thought of kissing him in public, today she did. And, oddly, he seemed as unsurprised as he was embarrassed.

"Hello, darling," she said.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting."

Karen shook her head. "No. I just got here."

"Feel like a cocktail before lunch?"

"But — " she began, because Rick rarely, if ever, took anything to drink at noon.

"No buts," he said, taking her hand as he had once done — was it long ago, or only yesterday? — and in a crowded St. George Street fraternity house.

The cocktail lounge was almost empty, and they were able to sit beside a window that commanded a view to the south.

"Martini?" Rick asked.

"A martini would be wonderful."

AS SHE DREW OFF her gloves, Karen noticed that her hands were trembling. The previous twelve hours had not been easy ones. For that matter the whole of the preceding week

now. Darling, why do people have to get so unnecessarily mixed up?"

"You're talking about yourself, aren't you, Karen?"

She nodded. "How did you know?"

"In the same way that you would have known if I had been troubled."

"But you haven't said anything . . ."

"It was you who had to say something, sweetheart. Until you were ready to talk about it, we would have got nowhere." He smiled. "For someone who is, basically, almost painfully honest, you nevertheless have a quite remarkable talent for evasion when you think it advisable."

Where should she begin? Karen wondered. Not with Cyr, certainly. Cyr had nothing to do with her life with Rick, and never had had, even though he was an inescapable factor in a process of growing up.

"Karen."

"Yes, Rick?"

"Don't go into anything that isn't necessary. Don't confuse the issue."

Could he have known what she was thinking about? Not possible. He was simply giving her some very good objective advice.

Slowly turning her cocktail glass around and around between her fingers, unaware that she was doing so, she said, "No, darling. I won't confuse the issue."

Not with Cyr.

And not with the grey spectre of self-destruction that would be unlikely ever to threaten her again, if only because she now knew that there were some toys you didn't even play with if you wished to stay sane and healthy. Like a loaded gun, a toy of that kind needed no more than one moment of real desperation to become actively lethal.

"The best thing to do," Rick said, "is to jump right in even if the water is cold."

He was right. There was no way in which she could lead up gently to what she wanted to say. And the water was not as cold as it might have been if he had not agreed with her immediately when she had said that she felt at home in this place.

"Darling," she said, "it's Rowanwood. Or perhaps I should say it's myself in conjunction with Rowanwood."

"I thought that was probably it."

"You always help me, don't you, Rick? Well, here's where I really jump in. Darling, I can't go on living in Rowanwood, or in any other place even remotely like it. For me, it's a dead end where, in time, I think I would go out of my mind. It isn't the city, and it isn't the country. I don't know how to describe it other than to say that it's an impossible compromise between the two, and totally lacking in the best features of either."

She had been more vehement than she had intended, and it was with immeasurable relief that she saw him begin to smile. Ever since the previous night when she had guessed why he had gone to Planesville, she had been morally certain he shared her feelings. But it was still the most profound relief to know it.

"Go ahead, sweetheart," he said. "Get it all off your mind while you're at it."

In projecting this conversation, Karen had thought of it as taking place on the terrace in Rowanwood at dusk, the last rays of sunlight gilding the tops of the poplars, a quiet breeze stirring among the pines. Their terrace, at the end of the day, was an extraordinarily pleasant place, and for this very reason, would, she realized now, have been entirely the wrong setting. A setting that would have blunted objectively, that

By WANDA NELLES
Chatelaine Crafts Editor

Here's how to make your own Ring Around the Mistletoe

These are the makings for a holiday-romance setting: nine-inch embroidery hoops, eight yards each of narrow ribbon and braid (we chose red velvet and gold), mistletoe, small Christmas-tree balls, and fine wire. Wind the hoops with braid, leaving 1/4-inch space between circles. Then wind ribbon to fill spaces. Use wire to fasten the hoops together at right angles and to suspend the mistletoe from the top. Pin ribbon-hung gold balls at varied lengths among the mistletoe. Finish the top and bottom of the sphere with loops of matching ribbons, and hang the kissing ring in the most auspicious spot.



vival. And whether or not you won this particular kind of battle depended to a great extent on where you fought it, and with what weapons. That is, if you fought at all. If you did anything beyond labeling yourself "I, the victor" — while stripping Cellophane from fresh-frozen rabbit beside a suburban barbecue.

Far below her she saw two little girls in bright summer dresses, slowly climbing the broad sweep of steps leading up to the museum entrance. Foreshortened by distance and height, they appeared pathetically small and vulnerable; two tiny human beings on their way to meet all the ages that had brought them to this moment. Even though the building was immense, it would be impossible for them to lose their way while actually inside, because nothing they saw would be irrelevant to the creative pattern of which they themselves were a part. When they came out again — they could easily lose their way, as she herself had done.

had, she realized, been a period of almost uninterrupted strain. Here, high above the city, to all intents and purposes alone with Rick, she could feel the beginning of a relaxation that, if not yet peace of mind, was a closer approach to it than she had been able to make for a long time.

"Rick," she said. "I feel at home here."

They had dined or lunched at the Park Plaza Roof perhaps not more than a dozen times all told, but he knew at once what she meant.

"Yes," he said. "I do, too."

She had turned her head toward the window. When she looked back at Rick, he was watching her intently.

"Tell me about it," he said.

"About Lewis?"

"If that's what is bothering you."

"It isn't," Karen told him. "I'll tell you about that tonight. For the moment, I'll just say that Susan and Lewis and Pete will be all right."

"You speak of them as a unit?"

"They will be. I'm certain of that

would have once again distorted values she was only now getting straight. Here, she could be dispassionate, could accept without regret the inescapable truth that you never get something for nothing, that there is always a price tag attached to anything worth having.

WHEN SHE SPOKE, she did so slowly, but without hesitation or uncertainty. "I can't get it all off my mind now. There isn't time. But I can sum it up in general. Rick, we have a beautiful house full of beautiful and expensive things, but it's smothering us because it has become an end in itself, and because it epitomizes a way of life that is essentially trivial. As long as we go on living in it, we won't really be living at all. We have too much of everything, and we are paying the wrong price for the wrong things. Rowanwood may be a wonderful place in which to grow trees and flowers, but it's not a place where people can grow. Or, at any rate, very many people. It's — it's an evolutionary cul-de-sac."

Rick was really smiling now. "Those are big words."

Karen, grateful to him for easing what could have been an overemotional moment, smiled too. "They are, rather, aren't they? But you agree with me, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

With unnecessary care, Karen set her cocktail glass down on the table in front of her. "How did we let it happen to us? Darling, how did it happen? We never intended to live the way we're living. We didn't start out with the idea of putting so much emphasis on purely material possessions."

"We took the line of least resistance, sweetheart."

"But we fought all the way."

"It was still the line of least resistance."

Beyond the museum, Karen could see the wide green circle of Queen's Park, and farther to the south the downtown skyline of the city, blurred a little by haze and smoke. Looking at that skyline, she was caught up by the quick excitement — quite unlike any other — that was the measure of her own spontaneous identification with its growth. A city with a future, like an individual with a future, could never remain static for long, could not afford to expand indefinitely along the lines of least resistance. The suburbs, as they now existed, were the city's lines of least resistance. The towering buildings to the south were the real yardstick of its stature.

I would, she thought, be more at home on any of those streets lying between me and the lake, than I ever have been in Rowanwood. How did I come to forget it?

Rowanwood might be all right for individuals like Susan and Lewis, who were insulated both by temperament and circumstance from their immediate environment. It could continue to be a pagan paradise for permanent adolescents like Betsey and Harry. But for herself and Rick, it could never be anything other than a cul-de-sac.

She felt Rick's hand close over hers, bringing a familiar strength and reassurance. "It won't be all you think it's going to be. It won't be a complete solution."

"You don't need to tell me that. Last week, perhaps. But not now."

"We will still, in a great many ways, have too much of everything."

"I know," Karen said. "But here we may be able to make it work for us rather than against us. We will know where we are going, and why. That's what really matters. To know where you are going, and why. Even if you never get there."

END



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Look for Shirriff "Hockey Coins" in all fine quality desserts with the Shirriff name. Start to-day to save

all your favorite N.H.L. Hockey Stars.

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SHOPPING with CHATELAINE

BY JEAN BYERS

Look at more than the pattern when buying dinnerware

The pendulum of dinnerware fashion is on the backswing. Leading retailers say women are buying more traditional designs than five years ago. As people tire of too much "togetherness," the separate dining room comes back in vogue and, with it, the gracious art of eating with time-tested accessories.

With the increase of imports from other countries the wide choice of dinnerware can be confusing to the shopper.

China is hard, strong, translucent, non-porous, durable, and generally more expensive. Traditionally for "good," it is made from a china-clay and bone-ash base (England only) or china-clay and feldspar base (Germany, U.S., Japan, and in the past year, England).

Bone china is noted for its strength and whiteness, both characteristics depending on the proportion of bone ash. The best qualities of bone china contain fifty to fifty-five percent bone ash. The feldspar china is very hard with exceptional translucency, observed by placing your hand behind a plate held to the light.

Earthenware is heavier, opaque, and porous under its glaze. Many people use higher-quality earthenware for "best," with a lower grade for daily use. It averages a third or less the price of china and can give excellent service. Poor qualities chip easily and any quality, with sudden heat changes, may "craze" or show tiny cracks in the glaze which will eventually discolor.

Melamine plastic molded dinnerware comes in several qualities. The best will not break, crack or chip as will china and earthenware but it scratches easily and may stain. Special stain removers are available for this ware. Particularly practical for children's use and outdoor living, mothers like it for they can teach youngsters to eat



Make sure there is no dryness on edges where glaze has missed; no wavy rims indicating surplus glaze.

with a full complement of dishes — and no breakage.

To check the quality of any dinnerware, ask the expert in the shop. Balance a plate in your hand — it should have good weight for its size. Too light may mean early breakage, too heavy will be awkward to handle. Hold a dinner plate horizontally at eye level and turn it slowly around to discover any shape distortion. Check that cup handles have been affixed neatly, in perfect line, and are not rough on the inside. On both china and earthenware make sure there is no dryness at the edges of dishes where the glaze has missed, or any wavy, uneven appearance on rims to indicate surplus glaze. Good quality earthenware should not craze. Slant a plate in direct light and look for pinholes in the glaze which could craze or discolor. Make sure any pattern is for design and not to cover defects.

If you have a dishwasher choose a dinnerware pattern with a minimum of gold or platinum trim. Many of the new ones are decorated to withstand high heat and deter-

gents, but many will not and may lose their gold, or have the pattern fade.

Prices vary according to quality, amount and type of decoration, labor costs, and quantity purchased at one time. Look for manufacturer specials on sixteen-piece "starter sets" or "six for five" place settings. New high-quality "translucent" (a feldspar type) china from England averages half the price of bone china. Many inexpensive Oriental imports are excellent — others are low quality for the low price. Good buys of Japanese china are the complete services for twelve, with six extra cups. They aren't open stock but they give years of use.

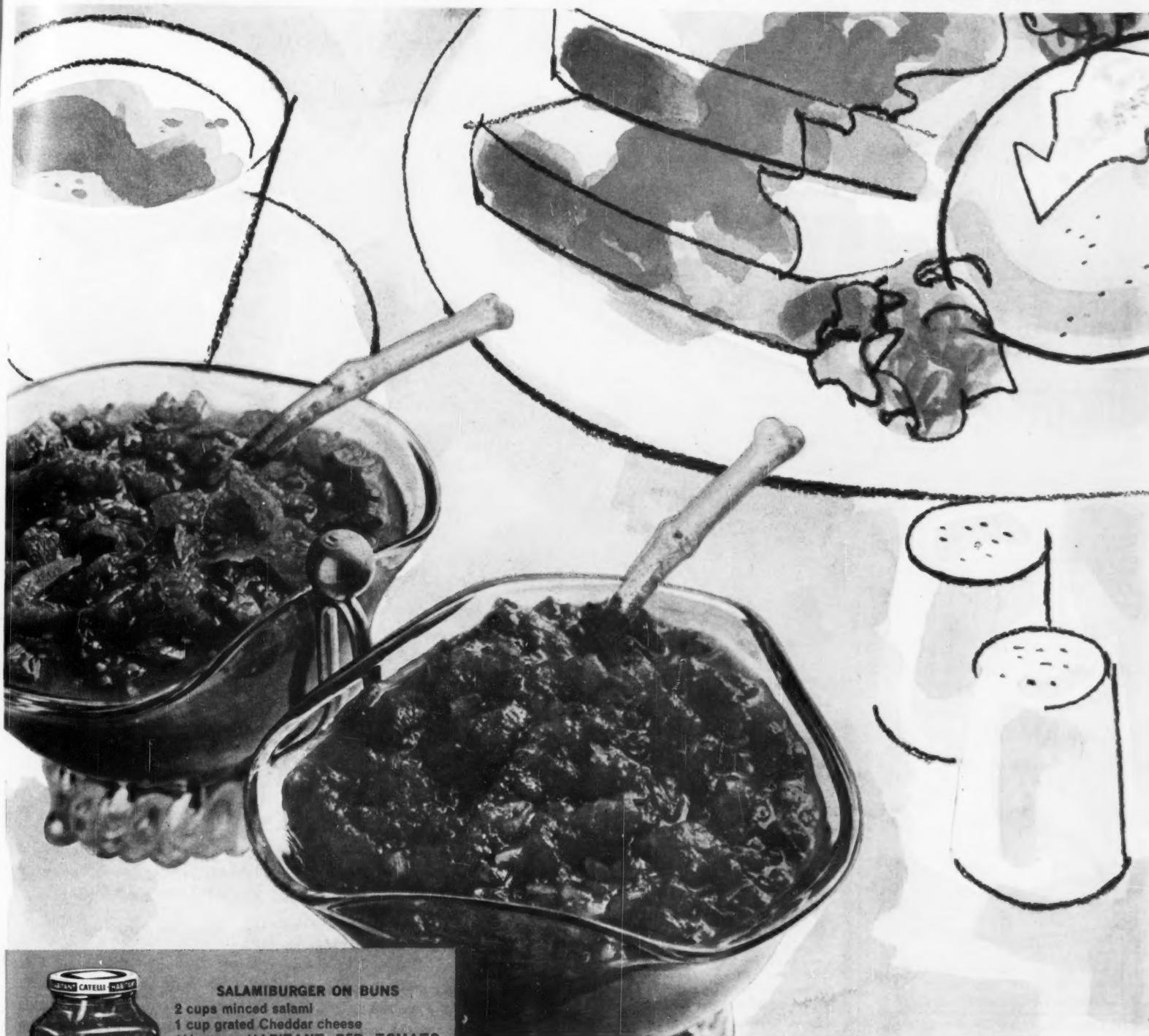
Open stock means *only* that a pattern can be bought by the piece as well as the set. Most retailers suggest you complete your set in three to five years; and always check with the store as to how long a pattern may be available. A point not often known about open stock, is that separate cups, lids, creamers, and so on, can be ordered from most reputable dealers without the matching piece.

END



Look for this seal. It's your guide to good shopping value

HABITANT... traditional French Canadian cuisine



SALAMIBURGER ON BUNS
 2 cups minced salami
 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
 1½ cups HABITANT RED TOMATO CHOW-CHOW
 Green pepper
 8 hamburger buns
 Combine salami, cheese and Chow-Chow. Spoon over hamburger buns, garnish with green pepper strips. Broil 3 to 5 minutes. Serve hot with crisp salad.
 YIELD: 8 servings.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE
 (Yield: 6 servings)
 Soak 1 lb. sliced and cleaned beef kidneys about 25 min. in salted cold water; drain. Brown 1 lb. sliced round steak in 4 tbsp oil. Add kidneys, 2 tsps salt, ½ tsp pepper, 2 cups sliced onions and 3 cups water. Simmer, covered 1½ to 2 hours. Place meat into a 2 qt. casserole. Thicken 1½ cups gravy with mixture of 4 tbsp flour and 6 tbsp cold water. Add 1 tbsp Worcestershire sauce; correct seasonings. Pour over meat; cool. Cover with plain pastry. Bake at 450°F, 10 min. Reduce to 350°F, and bake 35 min. Serve with HABITANT GREEN TOMATO CHOW-CHOW.

discover the menu magic of
Chow-Chow

Every food turns out so much better with Habitant Chow-Chow. Habitant makes Chow-Chow according to old and traditional French Canadian recipes, brim full of tangy spices and red or green tomatoes from this autumn's particularly fine harvest.

Habitan's Red Chow-Chow has a *home-made* flavour that adds to the finest of foods . . . gives extra zest to budget menus. Serve Green Chow-Chow as a tasty relish with meat or fish. Try both Habitant farm-style Chow-Chows this weekend.

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Dora's DOWN

MENSTRUAL PAIN

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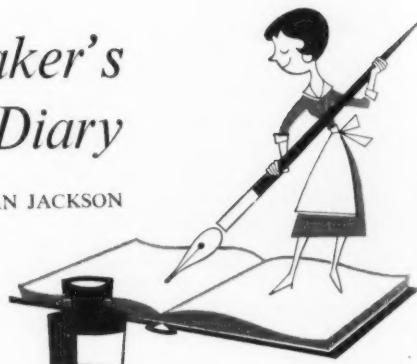
DECEMBER 17

PO-60-1M

CANADA POST OFFICE

Homemaker's Diary

By JOAN JACKSON



Christmas-tree shopping

It's a good idea to buy your Christmas tree early if you have a place to keep it moist and cool until you're ready to set it up in the house. By buying the tree two to three weeks before Christmas you can select the size, shape and kind you want and it will be fresh, not dried out from exposure on the lot.

Ask the salesman to saw off a piece of the trunk at an angle to open the pores. Then as soon as you bring the tree home, pour cold water all over it and stand it in a container of water on a sheltered side of the house. When you put the tree up in the house set it in a pail of water and replenish the water each day. The best way to fireproof a tree is to buy it fresh and keep it in water so that it will stay fresh.

Stains on carpets

A cotton-batting "snow bank" on top of an old, white sheet under your Christmas tree will prevent pitch, resin and pine-needle stains on your rug. Then too, by catching the needles as they fall, a sheet makes your cleanup easier. If you do not use a sheet and stains occur, you can remove them by sponging with a grease solvent.

to trees, shrubs and flowers. Also, though sand tracked into the house may be a nuisance, it will not stain floors and rugs as salt will.

For a bright Christmas table

An old linen tablecloth that has worn thin or even through in places can be turned into a bright Christmas cloth for your table. Tint the cloth whatever color you desire in your washing machine, following the instructions in your owner's manual. Cover the worn spots with appliqués of contrasting colors in designs of holly or poinsettias.

How to clean up snow boots

A thorough treatment with a silicone waterproofing liquid or spray will protect your snow boots from unsightly salt stains. A light salt stain can sometimes be removed with this same solution, but if the stain is very bad it will be necessary to scrub the leather with mild detergent suds. Rinse thoroughly but do not soak the leather.

Wax makes shoveling easier

A coat of paraffin wax on the edge of your snow shovel will prevent the snow from sticking to the shovel and make your job much easier.

Make a Terry-towel Teddy



You can make a washable, chewable Teddy bear for your baby from an old discarded bath towel. Following the instructions for fast dyeing, dye the towel brown. Then use a commercial pattern to cut out the Teddy bear from the towel and stuff it with crushed foam rubber. Embroider the face but do not use buttons or tufts of wool for trim that baby could swallow. END

Stop candles from dripping

Your Christmas candles will burn evenly and without drips if you chill them overnight in the refrigerator before using.

Sand or salt that icy walk?

Sand, instead of salt, is recommended for icy walks and driveways because salt washed off into surrounding soil can cause damage

A CARP CALLED PETER
Continued from page 39

the Allied air raids had done much damage. And, besides, we felt snug and safe at home. Who would want to hurt three women, we asked ourselves, and agreed that no one would. So we stayed put, and tried to silence our doubts when, at night, the distant sky was lighted with the flashes of battle.

In fact, it was not the war but the approaching Christmas that worried us that December. Christmas is never simple in Hungary. It involves a ritual, old traditions and a menu that few are reckless enough to slight. It is not only that one eats well; it is also what one eats that counts. Thus, for a month or more, all three of us devoted many of our waking hours and some of our dreams to planning and scheming.

Her hoard kept growing

I had been an actress not long out of the National Academy of Theatre Arts. My aunt, in her younger days, had been a ballerina. Among the three of us, we had accumulated a houseful of things that could be traded for food. A lace tablecloth brought us a jar of honey; a bag of flour was provided by a peasant who fancied our lamp for his own home. Little by little, my mother's hoard of sugar, of goose fat, of the burning-hot paprika that comes from the Plain of Szeged in the south, of wine and walnuts kept growing. There really was not much of anything. Yet, there was enough for a miniature, but traditional, Christmas meal.

While I studied my play (it was Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* that December) my mother and aunt sat in the kitchen and discussed, with an inexhaustible fervor, what they would cook, and how. My mother was the better talker, but my aunt was the better cook, and I knew that when Christmas Eve came around the meal would bear my aunt's magic touch.

For nine out of every ten Hungarians the Christmas menu had been unchanged for generations. They started the meal with a hot wine soup, a thick and heady brew made of Tokay wine and fruit. After that came fried fish—usually carp from the Danube—eaten with a mustard or tartare sauce, and washed down with many toasts of more Tokay. The

Continued on page 103

Festive as the Holiday Season!



Magic Christmas Cake

2 cups seedless raisins
1 cup currants
1½ cups separated seeded raisins
1½ cups drained red maraschino or candied cherries (or a mixture of red cherries and green candied cherries)
1 cup almonds
1 cup cut-up pitted dates
1½ cups slivered or chopped mixed candied peels and citron
½ cup cut-up candied pineapple or other candied fruits
1 tbsp. finely-chopped candied ginger
3 cups sifted pastry flour or 2½ cups sifted hard-wheat flour
1½ tsps. Magic Baking Powder
¾ tsp. salt
1½ tsps. ground cinnamon
½ tsp. grated nutmeg
½ tsp. ground ginger
¼ tsp. ground mace
¼ tsp. ground cloves
1 cup butter
1¼ cups lightly-packed brown sugar
6 eggs
¼ cup molasses
½ cup cold strong coffee

Wash and dry the seedless raisins and currants. Wash and dry the seeded raisins, if necessary, and cut into halves. Cut cherries into halves. Blanch the almonds and cut into halves. Prepare the dates, peels and citron, candied pineapple or other fruits, and ginger.

Sift together 3 times, the flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, mace and cloves; add prepared fruits and nuts, a few at a time, mixing until fruits are separated and coated with flour.

Cream the butter; gradually blend in the sugar. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition; stir in molasses. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with coffee, combining thoroughly after each addition. Turn batter into a deep 8-inch square cake pan that has been lined with three layers of heavy paper and the top layer greased with butter; spread evenly.

Bake in a slow oven, 300°, 2½ to 3 hours. Let cake stand in its pan on a cake cooler until cold. Store in a crock, or wrap in waxed paper and store in a tin.

A few days before cake is to be cut, top with almond paste and ornamental icing; just before cutting, cake may be decorated attractively.

A glorious Christmas Cake you'll be proud to serve . . . because you made it *yourself!* Here's tender fruit cake laden with sumptuous fruits, nuts and candied peel . . . every fine ingredient protected with Magic to give you a superb cake every time! Bake one for the family . . . and several for holiday gifts. It's easy when you make it with Magic!



Great new way to go places!



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GO TCA VANGUARD

Built by Vickers...powered by Rolls-Royce

FIRST THE VISCOUNT



THEN THE DC8 JET



**AND NOW...A GREAT
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THE TCA FLEET!**

Early in 1961, the most modern airliner of its type will go into service in Canada: TCA's turbo-prop Vanguard! As TCA's fleet of 23 of these aircraft is delivered, Vanguard Service will be extended to all main centres across Canada, to the United States, and south to Tampa (Florida), Bermuda, Nassau and the Caribbean. All Vanguards will provide two classes of service for every travel purpose and for every purse.

The Vanguard is built by the makers of the famous Viscount—Vickers-Armstrongs, a member company of the British Aircraft Corporation. Like the Viscount—and TCA's DC-8 Jets, too—the Vanguard is powered by Rolls-Royce, offering TCA's passengers in 1961 a truly great new way to go places!

VANGUARD
**SERVICE BEGINS
IN EARLY 1961**

AIR CANADA



I'm surprised it's so BIG!

That's the first thing that strikes everyone, experienced traveller or "first flight".

There's plenty of headroom in the Vanguard. Wide aisles. Roomy seats that lift up like those in a theatre, each with its own table. More than twice as big as the Viscount, the Vanguard carries 96 passengers comfortably.



How fast is the Vanguard?

It flies at 425 mph., shows point-to-point times which are comparable with pure-jet aircraft on all but long-distance flights. And when you get to your destination, you can get off quickly. The Vanguard has two doors, each with its own, built-in "air steps". Toronto to Montreal will take only 70 minutes, Vancouver to Edmonton 1 hour 45 mins., Montreal-Moncton 1 hour 25 mins.



What a wonderful view!

Flying is more fun when you can see out so easily. The big oval windows in the Vanguard are perfect for snapping pictures in the air, or for watching the changing panorama beneath you. Any trip is a pleasure trip on the Vanguard.



Is the Vanguard a jet?

The Vanguard, like the Viscount, is of the type sometimes called "jet-prop"—that is, it has turbine engines which drive propellers. TCA calls this type "turbo-prop", to avoid confusion with "pure" jets such as the Rolls-Royce DC-8. The Vanguard engines are Rolls-Royce "Tyne" turbines.

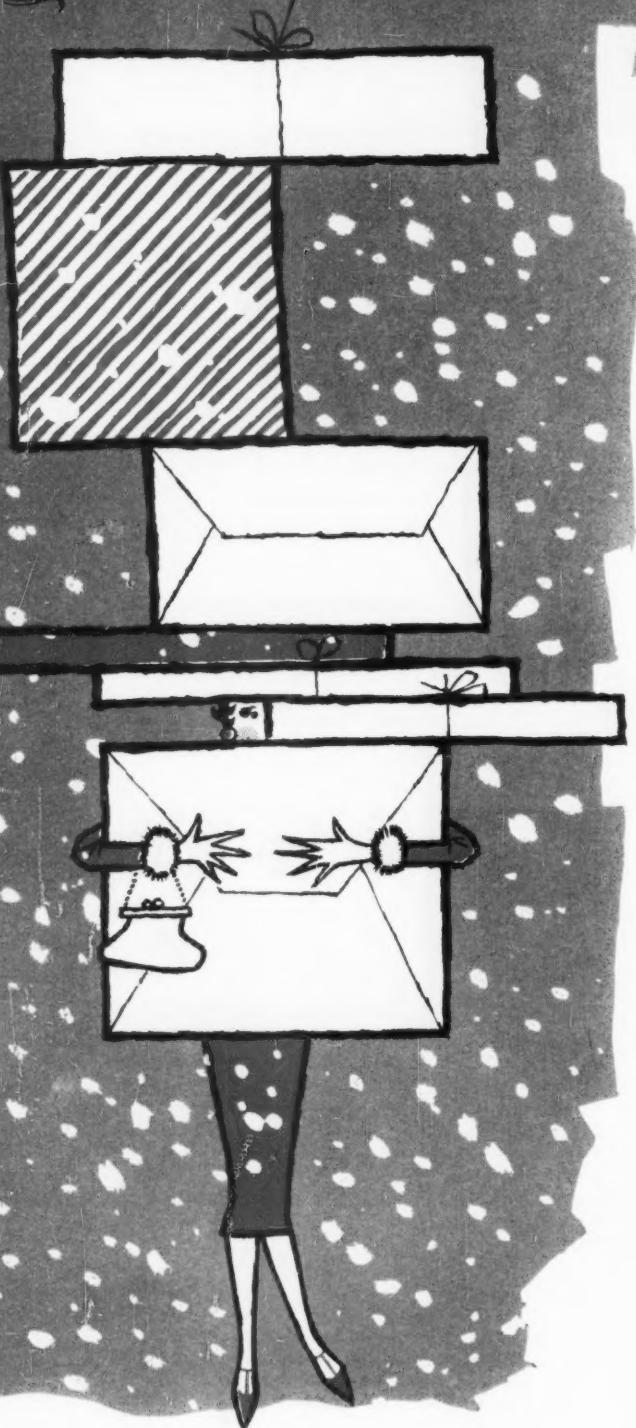


And how comfortable!

That's the main impression you'll carry away with you. Soft seats, "hi-fi" music, restful lighting, pleasing colours. Your meal comes piping hot from one of two gleaming galleys. There are four roomy washrooms, with full headroom. Passenger comfort has been the first consideration in designing the Vanguard.



Christmas Gift Suggestions



SPARKLING SODA AT HALF THE PRICE! . . .

Discriminating friend? Give the new Hostmaster "SPARKLETS" SYPHON — so convenient with the "built-in" soda-maker. Just needs water! Wonderful mixer . . . lasts a lifetime . . . delivers fresh soda whenever needed. No bottles to return. Sparklets Syphon plus 3 refills (makes 3 full syphons) — only \$14.95. Additional refills — ten for \$1.25. Glowing colors of Ruby, Old Gold, Pearl Green, Pearl Grey. Also deluxe models at \$23.50. In drug and department stores everywhere.



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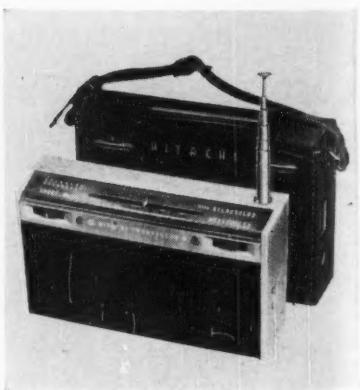
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A touch of luxury that makes an unusual and welcome Christmas gift. Yet so economical. Size 8 to 9 sq. ft. Non-slip backing. Will last a life-time. Attractively Christmas-packed in a polyethylene bag that has a hundred other uses. Available at department stores everywhere. Choose them in snow white, honey beige and other colors. Ask for "MOUTONIA" Lamb-Skin Rugs. Or write "MOUTONIA," 121 Prescott Ave., Toronto, Ont.



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That "lucky someone" will remember your thoughtfulness and your good judgment wherever he goes with this FLEETWOOD 8-transistor radio, (model WH-822). Compact yet full toned. Short and long wave. Plug-in earphone for personal listening. Grey or coral with leather carrying-case. Beautifully gift-boxed.



HOUSE OF LORDS . . . a distinguished gift

Would he like cigars? Then he'll appreciate a gift of House of Lords. Famous for their select Havana tobacco, House of Lords come in a variety of shapes . . . from the popular Panetelas to Corona De Luxe, the ultimate in fine cigars. Look for the famous red seal and pick up several gift boxes of 25's . . . they're ideal for Christmas giving.



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The Smith-Corona Galaxie is lightning-fast — the world's fastest portable. It's bright, modern, stylish — available in six two-tone combinations. And it has **all** the features that make typing easier, more fun. Make a Smith-Corona Galaxie the **big** gift this Christmas.

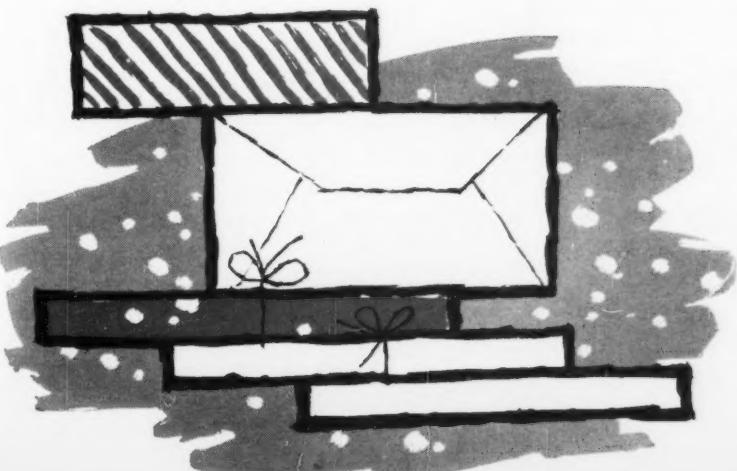


A NEWLANDS BEGINNER'S KNIT KIT

is just the gift to gladden the heart of your favourite little girl on Christmas morning. Not a toy, but a complete knitting kit. Includes regular needles, four balls of

Newlands yarn in your choice of five different colour combinations, and a special Beginner's Booklet of instructions, all in a portable plastic container. It's a gift any little girl would love to find under the tree.

Just \$1.98 at your favourite wool counter.



Continued from page 99

meal was rounded off with *beigli* — long, strudel-like cakes, filled either with poppy seed cooked in honey or with walnuts. On Christmas Day, as one went visiting, at each home he was offered a few slices of the rich sweet pastry. To decline was to offend the hostess, and when, at sunset, the guest staggered home, he could only suffer and curse.

Two weeks before Christmas we took stock of our supplies, and decided we had enough of everything. Everything that is, except for the most important item. We had no carp, and without it we had nothing, for the fish was the backbone of the meal. Yet, the war kept the catch down, and what little was brought to market was sold to the first few buyers.

"What shall we do?" my aunt asked in Sarah Bernhardt's most tragic tones. "Without carp, we can't celebrate Christmas."

"I tried again this morning," my mother said apologetically. "I got there before seven, but the fish was all gone."

We sat there unhappily, and schemed, and could think of no solution. Then my mother's face brightened, and without a word she went into her bedroom to rummage in the fat dresser — a sure sign she was looking for something that could be bartered. "Don't wait for me for lunch," she said mysteriously, "I shall be busy," and then she was gone. Through a window I watched her walk purposefully down the road, with a pail in her hand.

The sun had already gone down behind the mountains when mother returned. She was hungry and her face was dark with exhaustion. Yet, she sounded triumphant.

A carp swam in our bathtub

"I've got it," she announced, and set the pail down on the table. I raised the rag that covered the pail and looked inside. There in grey water, a foot-long carp was swimming nervously.

"Mother," I said with irritation, "what are we going to do with this thing? Christmas is two weeks away."

"It's all right," mother said airily. "I thought of everything. We'll just keep it alive in the bathtub until the day before Christmas."

She had decided, mother told us, that if the fishermen did not bring their catch to the market, she would go to the fishermen. She had taken

two embroidered pillow slips with her, and started out, along the Danube, to the little settlements lying out of town. In each village she made the terms of the bargain public: two slips for one live carp. She must have walked seven or eight miles before she ran into a fisherman who was interested. He fingered the slips, scratched his head, and finally decided to make the deal. The carp was a bit small, but, mother said, "It looked so happy, I knew it was just right for us. In any case, we'll fatten him out."

"Do you think he thinks"

Thus it was that our tub was filled with water, and the carp moved into it. We fed bread crumbs to it, and kept running to the bathroom to see if he was alive — and eating. That night I heard both mother and my aunt slip out of their beds and creep into the bathroom for a quick look. On the second day, looking at the bread floating messily in the water, we agreed that we would feed the carp only three times a day, at certain hours, and none of us would cheat by sneaking in extra snacks.

At night the sky was lighted by flashes of gunfire, and now and then we could even hear the distant thunder of guns. More German units kept moving back into town, and now we saw long convoys of trucks and ambulances bringing in the wounded. Our friends were becoming more insistent in urging us to move into town. Yet, there was a nice, almost smug, mood in the house. We now had our Christmas meal, complete with carp. The thing we feared was that the carp might not live long enough.

Nothing apparently was farther from the carp's mind. He swam busily around the tub, now in one direction, now in another. Or he lay on the bottom of the tub and slept. Now and then he surfaced, to see if we were casting more bread upon the water. Soon the evening came when I found both my mother and aunt sitting comfortably by the tub and watching the carp. He must have been somewhat of an exhibitionist, for he raced around the course, then slowed down abruptly, then reversed himself and raced again. "Do you think he thinks?" my aunt asked. And, "Do you think he has a family? I mean somewhere in the Danube?" And, a bit irrelevantly, my mother replied, "You know what? I think he is getting fatter!"

One evening, my aunt raised her



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In case after case, while gently relieving pain actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

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eyes from an album of her old ballet photographs and, very firmly, said, "Peter!" I was used to such exclamations, and I waited. "Peter," she said again. "That's what we'll call him. We can't just keep talking forever of it"—she pointed at the bathroom door—"as 'it'." I never argued with my aunt, for she loved all living beings and she had names for most of those she encountered, and I did not argue this time. Our carp had been christened Peter.

"You're going to kill him"

It would be an exaggeration to say that Peter had become a member of our family, but we certainly seemed to worry more about him than about each other. When he slept too long, either mother or my aunt would say, "Do you think he's sick?" And when he performed, the two women did not know whether to admire him or worry that he might be wearing himself out. There were also long discussions on how we might vary his diet. "Do you suppose Peter is tired of just bread and nothing else?" At this point, I set my foot down. I did not want them to throw Peter any crushed walnut or honeyed poppy seed. "You're going to kill him," I said sternly, "and then we won't have any Christmas Eve dinner!" That stopped it.

Several things happened on December 23. We were awakened by the roar of planes overhead, and, later, by the sound of artillery fire. Wrapped in our blankets, and frightened, we looked out of the window on the scene below. Much of the valley was now covered with snow, except for the black ribbon of the main road. At the head of the valley, we could see the flashes of artillery fire—for the first time in daylight. Here and there smoke billowed into the sky. The road was covered with the retreating Nazis, on foot or in trucks, ambulances, half-tracks and command cars. Still so far away they looked no larger than pinheads, tanks and self-propelled guns were firing into the distance from behind houses. On the mountainside small clusters of men were digging foxholes and setting up machine-gun nests.

We turned on Radio Budapest. The government still sounded heroically defiant. But it also supplied the first hints of defeat. Some of the streetcar lines had been suspended. The citizens were urged to fill their pots and pans with water, and to make sure

candles were handy. They were also advised not to go out into the streets unless it was essential. We did go out, to talk to the few neighbors who had not fled into the city. We stood in the icy and penetrating wind, stomped our feet in the snow, and sought comfort in replies to questions none around us was qualified to answer. Were we safe there? Would the Germans set our homes on fire as they retreated? Would the Russians bomb us?

Then, strangely reassured, we trekked home—and into the bathroom to see how Peter was taking it all. He seemed quite unconcerned. Slowly, he swam around and around the tub. It was as if he were taking his morning constitutional. We threw some unscheduled crumbs on the water, and then stood there watching.

My mother and aunt began to prepare for the next day's feast. The flour was kneaded into dough, the walnuts were shelled, the poppy seed was cooked with honey and raisins, the wine was brought out of the cellar. It was just one meal for three women, but by the looks and smells of that kitchen it was to be a feast for Lucullus and his guests. And all through these busy hours of preparation and cooking, there was the muted thunder of guns in the distance.

When night came, we did not turn on the lights. Far, far away in the valley fires were burning. The guns kept at it without a respite. We all sat silent. A few times my mother or my aunt lighted a candle and went to take a look at Peter. We retired early, and several times I thought I heard the two women cry. Once I called to my aunt. "Do not cry, sweet one, we're safe here." Through tears, she replied, in a surprised voice, "Afraid? I am not afraid." Still later, I heard her shuffle into the bathroom and heard her whisper. If she was not talking to herself, she must have been talking to Peter.

The explosion came about noon of the day before Christmas. It was caused by neither the Germans nor the Russians. My aunt looked at me fiercely and said, "I'll not allow it!" I did not understand her but my mother obviously did, for she nodded energetically in agreement. "You will not allow what, sweet one?" I asked. "We can't kill Peter," she said. "I won't kill him. She won't kill him. And we won't let you kill him."

Clearly, they had been plotting while I slept. They must have cried for Peter's fate through most of the

night, these two old, lovable, sentimental women, and when morning came, and the battle raged in the valley below, they must have at last agreed on the ultimatum to me.

I was in my very early twenties then, and, with my acting experience, I already thought of myself as quite worldly and reasonably hard-shelled. Yet the idea of killing Peter, our friendly, well-fed and contented Peter, struck me for the first time as something incredibly horrible. For a moment I stared at my aunt, and then all three of us were crying like children. We sat around the table, each of us with her face cradled in the crook of her arm, and we sobbed uncontrollably—and with undisguised relief. "Sweet ones," I finally said, "my loves, I don't want to kill Peter."

When the sobs had died down and we had hugged each other and mopped up each other's cheeks, we all went to look at Peter. He was asleep. For once, we woke him, just for the joy of seeing him move about. Then we held a counsel—not of war but of life. We agreed that we could not indefinitely keep Peter in the tub. He was getting to be pretty big. Besides, one could not take chances with the war. We certainly could not risk Peter's life if bombs started falling.

Thus, in the early afternoon, my mother and I bundled ourselves in warm clothing, put Peter into a water-filled bucket, threw some crumbs in to keep him happy, and started down the road. My aunt was left behind to keep an eye on the house. I carried a small hatchet, though not for self-protection. We were headed for the Danube, about two miles away.

"What have you got there?"

It was probably the longest walk of my life. Once we came down into the city, we found the streets jammed with military traffic. The Germans looked grim and tired. Some of the Hungarian soldiers joked, "What have you got there, grandmother? Gold or goulash?" We were too cold, and too tired, and too preoccupied with our mission to return the jokes. Silently, taking turns at carrying the pail that seemed heavier with every block, we moved on across to Buda, down its narrow alleyways and past its old, old, faded-red and yellow Mittel-Europa buildings, with locked gates, large windows and steep roofs.

Eventually, we reached the quay, and walked down the steps to the river. The Danube is half a mile wide

here, and dirty grey. It seldom freezes all across, but there is usually a thick crust of ice by the shore. Mother sat down on a step, and set the pail next to her. I went down to the ice and with my hatchet began to chop a hole. When it was about a foot square, we brought the pail down and tipped it.

After all the emotion and all the preparations, it turned out to be very simple. In a second Peter slipped out of the pail and vanished in the hole. I don't know why, but we stood there for a few minutes. Perhaps we were hoping to catch another glimpse of him. But Peter did not return, and silently we climbed up on the quay again and trudged home.

Christmas was bittersweet

When we returned the house smelled of baking and cooking, of honey and sugar and wine. While we were away my aunt had been preparing the feast. But it was still too early to eat, and both my mother and I were exhausted. Oddly, there was also the feeling of a loss, as if someone very close to us had left. We went to sleep—heavily, and without dreams. When we woke, the table had been set with a white damask tablecloth, our good silver, and candles, and my aunt was, quite unnecessarily, rattling pots and pans in the kitchen.

We ate our wine soup, and then, for the main course, the peasants' delicacy, *makos guba*, which is sweet and heavy boiled dough dipped in honey and poppy seed. We ended it, leisurely, with the two kinds of *beigli*, the walnut one and the poppy seed, and we drank toasts. We drank to the end of the mad and dreadful war, to happiness, to each other's health. We sang the traditional Noël song:

An angel from Heaven
Has come down to you,
Shepherds, shepherds!
Hurry at once
Towards Bethlehem
And you shall see, you shall see
The Son of God, who was born
today . . .

Late, late on this bittersweet eve of Christmas, when the candles were long burned out and we were filled with food and contentment, mother said, "I hope Peter is all right." Drowsily, I thought of our Peter and wished him well and, suddenly, I felt an odd kind of happiness that I had not felt before, or since. END

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Perhaps you may feel that the ideals voiced by the Savior nearly 2,000 years



ago cannot be applied in our modern times. And possibly you will not understand the practical meaning of Christ's references to "the meek," or "the poor in spirit," or "they who hunger and thirst for justice." In that case, we are happy to help you—without cost or obligation.

We shall be glad to send you free on your request, an interesting pamphlet explaining the meaning of the words Christ used in the beginning of the Sermon on the Mount...and how you can apply them to achieve a fuller, richer Christian life. It will come to you in a plain wrapper—and nobody will call on you. Write today for your free copy of Pamphlet No. CH-29.

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Chatelaine's Eveleen Dollery fastens Joan Crawford's \$150,000 marquise-diamond-set watch. Wedding ring of baguette diamonds is worth \$35,000.

JOAN CRAWFORD

Continued from page 28

as I do myself to this day...No, the children definitely aren't spoiled."

"What advice do you give your children about choosing friends," I asked, "and about what kind of person to marry?" The question was dismissed abruptly: "They have to choose their own friends—and mates. No one can impose that kind of guidance on any one else."

And discipline? Joan considered before she answered. "Self-discipline can't be imposed on one person by another. It must come from within. It can't work any other way."

Had she ever consulted a psychiatrist, I asked. "Are you kidding?" she shot back. "I'm too sensible for that. If I have a problem I go for a walk, face up to it, solve it, then drop it like a coat—unless," she added, smiling, "it's mink."

Joan Crawford's helter-skelter childhood and early start in show business ruled out much formal schooling. She reached grade six, she told us, "but every day of my life I study, I learn something new." When she moved from the west coast to New York last year, she said, she gave away three thousand books. "But I kept my Encyclopaedia Britannica, Shakespeare, Shaw, art books, Wilde...I have forty first editions. Of all, my favorite is probably Romain Rolland's Jean Christophe."

What commonly asked question does she find most irritating? Joan scowled, raised her voice to falsetto and whined, "When did you have your face lifted?" She hammered out her next words, "I do not have, and never have had, my face lifted!"

What does she find irritating in other women? "The giggler," Joan said, "the woman who giggles at anything and everything. Worse still, the baby-talker. Coyness is bad at twenty, worse at thirty, unbearable at forty, and, after that..." She shuddered.

"And women who mention their age—either as an excuse or a boast—are in a box," added the star of thirty-five years' standing.

Since she does not diet to keep her figure in trim, I asked, does she follow some routine of exercise? Joan left the table, swung the television set clear from the wall, removed her shoes and hat, shuffled her heels to the baseboard and flattened her spine along the wall until a piece of paper wouldn't slip through. "That," she said, walking away as erect as a cadet, "is my exercise."

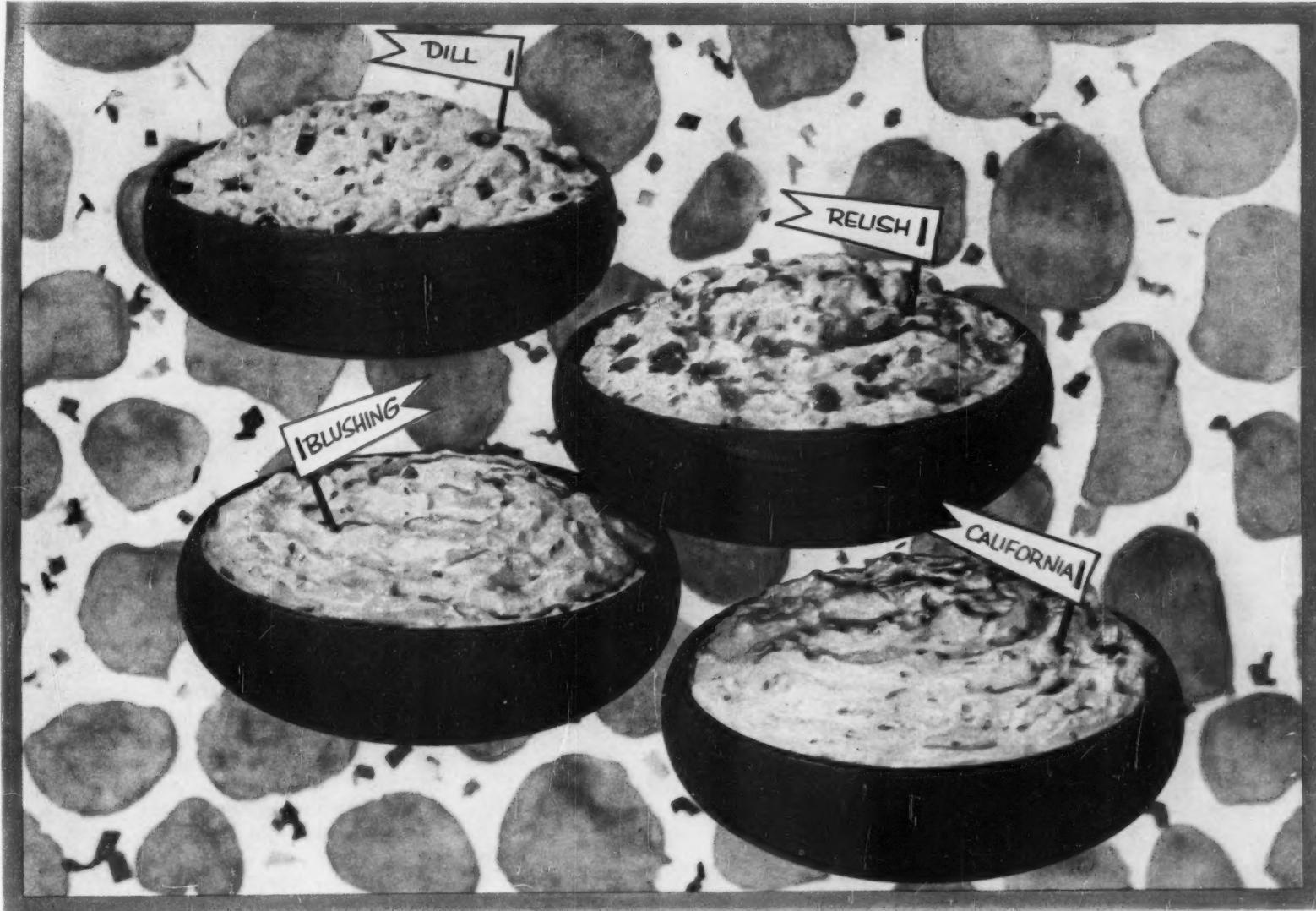
Two hours had passed. Suddenly, she remembered her next appointment. She looked at her watch. "I've got four minutes to make it." She gathered up her hat and shoes, excused herself and vanished into the next room. Before we had finished our coffee she was back. She had changed completely from head to toe. Now she was in black and white—black straw picture hat, white-bodiced, black-skirted dress topped by a black, white-lined coat flowing free from the shoulders.

The seconds were slipping by but she walked unhurriedly with us to the door. We said our good-bys. "Thank you for coming," she said. "I wish you the very best," she added as we made our way down the corridor to the elevator.

END

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Mix well and refrigerate

Lipton Relish & Ginger Dip

1 package Lipton Onion Soup
1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup commercial sour cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet pickle relish, drained
1 tsp. soy sauce
2 tbsp. finely chopped candied ginger
Dash of salt
($\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped water chestnuts makes it extra smooth)
Mix well and refrigerate

Lipton Blushing Bowl Dip

1 package Lipton Onion Soup
1 pint commercial sour cream
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chili sauce
1-2 tsp. horseradish
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Tabasco
Mix well and refrigerate

Lipton Dill Dip

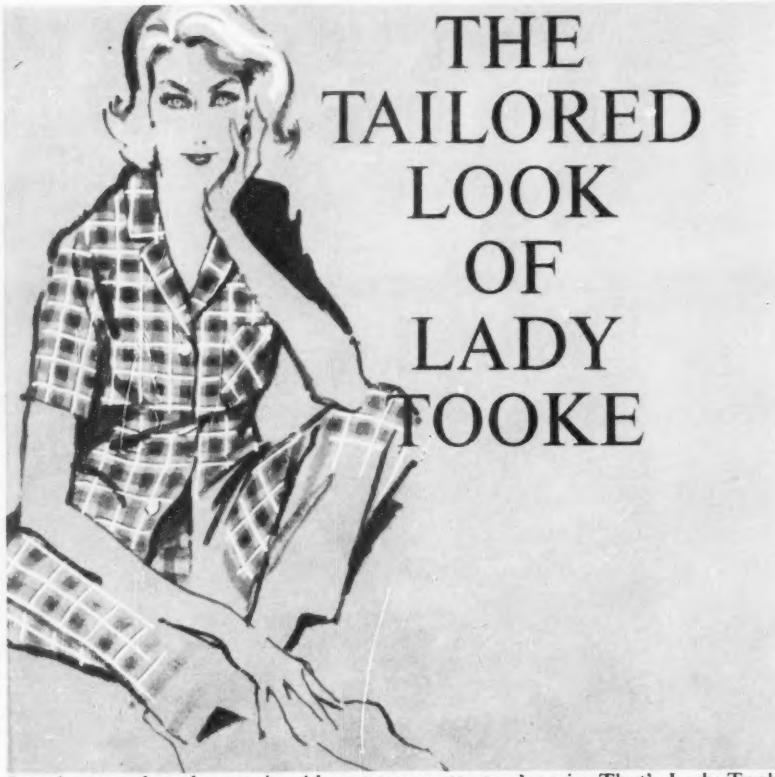
1 package Lipton Onion Soup
1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup commercial sour cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped dill pickle
1 tsp. soy sauce
Dash of salt
Mix well and refrigerate



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YOUR CHILD BEHAVIOR



How can I teach my child to be TIDY?

By ALTON GOLDBLOOM, MD

● Every mother would like to be able to boast that her child is neat, that he is nicely methodical, never litters, has a place for everything and needs no "picking up after." Alas, few children are naturally tidy—and, as a matter of fact, I should be a bit concerned about young children who are too tidy.

At this time of year, what with preparations for the holiday season, with gift-giving and gift-getting and with cleaning up afterward, tidiness becomes even more of a problem than usual. So let's see what can be done about it.

Well, mother, what about yourself? What about your husband? Are you good examples of neatness and tidiness? Bernard Shaw said something to the effect that you do not keep your pipe in your mouth while whipping your boy for smoking.

Neatness and tidiness are disciplines, and in all disciplines we must consider the person who disciplines, the person who is disciplined, and their respective personalities. Do a little soul-searching, a little self-analysis.

Whenever I see a child, boy or girl—but particularly a boy—of say, between five and ten, on an ordinary

weekday and for no special occasion, dressed in his Sunday best, clean, sweet-smelling and immaculate, I know that this is the child of a compulsive troubled mother, who probably cannot abide a single thing in her house that is out of its proper place. Pity her child and pity her husband.

When do you start?

When and how do you teach a child to be neat and when do you begin? Obviously, we are not troubled by the "untidiness" of one- or two-year-old. At that age the child is exploring his world and his interest shifts rapidly from one object to another. The moment his interest lags, he drops one toy and is off to something else. This is normal. I should be deeply concerned over any young child whose attention is fixed for too long on any one object or activity; that way may lie trouble. To throw things on the floor is for the one- or two-year-old a new-found pleasure, a discovery that with a movement of an arm he can impart motion to objects. His joy and wonder and interest is insatiable. If you are wise, mother,

you should not be annoyed by this behavior.

Orderliness does not ever develop naturally in any child. It must be taught, but it must be taught gradually. If you have a rumpus room the problem is much easier, because here you have an area where a child's untidiness can be given full play while it is limited by house rule to this room. Children tend to obey the rules of the house. Children need in these matters something of school discipline, which they respect. A child will yield to a mother who can achieve the dual personality of being a living parent and a gentle but demanding schoolteacher.

Make tidiness a game

The discipline of neatness can be made a game—a game with rules, with wagers and with small rewards. Children love games, will always follow the rules of games, will always want to be first and best at whatever the game might be. The games principle can easily be applied to so many facets of training a child in the disciplines of life which, after all, for all of us is a game with established rules.

You must remember, of course, that naturally the rules for the three-year-olds, for the six-year-olds and for the ten-year-olds must be totally different. You must learn to know how much it is right to expect at each age. Littering at two is to be expected, littering at four is to be tolerated with patience but already with gentle admonitions. From five years on, perhaps, the attempts can be somewhat more disciplinary, not however with any sense of punishment other than the expressions of approval and disapproval.

From five years on the idea of a game begins to take hold in the child's mind, and can be successfully exploited. You must always keep in mind that a game does not connote ruler and subject, but rather companionship and equality, which children love and for which they will do a great deal.

Try playing the game of tidiness with your children. Make wagers with them as to who can be first in putting things away neatly. Being first is the reward. The child cries out with glee, "I won!" or, "I am first!" No other reward is needed; your approval plus the child's personal satisfaction in an achievement is enough. There is no need to multiply

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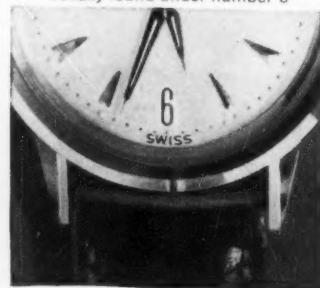
It pays to insist on a quality Swiss jewelled watch—and get the *big difference* that only inside quality of the movement can make. Then you can be sure of true value, accurate time-keeping, and long, trouble-free performance. While such

features as shockproof, waterproof or dustproof can protect a good watch, they can't make a poor watch keep good time. Look first for a quality Swiss jewelled movement. It's jewelled in its very heart to cushion wear... and thoroughly tested to assure performance worthy of the world's finest watch craftsmen.

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THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

examples, but the running of a household where there are children can be greatly simplified by inventing games whose real objects are the accomplishment of a useful end.

To the three-year-old, your approval is reward enough. You should find it enough, for a time at least, even when he passes three, providing you do not lose patience because of your frequent failures, or what is worse, lose confidence in yourself as a mother. As part of the game, too, it is a good idea to let the child be made "mother's little helper," a role all children relish.

There are dozens of such ingenious ways by which the child's interest in co-operation can be enlisted. You must, however, always bear in mind the infinite variations in the personalities and, therefore, in the reactions of children—even children of the same family and the same environment. END



Make Braided Liquorice Baskets

Braid three strings of red liquorice. Shape the braid into a shallow cylinder with a fruit-juice tumbler as a form. Tuck both braid ends securely among the strands at beginning and end. Weave colored toothpicks through strands at sides to hold the basket securely. Remove from tumbler and crisscross toothpicks for the basket base. Bring a single liquorice string across the bottom and weave it up the sides, then tie in a bow to form the basket handle. Fill with candy kisses (recipe on page 60).

THE PROBLEM OF EUROPE'S PRINCESSES — NO ONE TO MARRY

Continued from page 53

be little doubt that it was Sibylla's unrelenting opposition which put an end to any hopes her eldest daughter, Margaretha, may have had of marrying the piano-playing young Briton with whom she once fell in love.

Margaretha had been shipped off to

Britain ostensibly to brush up on her English. Almost certainly, at the back of her mother's mind lurked the hope that something might blow up between her daughter and the eminently eligible young Duke of Kent. Unfortunately, the princess fell in love

not with the duke, but with Robin Douglas-Home, nephew of the man who is now Britain's foreign secretary, who was at that time working for an advertising agency by day, playing the piano in a cocktail bar at night. When Margaretha returned to Sweden with news that they wished to marry, her mother was anything but amused.

Newspapers on both sides of the North Sea had a succession of field days over the events that followed. Robin, having first been informed that marriage between him and the princess was "impossible," was subsequently invited to Stockholm for the royal family to look him over. That was in March 1958. When he returned to Britain it was given out that he would be visiting Stockholm again later — a fact that led to the assumption that Margaretha's mother had withdrawn her opposition.

But the second visit never took place. At the last moment, with his air passage booked and his luggage sent on ahead, Robin announced: "For reasons which must remain private, I have decided not to visit Sweden in the foreseeable future."

PRINCESS ASTRID OF NORWAY



Tall, fair and twenty-eight, she's the younger daughter of widowed King Olav. She has a reputation as a daring skier and skillful yachts-woman (she's taken many national prizes). Pottery and ceramics are her hobbies. Since her mother's death in 1954, she has been virtually first lady of Norway (her eldest sister Princess Ragnhild married a commoner) and constantly acts as hostess for her father. Rumor has it that she herself is in love with a commoner, but she's said she won't marry until her brother, Crown Prince Harald, has first acquired a wife who can take over first-lady duties.

Nor did he. Instead, less than two years later, he married someone else.

Maternal attitudes, national prejudices, age, rank, religion—all these

PRINCESS MARGRETHE OF DENMARK

She's the eldest (twenty) of three daughters of King Frederik and Queen Ingrid, and heiress presumptive to the throne since 1953 (when the Danes amended their thousand-year-old constitution to permit a queen to rule). Almost every



form of athletic exercise interests her; lacking anything else to do, she'll drive to the capital's outskirts and go for a brisk three-mile run. She's an enthusiastic actress, sketches, speaks five languages in addition to her own, and has developed a passionate interest in archaeology which, with international law, she'll study in England at Cambridge University where she'll complete her education.

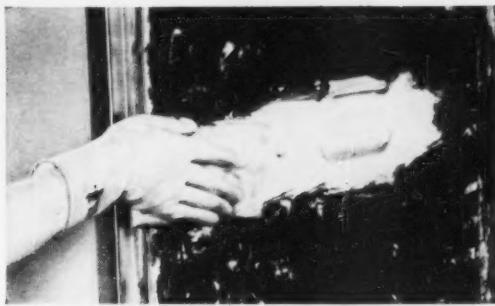
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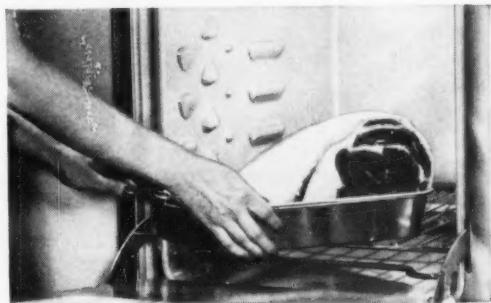
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THE PRETTY ROYAL DAUGHTERS OF SWEDEN



Margaretha

Birgitta

Désirée

Christina

PRINCESS MARGARETHA: The shy, willowy, easy-going daughter of Sweden's widowed Princess Sibylla made headlines when she fell in love with Robin Douglas-Home, piano-playing nephew of Lord Home, now Britain's foreign secretary. But autocratic, German-born Sibylla strongly opposed the match, the romance ended and Douglas-Home married a British model. Schooled in Paris and London, twenty-six-year-old Margaretha's romantic interests are now said to be divided between Prince Philip's twenty-seven-year-old nephew Prince Max of Baden and Hans Ulrich von der Esch, an aristocratic Swedish lawyer six years her senior.

PRINCESS BIRGITTA: She's a corn-blond, lithesome twenty-three—tall, calm, the most athletic of the four Swedish princesses and, according to her sisters, the brightest (though only a "good mediocre" at school). A graduate of the gymnastic college, she's a qualified physical-training instructor. She's also an expert skier (after one lesson her instructor told her not to come back—she was better than he), a racing enthusiast (horses and cars), and is devoted to Latin American dancing.

PRINCESS DÉSIRÉE: Her name perpetuates the memory of Napoleon's friend who married Marshal Bernadotte, the French lawyer's son who became the King of Sweden. Her French blood is revealed in a dark delicate prettiness. She's twenty-two, quick to laugh or cry, graceful and tomboyish by turns. Like her sisters, she has no lavish furs, no expensive jewelry and is accustomed to buying ready-made clothes. Her name has at various times been linked with ex-King Simeon of Bulgaria and Crown Prince Constantine of Greece, two years her junior.

PRINCESS CHRISTINA: At seventeen she's the youngest of King Gustaf's granddaughters, shows signs of developing into the most beautiful. She shows talent for acting, is learning ballet and figure skating. She lives with her sisters in the palace, but dines out frequently in local restaurants, shops in the capital's department stores.

things complicate the husband-hunting hopes of Europe's bachelor princesses. Charles of Luxembourg and Michael of Greece, for instance, are both Roman Catholics, a fact that makes them virtually ineligible as husbands for the princesses of Protestant families.

While the Swedes and Greeks might not mind if their princesses married Germans—in fact, both Queen Fredrika and Princess Sibylla are German-born—the same is not true of the Danes and Dutch. In both those countries, memories of the war years are far from dead and a German bridegroom would be anything but welcome. For the eldest princesses of

both these countries, marriage is something more than a purely personal affair; it is also a constitutional issue. Princess Beatrix will one day succeed to the throne of the Netherlands while Princess Margrethe will one day be queen of Denmark.

Fifty years ago, the present dearth of royal marriage partners would almost certainly have compelled both girls to go through life as spinsters. It would have been a prince or nothing. But times have changed, are still changing. Today, if they lose out in the hunt for a prince, or lose their hearts elsewhere, both girls might still marry "beneath them," as Princess Margaret did. But with this difference:

Because there is little real likelihood that she will ever occupy the throne, Princess Margaret could marry a working photographer. For both Beatrix and Margrethe, because they will one day be queens, the field is narrower. While they may yet marry beneath them, the men they marry will have to be commoners of considerable standing—young aristocrats whose background and breeding fit them for the tricky role of prince consort.

And what of Queen Elizabeth's children, twelve-year-old Prince Charles and ten-year-old Princess Anne? What are their marriage prospects in the years that lie ahead? Possible husbands for Anne among the young princes of Europe include Carl Gustaf, the fourteen-year-old crown prince of Sweden; the two British-

THE GREEK PRINCESSES



Sophie

Irene

PRINCESS SOPHIE: At twenty-two she's slim and fair, speaks excellent English and German as well as Greek. Because of her mother's firm determination that she make a good marriage despite the toughness of the opposition, she's attended most of the top-line royal functions of Europe in recent years. Her name has been romantically linked with Norway's Crown Prince Harald.

PRINCESS IRENE: A slim, fair, vivacious eighteen, she's four years younger than her sister Sophie. She was born in Cape Town during her family's wartime exile. Like her sister, she speaks English and German as well as Greek, and has begun appearing at Europe's royal get-togethers.

educated sons of Prince Friedrich of Prussia, fourteen-year-old Friedrich Nikolaus and twelve-year-old Wilhelm; and Prince Wolf, thirteen, and Prince Georg Paul, eleven, the sons of the Duke of Edinburgh's sister, Sophie.

 **CROWN PRINCE CONSTANTINE OF GREECE**

This blue-eyed, twenty-year-old heir to the Greek throne is generally considered to be the most handsome of Europe's bachelor princes. He's done service in all three branches of the Greek armed forces and, like his sisters, is multilingual. Recently there has been talk of an attachment between him and Sweden's Princess Désirée, though he is some two years her junior.



by her second marriage to Prince Georg of Hanover.

These are early days to be thinking in terms of marriage for Britain's royal youngsters, but when the time comes there is clearly going to be keen competition for the hand of Prince Charles among such marriageable princesses of the future as Xenia of Prussia, eleven-year-old daughter of Prince Louis Ferdinand; eight-year-old Marie of Hanover, daughter of Prince Ernst August; and Victoria, eight-year-old daughter of Prince Friedrich of Prussia. Still, life being what it is, there is always a possibility that either or both of Elizabeth's children may yet follow the example of their "Aunt Margo" and marry outside Europe's royal marriage-ground.

 **PRINCE MICHAEL OF GREECE**

Though, at twenty-one, only a year older than Crown Prince Constantine, he belongs to a different generation. Born when his father was already fifty, he is a cousin of Constantine's father, King Paul. He is also a cousin of Britain's Prince Philip and the Duchess of Kent. Dark and handsome, he divides his time between Athens (where he lives) and Paris (where he studies).



END



a TRADITION TO CHERISH ... your own Christmas baking with Five Roses Flour

Try these time-honoured recipes. They're as much a part of Christmas as holly and mistletoe. And they'll be extra-good because you made them yourself... with Five Roses Flour.

Prize Shortbread

1 cup butter
1/2 cup powdered sugar
1 egg yolk
1/8 tsp. nutmeg
Five Roses Flour

Soften butter slightly, but do not allow it to become oily. Stir in sugar, nutmeg and egg yolk, using a wooden spoon. Add flour, a very little at a time, until mixture is too stiff to work with spoon. Turn onto floured board and knead lightly, drawing in flour all the time until the lump just BEGINS TO CRACK. Roll dough out about 1/4" thick, and cut into squares or rounds. Place on an ungreased cookie sheet and bake at 350°F. for 20 minutes or until delicately browned.

Cranberry Tarts

1 cup chopped dates
1/3 cup chopped nuts
1 1/2 cups cranberry sauce

Combine the dates and nuts with the cranberry sauce. Line your tart tins with flaky pastry made with Five Roses Flour and fill them with the date, nut and cranberry mixture. Arrange twisted strips of pastry across the tarts, lattice fashion, and bake in a hot oven until nicely browned. They may be served plain or with whipped cream.

Light Christmas Cake

5 cups Five Roses Flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking powder
2 cups butter (1 lb.)
2 cups granulated sugar
9 eggs
3 cups bleached sultana raisins
4 cups citron peel cut in strips
2 cups blanched and sliced almonds
1 1/2 cups glacé cherries cut in halves
Grated rind and juice of one lemon

Line 10" fruit cake pan with 2 thicknesses of heavy paper. Grease well. Sift flour, measure and sift again with salt and baking powder. Combine fruits, nuts and lemon rind, dust with a little of measured flour. Cream butter until creamy and light; add sugar gradually, beating between additions. Add eggs, unbeaten, one at a time, beating each one in thoroughly before adding next. If mixture curdles, add a little measured flour, then continue to add eggs. Add dry ingredients gradually, beating between additions. Add lemon juice, fruits and nuts. Fill pan 2/3 full. Bake at 275° to 300°F. for 3 to 3 1/2 hours. Yield: Makes one 6 lb. cake or two 3 lb. cakes baked in 9" x 4" loaf pans.

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FREEZE SPARE



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BY CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

SAVE THE SWEETS

Christmas chocolates, candied fruits and stuffed dates can all be frozen. First wrap in airtight-moistureproof material, unless you are sure the original wrapping is intact and airtight. Some chocolate will develop a mistiness when frozen, but this is not harmful and will not affect flavor. Don't be concerned, either, if chocolates with soft fillings develop beads of moisture on the surface when defrosted. Frozen sweets keep well for three or four months.

CHEESE WILL FREEZE

Cut large gift packages of Cheddar, Gouda or Stilton cheese into wedges or blocks, not more than one pound in weight, and wrap in airtight-moistureproof covering before freezing. Blue cheese and Roquefort will freeze well, but the texture will become somewhat crumbly when defrosted. Camembert and Liederkrantz should be wrapped and frozen when they're at the flavor stage you most enjoy. Freezing will retard ripening. Well-drained cottage cheese should be packed in freezer cartons, with a half-inch head space for expansion. The only type of cheese which shouldn't be frozen is cream-style. All others will keep well for four to six months.

GRAPES HOLD THEIR APPEAL

If you have an overabundance of table grapes during the holiday, freeze a few cartons of them for salads or fruit cups. Seed the seedy ones. Pack in small freezer cartons with a sprinkle of sugar between layers or cover with medium-strength sugar syrup. Leave a head space of half an inch. Cover and freeze. Freezing changes the texture of the grapes, but flavor remains. Thaw cartons slowly in the refrigerator. Add partly defrosted grapes to fruit cups for better texture and to help chill the fruit-cup mixture. Use frozen grapes within two months.

KEEP CAKES AND PUDDINGS

Fruit cakes and puddings actually improve with freezing. They remain moist, while fruit and spice flavors blend deliciously. Wrap them airtight in moisture-proof covering before freezing. Defrost cake with the wrappings intact to keep moistness uniform. Thawing takes one half to one hour at room temperature, depending on the size of the cake. Slicing is easier if cakes are only partly defrosted. Reheat or steam puddings without thawing. Both cakes and puddings keep well frozen for a year or more.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE — Horst Ehricht (2, 40-42), William Bros. (2), N. C. Hutchinson (3), John Sebert (3, 25, 26, 28, 44, 45, 106), Beckett (6), Jim Murray (8, 96), Robert C. Ragsdale (8), Ken Bell (8), Ralph Greenhill (13), Wide World (13, 50-53), Joan Chalmers (15), Yousuf Karsh (32-37), Jack Long (43), Peter Croydon (48, 49, 78), Miller Services (50-53, 108), Camara Press (50), Black Star (50, 51), Pix (50, 51), European Picture Service (50), Edouard Kutter (51), Clive Webster (74, 76, 94). ARTWORK — Eugenie Groh (21), William Winter (38, 39), Tom McNeely (46, 47), Will Davies (54), Martin Stringer (86, 88, 110), Anne Buckley (92), Robert Turnbull (98), John Thorne (116).

Cover: photographed by Yousuf Karsh in the Holy Land in preparation for *This Is The Holy Land* to be published by McClelland & Stewart in March 1961.

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The last word is yours —

Dorothy Sangster's moving account of the unhappy plight of some children [Can't We Put a Stop to Cruelty to Children? October] has produced various concrete solutions from readers . . . And you also discover lively issues in Canadian tartans, cover girls and careers.

Jobs: are women afraid to branch out?

As a businesswoman . . . my feeling is that women do want advancement [No Jobs for Bright Girls? Editorial, October] but they are not given the chance. Perhaps we create our own iron ceiling in certain fields because when we reach the point where we could show executive ability, we lean toward something that is "more becoming to women," such as the textiles, china or decorating fields, or social work . . .

Grace B. Lerner, Toronto.



A big bouquet on your editorial. Not only was this my situation, but also a good friend is in the same situation and after many, many years still watches her men juniors take over the managerial positions.

Mrs. F. Vesely, Edmonton.

How to protect children

Shouldn't the government look after its children? [Can't We Put a Stop to Cruelty to Children? by Dorothy Sangster, October.] Adults are given every protection for their rights to life, liberty and happiness. Isn't a department badly needed to see that children are not subjected to cruelty?

Children should be able to go to such a department and enter a plea for justice. Neighbors should be able to enter a complaint, without their names being used if they so desire. The department should have its own investigators, who could obtain evidence. Perhaps a name for such a department would be Department of Children's Rights or Department of Justice for Children.

Laura Moore Wright, Shaunavon, Sask.

Why not give the parents who beat up their helpless children a double dose of their own medicine?

Mary J. McIntyre, Sheddron, Ont.

There are parents who should be restricted by law from having any more children. Where extreme cruelty to their children has been proven, a mental examination should be the first step taken.

Mrs. Eric Goodland, Cold Lake, Alta.

For two days now I have been going around with a lump in my throat, and treating my two children extra tenderly after reading about Judy Yott in your article. Are we not a civilized country? Let's each and every one of us remember that there are many Judys in this world, perhaps near each of us. Please help them so that Judy Yott did not fail in her life as she thought she did. If only we could make it up to her.

Mrs. Maureen Weber, Montreal.

What about the beating of children by others, not parents? Some years ago my son (eight) was strapped for a minor infraction by the principal of an elementary school in south-central B.C. The boy afterward ran from the school and disappeared. When police found him at 10:30 that night, the child's back was a mass of bruises from his waist to his knees. For two weeks he was kept under sedatives; for six weeks he never left his bed. What happened to the principal? Nothing.

I visited police, magistrates, lawyers, child guidance clinic workers, school board, only to be turned off with one reply: the principal is within his rights to apply any punishment he deems necessary, so long as no bones are broken.

Lillian Gordon, South Burnaby, B.C.

Last Words on reducing

The first page I read every month is Last Word. I expected indignant replies to the writer who asked in August, "Why can't we have pills for overweight like diabetics have pills?" Does she really imagine a diabetic just swallows a pill night and morning and then eats normally? I take Diabene pills night and morning but I'm still on 1,200 calories.

Mrs. Grace Noble, Toronto.

We need news on China

The Quiet Revolution of Chinese Women, by Marjorie McEnaney, should have been your September feature article. It is so very much more important for people to know what is going on in China than it is to read about award-winning homes.

In our country we get so very little information about China. It seems to me that this is one of the worst features of life in the United States at the present time — our news is all doctored and slanted . . .

W. L. Garth, MD, La Jolla, Calif.

How to tell
a tartan



I have just read What's New With You [August] and was horrified to see that you have classed Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island and RCAF plaids with Nova Scotia's and New Brunswick's tartans. The first three cannot even claim to be unofficial tartans. They are unofficial plaids.

Until a plaid is registered with the Lord Lyon it is not a tartan and should not be classed as such.

Mrs. Alex MacAulay, Nova Scotia
Tartan, Ltd., Halifax.

We appreciate your point, but tartan is in the official names of the three, as registered in Canada, and with that CHATELAINE backs off from the fray.

The editors.

I was wondering if you knew that we have two tartans here in the north. The first one was created in 1958 to commemorate the Englehart Semi-Centennial. It is red (this was supposed to be bittersweet to represent the orange of the diesel engines of this railroad town), green for the forests, blue for the lakes, and yellow for the golden anniversary.

The other tartan is the Northern Ontario Tartan, created in 1959. This

Send letters to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

NEXT MONTH IN CHATELAINE

Our special issue:

"LIVE BETTER ON A BUDGET"

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gets a budget makeover for food, fashions,
beauty and decorating

TEN REASONS WHY MARRIAGES FAIL

Meet

DON MESSER
AND HIS
JUBILEE GANG



is grey, representing the minerals of Sudbury, brown for the Indians, blue for the lakes and sky, white for the snow, yellow for the gold of Kirkland Lake and Timmins, green for the forests.

Both tartans were developed by my grandmother, Mrs. T. S. Woollings, and a friend Mrs. A. J. Cott.

Mrs. J. H. Milton, Englehart, Ont.

Beatniks or beauties?

Why, when you dare to be Canadian in content, when you stake your life as a publisher on the premise that Canadians care about themselves, do you continue to hide behind covers which, with their brassy and beatnick wenches, are about as Canadian as a herd of crocodiles? Give us our mountains and our forests, the light at Peggy's Cove, and the Peace Tower at Ottawa . . .

J. Balint, Toronto.

I would like to comment on what readers Miss Susie E. Oille and Mrs. Earl Dunhill said about your cover girls [Last Word, August]. There is nothing wrong with the new hairdos, painted eyebrows, eye shadow, painted mouth — and the teeth are certainly not painted. CHATELAINE certainly is not insulting decent people with the covers, and they are not disgusting.

Mrs. M. Prokopy, Lamont, Alta.



I have just finished Confessions of an Unwilling Mother [by Shirley Wright, October] and I have never enjoyed an article in your wonderful magazine more. I laughed and laughed and by the end the tears were pouring down my face, and I just had to read it all over again to my husband.

I am twenty-two and the mother of four daughters — the oldest four.

Mrs. Hugh Chalmers, Calgary.



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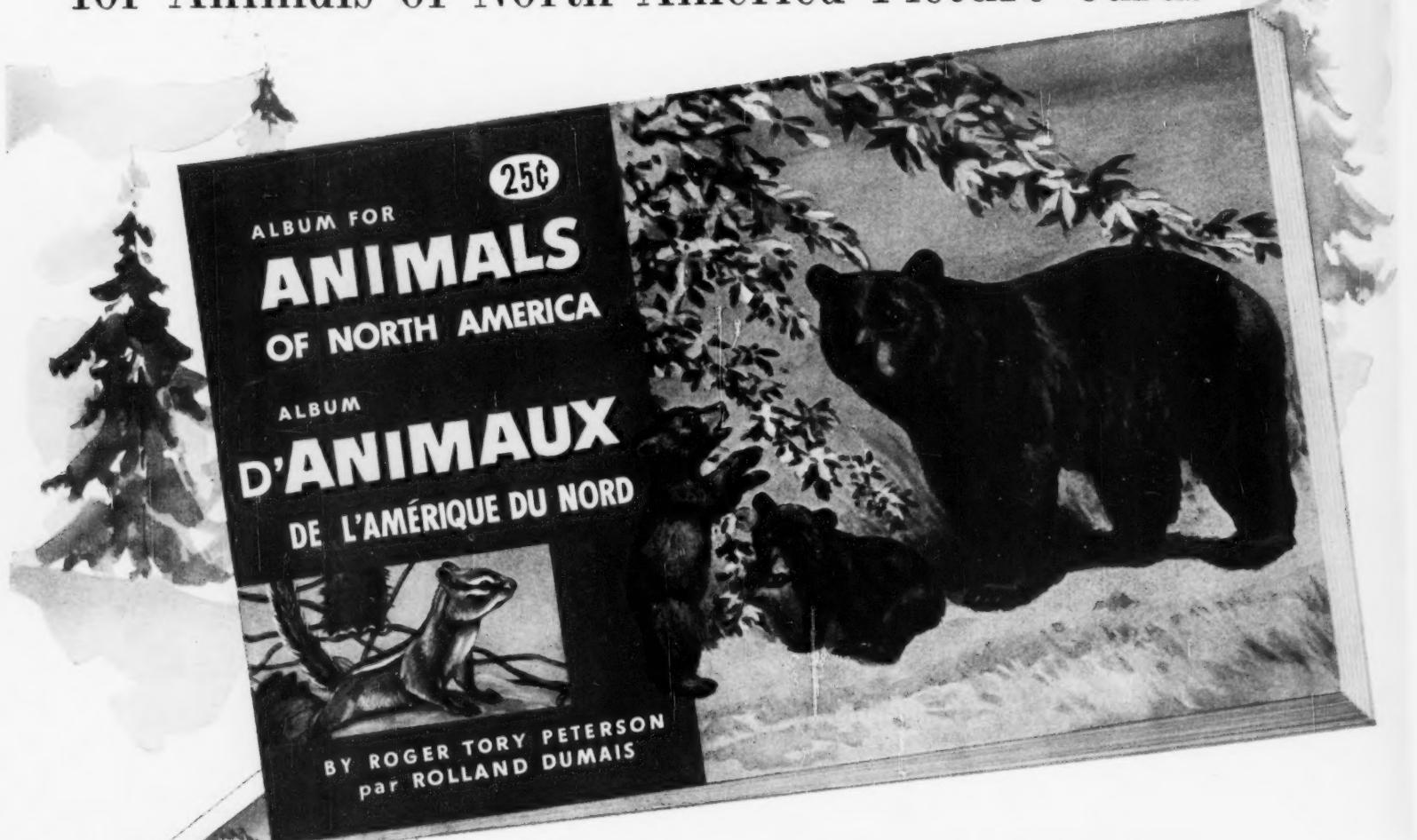
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